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STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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VOLUME V

MARCH 1-15

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

1928

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**PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES AT THE COUNTRY LIFE
PRESS, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.**

MARCH

*Slayer of the winter, art thou here again ?
O welcome, thou that bring'st the summer nigh !
The bitter wind makes not thy victory vain,
Now will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.
Welcome, O March ! whose kindly days and dry
Make April ready for the thristle's song,
Thou first redresser of the winter's wrong !*

*Yea, welcome, March ! and though I die ere June,
Yet for the hope of life I give thee praise,
Striving to swell the burden of the tune
That even now I hear thy brown birds raise,
Unmindful of the past or coming days;
Who sing: "O joy ! a new year is begun:
What happiness to look upon the sun !"*

*Ah, what begetteth all this storm of bliss
But Death himself, who, crying solemnly,
E'en from the heart of sweet Forgetfulness,
Bids us "Rejoice ! lest pleasureless ye die.
Within a little time must ye go by.
Stretch forth your open hands, and, while ye live,
Take all the gifts that Death and Life may give" ?*

WILLIAM MORRIS

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE genesis of the University Library lies in a compilation of "Little Masterpieces," the first of which were published more than twenty-five years ago. The material included in these volumes was selected by able editors and writers whose experience was great and whose taste was excellent. Out of the "Little Masterpieces" grew a course in liberal education which was known as the Pocket University, and out of the Pocket University grew, finally, the University Library.

The publishers most gratefully acknowledge their debt to the editors who compiled the original volumes: Bliss Perry, Henry van Dyke, Hardin Craig, Thomas L. Masson, Asa Don Dickinson, the late Hamilton W. Mabie, George Iles, the late Dr. Lyman Abbott, and others.

Some of the most important material contained in the Pocket University is, of course, included in the University Library but the sequence has been entirely changed and the scope of the work greatly broadened. Fully two thirds of the material is new and the literature of the world has been ransacked to find appropriate text to fit the basic educational needs of the modern public.

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READING FOR MARCH 1-15

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MARCH 1

(William Dean Howells, born March 1, 1837)

MRS. JOHNSON

IT WAS on a morning of the lovely New England May that we left the horse car and, spreading our umbrellas, walked down the street to our new home in Charlesbridge, through a storm of snow and rain so finely blent by the influences of this fortunate climate that no flake knew itself from its sister drop, or could be better identified by the people against whom they beat in unison. A vernal gale from the east fanned our cheeks and pierced our marrow and chilled our blood, while the raw, cold green of the adventurous grass on the borders of the sopping sidewalks gave, as it peered through its veil of melting snow and freezing rain, a peculiar cheerfulness to the landscape. Here and there in the vacant lots abandoned hoopskirts defied decay; and near the half-finished wooden houses empty mortar beds and bits of lath and slate, strewn over the scarred and mutilated ground, added their interest to the scene. . . .

This heavenly weather, which the Pilgrim Fathers, with the idea of turning their thoughts effectually from earthly pleasures, came so far to discover, continued with slight amelioration throughout the month of May and far into June; and it was a matter of constant amazement with one who had known less austere climates, to behold how vegetable life struggled with the hostile skies, and, in an atmosphere as chill and damp as that of a cellar, shot forth the buds and blossoms upon the pear trees, called out the sour Puritan courage of the currant bushes, taught a reckless native grapevine to wander and wanton over the southern side of the fence, and decked the banks with violets as fearless and as fragile as New England girls, so that about the end of June, when the heavens relented and the sun blazed out at last, there was little for him to do but to redden and darken the daring fruits that had attained almost their full growth without his countenance.

Then, indeed, Charlesbridge appeared to us a kind of paradise. The wind blew all day from the southwest, and all day in the grove across the way the orioles sang to their nestlings. . . . The house was almost new and in perfect repair; and, better than all, the kitchen had as yet given no signs of unrest in those volcanic agencies which are constantly at work there, and which, with sudden explosions, make Herculaneums and Pompeiis of so many smiling households. Breakfast, dinner, and tea came up with illusive regularity, and were all the most perfect of their kind; and we

laughed and feasted in our vain security. We had out from the city to banquet with us the friends we loved, and we were inexpressibly proud before them of the help who first wrought miracles of cookery in our honor, and then appeared in a clean white apron and the glossiest black hair to wait upon the table. She was young and certainly very pretty; she was as gay as a lark, and was courted by a young man whose clothes would have been a credit, if they had not been a reproach, to our lowly basement. She joyfully assented to the idea of staying with us till she married.

In fact, there was much that was extremely pleasant about the little place when the warm weather came, and it was not wonderful to us that Jenny was willing to remain. It was very quiet; we called one another to the window if a large dog went by our door; and whole days passed without the movement of any wheels but the butcher's upon our street, which flourished in ragweed and buttercups and daisies, and in the autumn burned, like the borders of nearly all the streets in Charlesbridge, with the pallid azure flame of the succory. The neighborhood was in all things a frontier between city and country. The horse cars, the type of such civilization—full of imposture, discomfort, and sublime possibility—as we yet possess, went by the head of our street, and might, perhaps, be available to one skilled in calculating the movements of comets; while two minutes' walk would take us into a wood so wild and thick that no roof was visible through the

trees. We learned, like innocent pastoral people of the golden age, to know the several voices of the cows pastured in the vacant lot, and, like engine drivers of the iron age, to distinguish the different whistles of the locomotives passing on the neighboring railroad. . . .

We played a little at gardening, of course, and planted tomatoes, which the chickens seemed to like, for they ate them up as fast as they ripened; and we watched with pride the growth of our Lawton blackberries, which, after attaining the most stalwart proportions, were still as bitter as the scrubbiest of their savage brethren, and which, when by advice left on the vines for a week after they turned black, were silently gorged by secret and gluttonous flocks of robins and orioles. As for our grapes, the frost cut them off in the hour of their triumph.

So, as I have hinted, we were not surprised that Jenny should be willing to remain with us, and were as little prepared for her desertion as for any other change of our mortal state. But one day in September she came to her nominal mistress with tears in her beautiful eyes and protestations of unexampled devotion upon her tongue, and said that she was afraid she must leave us. She liked the place, and she never had worked for any one that was more of a lady, but she had made up her mind to go into the city. All this, so far, was quite in the manner of domestics who, in ghost stories, give warning to the occupants of haunted houses; and Jenny's mistress listened in

suspense for the motive of her desertion, expecting to hear no less than that it was something which walked up and down stairs and dragged iron links after it, or something that came and groaned at the front door, like populace dissatisfied with a political candidate. But it was in fact nothing of this kind; simply, there were no lamps upon our street, and Jenny, after spending Sunday evenings with friends in East Charlesbridge, was always alarmed on her return in walking from the horse car to our door. The case was hopeless, and Jenny and our household parted with respect and regret.

We had not before this thought it a grave disadvantage that our street was unlighted. Our street was not drained nor graded; no municipal cart ever came to carry away our ashes; there was not a water butt within half a mile to save us from fire, nor more than the one thousandth part of a policeman to protect us from theft. Yet, as I paid a heavy tax, I somehow felt that we enjoyed the benefits of city government, and never looked upon Charlesbridge as in any way undesirable for residence. But when it became necessary to find help in Jenny's place, the frosty welcome given to application at the intelligence offices renewed a painful doubt awakened by her departure. To be sure, the heads of the offices were polite enough; but when the young housekeeper had stated her case at the first to which she applied, and the Intelligencer had called out to the invisible expectants in the adjoining room, "Anny wan wants to do giner'l housewark in Charls-

brudge?" there came from the maids invoked so loud, so fierce, so full a "No!" as shook the lady's heart with an indescribable shame and dread. The name that, with an innocent pride in its literary and historical associations, she had written at the heads of her letters, was suddenly become a matter of reproach to her; and she was almost tempted to conceal thereafter that she lived in Charlesbridge, and to pretend that she dwelt upon some wretched little street in Boston. "You see," said the head of the office, "the gairls doesn't like to live so far away from the city. Now, if it was on'y in the Port." . . .

This pen is not graphic enough to give the remote reader an idea of the affront offered to an inhabitant of Old Charlesbridge in these closing words. Neither am I of sufficiently tragic mood to report here all the sufferings undergone by an unhappy family in finding servants, or to tell how the winter was passed with miserable makeshifts. Alas! is it not the history of a thousand experiences? Any one who looks upon this page could match it with a tale as full of heartbreak and disaster, while I conceive that, in hastening to speak of Mrs. Johnson, I approach a subject of unique interest. . . .

I say our last Irish girl went with the last snow. and on one of those midsummerlike days that sometimes fall in early April to our yet bleak and desolate zone, our hearts sang of Africa and golden joys. A Libyan longing took us, and we would have chosen, if we could, to bear a strand of

grotesque beads, or a handful of brazen gauds, and traffic them for some sable maid with crisp locks, whom, uncoffling from the captive train beside the desert, we should make to do our general housework forever, through the right of lawful purchase. But we knew that this was impossible, and that if we desired colored help we must seek it at the intelligence office, which is in one of those streets chiefly inhabited by the orphaned children and grandchildren of slavery. To tell the truth, these orphans do not seem to grieve much for their bereavement, but lead a life of joyous and rather indolent oblivion in their quarter of the city. They are often to be seen sauntering up and down the street by which the Charlesbridge cars arrive—the young with a harmless swagger and the old with the generic limp which our Autocrat has already noted as attending advanced years in their race. . . . How gaily are the young ladies of this race attired, as they trip up and down the sidewalks, and in and out through the pendent garments at the shop doors! They are the black pansies and marigolds, and dark-blooded dahlias among womankind. They try to assume something of our colder race's demeanor, but even the passer on the horse car can see that it is not native with them, and is better pleased when they forget us, and ungenteelly laugh in encountering friends, letting their white teeth glitter through the generous lips that open to their ears. In the streets branching upward from this avenue, very little colored men and maids play with broken or en-

feebled toys, or sport on the wooden pavements of the entrances to the inner courts. Now and then a colored soldier or sailor—looking strange in his uniform even after the custom of several years—emerges from those passages; or, more rarely, a black gentleman, stricken in years, and cased in shining broadcloth, walks solidly down the brick sidewalk, cane in hand—a vision of serene self-complacency and so plainly the expression of virtuous public sentiment that the great colored louts, innocent enough till then in their idleness, are taken with a sudden sense of depravity, and loaf guiltily up against the house walls. At the same moment, perhaps, a young damsel, amorously scuffling with an admirer through one of the low open windows, suspends the strife, and bids him—"Go along, now, do!" More rarely yet than the gentleman described, one may see a white girl among the dark neighbors, whose frowsy head is uncovered, and whose sleeves are rolled up to her elbows, and who, though no doubt quite at home, looks as strange there as that pale anomaly which may sometimes be seen among a crew of blackbirds.

An air not so much of decay as of unthrift, and yet hardly of unthrift, seems to prevail in the neighborhood, which has none of the aggressive and impudent squalor of an Irish quarter and none of the surly wickedness of a low American street. A gayety not born of the things that bring its serious joy to the true New England heart—a ragged gayety, which comes of summer in the

blood, and not in the pocket or the conscience, and which affects the countenance and the whole demeanor, setting the feet to some inward music, and at times bursting into a line of song or a child-like and irresponsible laugh—gives tone to the visible life and wakens a very friendly spirit in the passer, who somehow thinks there of a milder climate, and is half persuaded that the orange peel on the sidewalks came from fruit grown in the soft atmosphere of those back courts.

It was in this quarter, then, that we heard of Mrs. Johnson; and it was from a colored boarding house there that she came to Charlesbridge to look at us, bringing her daughter of twelve years with her. She was a matron of mature age and portly figure, with a complexion like coffee soothed with the richest cream; and her manners were so full of a certain tranquillity and grace that she charmed away all our will to ask for references. It was only her barbaric laughter and lawless eye that betrayed how slightly her New England birth and breeding covered her ancestral traits, and bridged the gulf of a thousand years of civilization that lay between her race and ours. But in fact, she was doubly estranged by descent; for, as we learned later, a sylvan wilderness mixed with that of the desert in her veins; her grandfather was an Indian, and her ancestors on this side had probably sold their lands for the same value in trinkets that bought the original African pair on the other side.

The first day that Mrs. Johnson descended into

our kitchen she conjured from the malicious disorder in which it had been left by the flitting Irish kobold a dinner that revealed the inspirations of genius, and was quite different from a dinner of mere routine and laborious talent. Something original and authentic mingled with the accustomed flavors; and, though vague reminiscences of canal-boat travel and woodland camps arose from the relish of certain of the dishes, there was yet the assurance of such power in the preparation of the whole that we knew her to be merely running over the chords of our appetite with preliminary savors, as a musician acquaints his touch with the keys of an unfamiliar piano before breaking into brilliant and triumphant execution. Within a week she had mastered her instrument, and thereafter there was no faltering in her performances, which she varied constantly, through inspiration or from suggestion. . . . But, after all, it was in puddings that Mrs. Johnson chiefly excelled. She was one of those cooks—rare as men of genius in literature—who love their own dishes; and she had, in her personally childlike simplicity of taste and the inherited appetites of her savage forefathers, a dominant passion for sweets. So far as we could learn, she subsisted principally upon puddings and tea. Through the same primitive instincts, no doubt, she loved praise. She openly exulted in our artless flatteries of her skill; she waited jealously at the head of the kitchen stairs to hear what was said of her work, especially if there

were guests; and she was never too weary to attempt emprises of cookery.

While engaged in these, she wore a species of slightly handkerchief like a turban upon her head, and about her person those mystical swathings in which old ladies of the African race delight. But she most pleased our sense of beauty and moral fitness when, after the last pan was washed and the last pot was scraped, she lighted a potent pipe, and, taking her stand at the kitchen door, laded the soft evening air with its pungent odors. If we surprised her at these supreme moments, she took the pipe from her lips and put it behind her, with a low, mellow chuckle and a look of half-defiant consciousness, never guessing that none of her merits took us half so much as the cheerful vice which she only feigned to conceal.

Some things she could not do so perfectly as cooking because of her failing eyesight, and we persuaded her that spectacles would both become and befriend a lady of her years, and so bought her a pair of steel-bowed glasses. She wore them in some great emergencies at first, but had clearly no pride in them. Before long she laid them aside altogether, and they had passed from our thoughts, when one day we heard her mellow note of laughter and her daughter's harsher cackle outside our door, and, opening it, beheld Mrs. Johnson in gold-bowed spectacles of massive frame. We then learned that their purchase was in fulfilment of a vow made long ago, in the lifetime of Mr.

Johnson, that if ever she wore glasses, they should be gold-bowed; and I hope the manes of the dead were half as happy in these votive spectacles as the simple soul that offered them.

She and her late partner were the parents of eleven children, some of whom were dead and some of whom were wanderers in unknown parts. During his lifetime she had kept a little shop in her native town, and it was only within a few years that she had gone into service. She cherished a natural haughtiness of spirit, and resented control, although disposed to do all she could of her own notion. Being told to say when she wanted an afternoon she always took it without asking, but always planned so as not to discommode the ladies with whom she lived. These, she said, had numbered twenty-seven within three years, which made us doubt the success of her system in all cases, though she merely held out the fact as an assurance of her faith in the future, and a proof of the ease with which places are to be found. She contended, moreover, that a lady who had for thirty years had a house of her own was in no wise bound to ask permission to receive visits from friends where she might be living, but that they ought freely to come and go like other guests. In this spirit she once invited her son-in-law, Professor Jones, of Providence, to dine with her; and her defied mistress, on entering the dining room, found the Professor at pudding and tea there—an impressively respectable figure in black clothes, with a black face rendered yet more effective by a pair

of green goggles. It appeared that this dark professor was a light of phrenology in Rhode Island, and that he was believed to have uncommon virtue in his science by reason of being blind as well as black.

I am loath to confess that Mrs. Johnson had not a flattering opinion of the Caucasian race in all respects. In fact, she had very good philosophical and scriptural reasons for looking upon us as an upstart people of new blood, who had come into their whiteness by no creditable or pleasant process. The late Mr. Johnson, who had died in the West Indies, whither he voyaged for his health in quality of a cook upon a Down East schooner, was a man of letters, and had written a book to show the superiority of the black over the white branches of the human family. In this he held that, as all islands have been at their first discovery found peopled by blacks, we must needs believe that humanity was first created of that color. Mrs. Johnson could not show us her husband's work (a sole copy in the library of an English gentleman at Port-au-Prince is not to be bought for money), but she often developed its arguments to the lady of the house; and one day, with a great show of reluctance and many protests that no personal slight was meant, let fall the fact that Mr. Johnson believed the white race descended from Gehaz the leper, upon whom the leprosy of Naaman fell when the latter returned by divine favor to his original blackness. "And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow,"

said Mrs. Johnson, quoting irrefutable Scripture. "Leprosy, leprosy," she added thoughtfully—"nothing but leprosy bleached you out."

It seems to me much in her praise that she did not exult in our taint and degradation, as some white philosophers used to do in the opposite idea that a part of the human family were cursed to lasting blackness and slavery, in Ham and his children, but even told us of a remarkable approach to whiteness in many of her own offspring. In a kindred spirit of charity, no doubt, she refused ever to attend church with people of her elder and wholesomer blood. When she went to church, she said, she always went to a white church, though while with us I am bound to say she never went to any. She professed to read her Bible in her bedroom on Sundays; but we suspected from certain sounds and odors which used to steal out of this sanctuary, that her piety more commonly found expression in dozing and smoking.

I would not make a wanton jest here of Mrs. Johnson's anxiety to claim honor for the African color, while denying this color in many of her own family. It afforded a glimpse of the pain with which all her people must endure, however proudly they hide it or light-heartedly forget it, from the despite and contumely to which they are guiltlessly born; and when I thought how irreparable was this disgrace and calamity of a black skin, and how irreparable it must be for ages yet, in this world where every other chance and all manner of wilful

guilt and wickedness may hope for covert and pardon, I had little heart to laugh. Indeed, it was so pathetic to hear this poor old soul talk of her dead and lost ones, and try, in spite of all Mr. Johnson's theories and her own arrogant generalizations to establish their whiteness, that we must have been very cruel and silly people to turn their sacred fables even into matter of question. I have no doubt that her Antoinette Anastasia and her Thomas Jefferson Wilberforce—it is impossible to give a full idea of the splendor and scope of the baptismal names in Mrs. Johnson's family—have as light skins and as golden hair in heaven as her reverend maternal fancy painted for them in our world. There, certainly, they would not be subject to tanning, which had ruined the delicate complexion, and had knotted into black woolly tangles the once wavy blonde locks of our little maidservant Naomi; and I would fain believe that Toussaint Washington Johnson, who ran away to sea so many years ago, has found some fortunate zone where his hair and skin keep the same sunny and rosy tints they wore to his mother's eyes in infancy. But I have no means of knowing this, or of telling whether he was the prodigy of intellect that he was declared to be. Naomi could no more be taken in proof of the one assertion than of the other. When she came to us, it was agreed that she should go to school; but she overruled her mother in this as in everything else, and never went. Except Sunday-school lessons, she had no other instructions than

that her mistress gave her in the evenings, when a heavy day's play and the natural influences of the hour conspired with original causes to render her powerless before words of one syllable.

The first week of her services she was obedient and faithful to her duties; but, relaxing in the atmosphere of a house which seems to demoralize all menials, she shortly fell into disorderly ways of lying in wait for callers out of doors, and, when people rang, of running up the front steps and letting them in from the outside. As the season expanded, and the fine weather became confirmed, she spent her time in the fields, appearing at the house only when nature importunately craved molasses.

In her untamable disobedience, Naomi alone betrayed her sylvan blood, for she was in all other respects Negro and not Indian. But it was of her aboriginal ancestry that Mrs. Johnson chiefly boasted—when not engaged in argument to maintain the superiority of the African race. She loved to descant upon it as the cause and explanation of her own arrogant habit of feeling; and she seemed, indeed, to have inherited something of the Indian's *hauteur* along with the Ethiop's subtle cunning and abundant amiability. She gave many instances in which her pride had met and overcome the insolence of employers, and the kindly old creature was by no means singular in her pride of being reputed proud.

She could never have been a woman of strong logical faculties, but she had in some things a

very surprising and awful astuteness. She seldom introduced any purpose directly, but bore all about it, and then suddenly sprung it upon her unprepared antagonist. At other times she obscurely hinted a reason, and left a conclusion to be inferred; as when she warded off reproach for some delinquency by saying in a general way that she had lived with ladies who used to come scolding into the kitchen after they had taken their bitters. "Quality ladies took their bitters regular," she added, to remove any sting of personality from her remark; for, from many things she had let fall, we knew that she did not regard us as quality. On the contrary, she often tried to overbear us with the gentility of her former places; and would tell the lady over whom she reigned that she had lived with folks worth their three and four hundred thousand dollars, who never complained as she did of the ironing. Yet she had a sufficient regard for the literary occupations of the family, Mr. Johnson having been an author. She even professed to have herself written a book, which was still in manuscript and preserved somewhere among her best clothes.

It was well, on many accounts, to be in contact with a mind so original and suggestive as Mrs. Johnson's. We loved to trace its intricate yet often transparent operations, and were perhaps too fond of explaining its peculiarities by facts of ancestry—of finding hints of the Pow-wow of the Grand Custom in each grotesque development. We were conscious of something warmer in this

old soul than in ourselves, and sometimes wilder, and we chose to think it the tropic and the untracked forest. She had scarcely any being apart from her affection; she had no morality, but was good because she neither hated nor envied; and she might have been a saint far more easily than far more civilized people.

There was that also in her sinuous yet malleable nature, so full of guile and so full of goodness, that reminded us pleasantly of lowly folks in elder lands, where relaxing oppressions have lifted the restraints of fear between master and servant without disturbing the familiarity of their relation. She advised freely with us upon all household matters, and took a motherly interest in whatever concerned us. She could be flattered or caressed into almost any service, but no threat or command could move her. When she erred, she never acknowledged her wrong in words, but handsomely expressed her regrets in a pudding or sent up her apologies in a favorite dish secretly prepared. We grew so well used to this form of exculpation that, whenever Mrs. Johnson took an afternoon at an inconvenient season, we knew that for a week afterward we should be feasted like princes. She owned frankly that she loved us, that she never had done half so much for people before, and that she never had been nearly so well suited in any other place; and for a brief and happy time we thought that we never should be obliged to part.

One day, however, our dividing destiny ap-

peared in the basement, and was presented to us as Hippolyto Thucydides, the son of Mrs. Johnson, who had just arrived on a visit to his mother from the State of New Hampshire. He was a heavy and loutish youth, standing upon the borders of boyhood, and looking forward to the future with a vacant and listless eye. I mean this was his figurative attitude; his actual manner, as he lolled upon a chair beside the kitchen window, was so eccentric that we felt a little uncertain how to regard him, and Mrs. Johnson openly described him as peculiar. He was so deeply tanned by the fervid suns of the New Hampshire winter, and his hair had so far suffered from the example of the sheep lately under his charge, that he could not be classed by any stretch of compassion with the blond and straight-haired members of Mrs. Johnson's family.

He remained with us all the first day until late in the afternoon, when his mother took him out to get him a boarding house. Then he departed in the van of her and Naomi, pausing at the gate to collect his spirits, and, after he had sufficiently animated himself by clapping his palms together, starting off down the street at a hand gallop, to the manifest terror of the cows in the pasture and the confusion of the less demonstrative people of our household. Other characteristic traits appeared in Hippolyto Thucydides within no very long period of time, and he ran away from his lodgings so often during the summer that he might be said to board round among the outlying

cornfields and turnip patches of Charlesbridge. As a check upon this habit, Mrs. Johnson seemed to have invited him to spend his whole time in our basement; for whenever we went below we found him there, balanced—perhaps in homage to us, and perhaps as a token of extreme sensibility in himself—upon the low window sill, the bottoms of his boots touching the floor inside, and his face buried in the grass without.

We could formulate no very tenable objection to all this, and yet the presence of Thucydides in our kitchen unaccountably oppressed our imaginations. We beheld him all over the house, a monstrous eidolon, balanced upon every window sill; and he certainly attracted unpleasant notice to our place, no less by his furtive and hangdog manner of arrival than by the bold displays with which he celebrated his departures. We hinted this to Mrs. Johnson, but she could not enter into our feeling. Indeed, all the wild poetry of her maternal and primitive nature seemed to cast itself about this hapless boy; and if we had listened to her we should have believed that there was no one so agreeable in society, or so quickwitted in affairs, as Hippolyto, when he chose. . . .

At last, when we said positively that Thucydides should come to us no more, and then qualified the prohibition by allowing him to come every Sunday, she answered that she never would hurt the child's feelings by telling him not to come where his mother was; that people who did not love her children did not love her; and that, if

Hippy went, she went. We thought it a masterpiece of firmness to rejoin that Hippolyto must go in any event, but I am bound to own that he did not go, and that his mother stayed, and so fed us with every cunning, propitiatory dainty, that we must have been pagans to renew our threat. In fact, we begged Mrs. Johnson to go into the country with us, and she, after long reluctance on Hippy's account, consented, agreeing to send him away to friends during her absence.

We made every preparation, and on the eve of our departure Mrs. Johnson went into the city to engage her son's passage to Bangor, while we awaited her return in untroubled security.

But she did not appear until midnight, and then responded with but a sad "Well, sah!" to the cheerful "Well, Mrs. Johnson!" that greeted her.

"All right, Mrs. Johnson?"

Mrs. Johnson made a strange noise, half chuckle and half death rattle in her throat. "All wrong, sah. Hippy's off again; and I've been all over the city after him."

"Then you can't go with us in the morning?"

"How *can* I, sah?"

Mrs. Johnson went sadly out of the room. Then she came back to the door again, and opening it, uttered, for the first time in our service, words of apology and regret: "I hope I ha'n't put you out any. I *wanted* to go with you, but I ought to *knowed* I couldn't. All is, I loved you too much."

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

THE SERVANT PROBLEMB

San Francisco, Sept. 11th.

TO EDITOR NEW YORK NEWSPAPER *which make
very tough projectile for mind to chew.*

HON. MR. SIR—

At Asiatick Delight Japanese Employment Bureau where I am found mostly always pleading for jobs with price \$2, kindness loan of Cousin Nogi, I am a stand-up in line yesterday with other 43 Japanese Schoolboys which was also nervus about it. S. Muto, Prop. of this Hon. Bureau, see me with smile of riticule, because he do.

“Togo you are residing here so oftenly you might bring trunk and sleep. Why so jobless all time? When I give you delicious something to do it, you are back by return carfare for more.”

“Your jobs is all perishable, Hon. Muto,” I exaggerate. “They will not keep in such climate.”

“You are also unkept,” decompose this Muto. “You are a wrong Japanese to speek such slamber about my jobs. You are a Servant Problemb!”

At such American insult I feel Samurai instinct with wrists. My interior soul make kicking performance of jiu jitsu—but outside my moustache I am a very smiling embassy like Hon. Baron Takahira.

“I am so delight to hear!” I renig for sarcastick. “I am aware of being a Yellow Peril—to be also a Servant Problemb are considerable dis-

tinguish. I am pretty pride about myself to be so much altogether."

"Why so you no stick to one job of work and thusly gain experience by?" he denounce.

"Because-so," I report. "Thank you, I can gain considerable plenty experience by losing jobs. I know because I do."

"It are person like you that make Servant Problemb in this kingdom," collapse Hon. Muto with peev.

"If I are such fine Servant Problemb," I say with voice, "why you no get me one job doing it? Maybe some sweet-hearted American wish to hire such a problemb for \$3 a week & board it. So I shall willingly go there with valise."

"Have you got some good references of recommend to show you could hold situation of Servant Problemb elsewheres?" he say it.

"Of sure I have!" I degrade, so I took from my inward vest following recommend of my intelligence which I wrote myself:

1—Mrs. C. W. O'Brien, honorable lady, where I do table-wait & terrible ordeel from fresh American gentleman who say "Jap boy!" with voice so I am very sorry when hot soup drown him at collar & I am next irritate to race-riot with Whang So, China boy of dogly face & terminate there by hanging him by the tail of his head to hon. doorknob. Good-bye, Mrs. C. W. O'Brien! Time there was 3 week.

2—Hon. Miss Maizie Jone, young lady of considerable antiquity & large average weight,

promise pay me 10c hr. teach her bisickle ride. I teach her gently by up-hill; but by down-hill teaching become deliciously rapid because of nervousness enjoyed by hon. machinery. Japanese Boy is earnest to stop it & can not do until Baker Wagon ensue & leave Hon. Maizie broken among machinery. I am Hospital Corps for help; but Hon. Maizie become loudly thankless. Time there was $\frac{1}{2}$ hr & no pay.

3—Board House of Mrs. Van Horn. There I am guaranteed for experienced window-wash. This is high task of scrubbing and I am serious about it until suds-bucket overspill 3 stories to top of Episcopal Clergyman who notice it. Hashimura Togo depart with firealarm. Time there was 2 days, 15 minite.

4—Golden West Garage where I am manicure for automobiles. "Are you acquainted to do?" say Hon. Boss. "O gladly!" I bereft. I try, but Hon. Gasolene object by explosion. I do no' care for this place. Time there was 6 minites.

5—I am nurse-maiden for delighted home of Douglas Willkins, Sausalito. I am request to peramublate Hon. Godfrey, which is a baby, out near some fresh air which he enjoy breathing it. There I meet Wanda, Japanese socialist, who discourse with me about Private Ownership. While this important talk is doing Hon. Baby get himself detached from buggy ride by one method or another. I am conversing too much to notice this until Hon. Mrs. Willkins approach to say

with hysterick, "Where is them Baby?" I should like to answer. By search for it I discover Hon. Baby aslumbering amongst huckle-dock bush by road. She do not miss me at departure. Time there was 3 days.

Hon. Sago Sadoyama, who is a professor of American magazine-reading, was found at them Employment Bureau looking for it also. While awaiting for jobs we was delighted to have a discuss. He say upwards of this:

"I read in populus magazine for 10c one article of title 'Why Do Servants Leave Good Homes When They Are Fired?' I ask to know."

"Answer to this is, Because," I snuggle.

"Ah no!" say this Sago. "It are because Declamation of Independence make them quit it."

"How thus?" I delay.

"Because so," say Sago. "Them Declamation pronounce 'All persons is crated free & equal.' That are nice maxim for schoolhouses, city halls, grocery stores & other patriotick edifices; but it ain't no good maxim for put over kitchen stove. Each Household Lady what require to keep Hon. Cook in kitchen must keep pretty silent about Hon. Declamation of Indepencece, or Hon. Cook might get suspicious that there is one.

"Suppose that Hon. Cook should see such a Declamation while she was setting down to skin hon. potatoes for lunching. While there she hear Hon. Mrs. from parlour room play tune of

'Jolly Widow' in key of piano. Of suddenly Hon. Cook drop pair-knife with immediate brain-thought.

"'Sake of!' she decry. 'If all persons is crated free & equal, why to skin potatoe? No person what is free & equal ever skin a potatoe. Therefore not.'

"Silence from kitchen, then. Pretty soonly it are 1.30 of clock-time and Hon. Mr. Phillup retire home from paint-works enjoying faintness.

"'Hon. Mrs.,' he say-so to female wife, 'where is them lunch to eat it?'

"'I will seen about,' say Hon. Mrs. from piano play. So she go kitchen expressing angry rage by feet. There she found Hon. Cook wearing Jolly Widow headware & setting on valise meaning good-bye.

"'Bertha, kindly please, where is them lunch to cook it?' she deserve.

"'Can not do, thank you,' deliver that Hon. Cook. 'I are crated free & equal. Also dam gasrange enjoy large leak. Therefore I am delight to tell you farewell because I am a decent average girl.'

"That Bertha then depart from kitchen taking part of it with her," say Sago.

"Servant ladies what is too free & equal is found at liberty nearly all-time," I rebate with Asiatick salute.

One wise Professor which is mistaken say, "Trouble of these United State is that servants is no good." Such childhood to say! Trouble of

these United State is that servants is *too* good. Most of them is too good to work escept when drove to by hungry symptoms of esophagus. Cooking lady are too good for sweep; sweeping lady are too good for window-wash; window-wash lady are too good for scruk; and scrubbing lady are too good for anything. Frequently at least some Hon. Employer when he hire Hon. Servant forget how good them person is. Then he must be snub.

"Are you a drunkard by habit?" inquire Hon. Employer.

"I are," relapse Hon. Servant. "Are you?"

"Are you careful of frugality, industrious, steady moral, nice sleep-hours, early-rise man?" require that Employer for nervus shock.

"I are not," reply them Servant. "Are you?"

Hon. Employer now enjoy transom of angry rage.

"You must be unfitted for any good job of work to do it!" he corrode.

"Of sure I are," flotate that Hon. Servant.

"How nicely you are guessing things!"

Hon. Employer stand gast for fluttering brain.

"You know who I are?" require Hon. Servant.

"I am aware at last," say Employer. "You are Upton Sincere the Boy Noveller attempting to givemewrite-down for famous novel 'The Meatropolis,' which will describe my disgusting wealth. You are fired in advance," say Hon. Employer escaping to hide self under bed.

In Japan, China, Corea & other happy islands

where persons has sense enough to be entirely Heathens, Servant Problems is not there because it is absent, thank you. There, when Hon. Servant are awaiting on you, you are aware of it. Tea is served by crolling on seat of stummick and bumping with forehead to announce it are ready. If Japanese Servant require to cease job he are legally require to ask Hon. Employer. If Hon. Employer give his consent, Hon. Servant are legally require to do hari-kiri with dull knife to show how grateful he feel.

This custom make Japanese Servant bashful about asking to quit.

Servants is exceptional to most golden rule, I am at liberty to suppose. Are it not glory-bird feel to be Independent? Ain't not them Independence a grand motion for hearts what makes hero go fife-drumming to blaze of fire-works & sley something or be dead about it? Hon. Vergil say in Latin class, "How nice it is to die for your Country!" And yet so, what American of intelligence would care to employ one Hero to do servanting around house? Would it be pleasant to have one Cook what is fond of sleying something to fife-drum music? Answer is, No!! If Hon. Butler absorb gin-wine & march through dining room with purpose to die for his Country he are immediately discouraged by remark, "Hush! Baby is asleep."

When a patriot are Independent he are called "glorious."

When a Servant are Independent he are called "undependable."

Here is some tuneless poetry about a domesticated cook:

Conversation with a Neglected American

Alice O'Rafferty, Swedish Servant,
Tell me to know;
What hast you forgotten to make you have such
wild-hair expression of look?
Hast you forgotten
Childhood home & don't-forget-me blossom
Of dear old mother neath
Apple-tree bud?
Hast you forgotten
Some very nice love-song of early springly time
By shade of water-cress
And daffy-dills sweetly blend?
I require answer, please!
"Ah no, I ain't forgot them things,"
Response Alice-Sit-by-the-Stove,
"But I hast forgotten
To put any carrots
In Hon. Soup."
She weep.

Alice O'Rafferty, Swedish Servant,
What volume of book
Have you got hid under washboard?
Are it some technical work
On heating buns?
Are it entitle,
"How to construct a mince pie on an income of
\$1,000 a year?"
Are it entitle
"Dainty Dishes for Peevish Palates" ?
I ask to look.
"Ah no," response that estimate female,
"It are a fairy story entitle 'Marriage of Wm.

Ashes,'
By Mrs. Humpley Ward."
Sighs from her.
"Life of cook are very mean and sordy,"
She say,
And splotter tear-drop on Humpley Ward book.

Alice O'Rafferty, Swedish Servant,
Tell me to know—
But hark!
I hear something burning with smudge!
Maybe it are a house afire,
But it smell remarkabilously like
Soda biskits what has ignited therselves
In oven.

Hoping you are having no trouble with your
Public Servants, I am

Yours truly,
Hashimura Togo.

WALLACE IRWIN.

MARCH 2

CLEOPATRA*

THE rising sun cast the soft light of one of those ideal summer days when all outlines are blurred and blend in the mysterious charm of woods and sky. Under a cluster of sycamore trees, which shaded the public square of Tarsus, Antony was holding court as Proconsul, assisted by petty rulers, magi, and prætors, and, governed by his somewhat rudimentary conscience, deciding the various cases according to the Roman law. He was besieged by a crowd, each having his own special petition, and each in turn being granted a hearing. The court was following the speech of one of the advocates in respectful silence when excited murmurs began to be heard. Men came running up from the shores of the Cydnus with strange tales. The agitation spread rapidly and Aphrodite's name was on all lips. The people had been carefully trained by the priests, and their religion had accustomed them to believe in the proximity of the gods and in their possible intervention. But this strange tale surpassed the most wonderful fables. It was reported that the daughter of Zeus was sailing up the river on a

*From "The Life and Death of Cleopatra."

golden galley resounding with music. She had been recognized, not only by her supernatural beauty, but by those symbols with which painters and sculptors had always represented her. Reclining in an enormous shell, this goddess seemed to be rising from the sea. Purple sails adorned the galley and a troop of nereids hung in the rigging, waving fans, while tiny cupids scattered rose leaves at her feet. Every moment new messengers arrived with fresh details that surpassed all the preceding ones. The galley's sails were of silk; purple draperies covered the decks; fifty black men from Koursch rowed rhythmically, with oars tipped with silver; light smoke from the galley wafted the sweet perfume of cinnamon and of incense.

The public square was gradually deserted as curiosity overcame the people. Those who, the instant before, had been struggling for a place near the Tribunal, had suddenly vanished. The ever-growing crowd was now jostling each other on the banks of the Cydnus. Shouts and cries of admiration went up. The whole city of Tarsus was soon on the quais, and, in an ecstasy of enthusiasm, welcomed the approaching goddess and thanked Zeus for sending her.

On hearing these astounding reports Antony was as one distracted. He put his hand to his head; he struggled for breath. Beyond all doubt it was she! That goddess whom his impatient heart had so long craved! She had taken him by surprise!

As he could not permit himself to join the crowd and rush to meet her, he called Dellius.

"Go," he said, "receive Cleopatra with all honor. Put at her disposal all that she wishes, and ask her to sup with me at the palace this evening."

Antony was too much agitated to resume the interrupted hearings. Of what importance were individual interests, or even those of the Republic, in comparison with this overwhelming event? Assessors, registrars, witnesses were all dismissed, and in his ecstasy, wishing to share his joy with others, he granted all the petitions laid before him.

Dellius returned with the message that Cleopatra warmly appreciated the invitation from the Triumvir, but that this first evening she wished to have him as her guest. She would expect him on board her galley at the time appointed for supper.

Then it was really true! It was she! She had crossed the seas to come to him! In a few moments he would see her, be at the same table with her! How should he approach her; what words of greeting should he use? He was perplexed, for proper words never come in the moment of excitement. He tried to imagine the scene. His attitude would be courteous, certainly; how otherwise? But he must have a certain majesty of bearing. His title of Triumvir placed him above all other sovereigns. In the eyes of his colleagues it was important that he should maintain his prestige. Cleopatra had failed in her duty as an ally of Rome, and it would be necessary to inquire the

reasons. With all possible consideration, yet with firmness, he would ask: "What part did you take in the war? Why did you fail us?"

Full of these thoughts, he began his preparations. He chose his most beautiful silver breastplate, the one by an Athenian artist representing Achilles being dipped in the Styx by his mother. He put perfume on his face, rubbed it in his hair, and, a superb martial figure, his head erect, every nerve alert, as though he were going into battle, set out on the avenue leading to the river. The plane trees cast darker shadows in the evening light. Between the trunks of the trees the setting sun was like burnished copper. When he reached the river banks the brilliant sunset light had faded, but before him shone the marvellous galley. From the tips of the masts to the water's edge it was a mass of draperies illuminated by torches. It was not possible to count them, but the shining whole was like a fire mounting almost to the sky.

That famous supper at Tarsus, that evening meeting between those two beings who were to stir the world and leave a path of fire across the centuries, is assuredly one of the enthralling moments of history. Putting aside the magnificence of the entertainment, the prodigal abundance of the feast which this daughter of the Lagidæ had planned to dazzle the most powerful of the Romans, to let him see that the luxury in which he lived was provincial compared with the customs and manners of her court, it was the force of the

dramatic situation which appealed as these two approached each other. It was the climax of her long-planned design, the result of all her grace and wit, this taking possession of Antony's very soul, so to seduce and imprison him that he could find no escape from the binding circle of her charm. She brought to this plan all the skill of the experienced woman of the world and a heart as yet untouched by real passion.

In this meeting it was Antony who felt embarrassed and ill at ease. Although he was familiar with women's ways and accustomed to speaking freely with them, yet this charmer, with her seductive guile, the elaborate beauty of her costume, and her mysterious smile, which now mocked, now tempted him to kneel at her feet, daunted him.

"You!—at last!" . . . he exclaimed as he approached her, and that was all he dared say by way of reproach.

This heart-felt cry was so filled with satisfied longing, showed such real joy, that Cleopatra knew that she had won him. She began to make excuses for not having come before. She had been bound by so many obligations. Egypt was the source of so much anxiety. For the past two years the wheat crop had failed and there was growing discontent among her people. It was highly important to attend to the needs of her country. For a long time she had doubted the possibility of being able to leave.

But Antony's eyes were fixed on Cleopatra. He ignored the flimsy excuses, which would not have

stood in her way had she desired to overcome them. He could only whisper:

"You are more beautiful than ever!"

"Do you think so?" she answered, and her smile was that of a simple girl.

Then, taking her guest by the hand, she led him to the stern of the vessel, which had been converted into a grove. They took their places on the two purple couches beside the table; and enjoying the rare delicacies, drinking old wines from golden cups, they talked of many things, while the stringed instruments made sweet music. Memories of other days came back to them, days when, reclining around a sumptuous table in brilliantly lighted rooms, Antony had gazed on Cleopatra, eager to declare his love, yet held back by conditions which so often restrain the natural inclinations. He was balked again this evening, not by the presence of others, as in former days, but by their mutual relations. A definite explanation was necessary to clear away the political clouds which enveloped them.

Cleopatra took the initiative. To run the risk of being accused, of having to defend herself was contrary to all her instincts. Besides, what was the danger? However much at fault she might be, she was confident of having a lenient judge. Whatever stand she might take, of attack or defence, she felt that her tiny hand had the power to conquer. She preferred to attack, however, and began an account of the indignities which, to uphold a just course, she had suffered at the hands

of Cassius. Three different times he had demanded recruits from her, and at each refusal she had been overwhelmed by a deluge of threats.

"The scoundrel!" muttered Antony.

She went on hurriedly: "But you, too, Antony, you counted on me, you expected my fleet to come to your aid and you had a right to expect it! You could never have doubted my good intentions; I was your surest ally. All my prayers were with you, you, the avenger of Cæsar!"

The atmosphere was changed. The discussion was taking an entirely different turn from what Antony had expected. He was completely disarmed. He who had planned to question her sternly, to obtain a justification, or at least some excuse for her attitude, found himself quietly listening to the voice of an enchantress.

"You have been annoyed with me?" she said, in a caressing tone.

"I have never been angry with you," he answered.

"Yes, you have. I know very well. It was at Lacedæmon. You were put out at having waited for me in vain."

But here, too, Cleopatra was ready with an explanation. She related how the gods, whose designs are impenetrably concealed from men, had seemed determined to thwart her plans. Her squadron had scarcely set sail when it had been scattered by a tempest. Several of the ships had been sunk. She, herself, ill and exhausted, had been saved only by a fortunate chance. She

had returned to Alexandria at grave peril in a boat which was leaking. And when the squadron had been put in condition again it was too late; the allies had just won the battle of Philippi.

Presented in this light her conduct as an ally of Rome was not only above reproach but worthy of all praise; and Antony was not sparing in his commendation. He was deeply moved at the thought of the dangers she had passed through. He called her sublime, heroic. He was almost at the point of making excuses on his own account. Had he not been a fool in so obstinately expecting her arrival? But, on the other hand, had he not suffered torment all the days since Fate had separated them? Everywhere, at every moment, he had sought her, had hoped to see her appear. Without her he knew only unhappiness. He loved her, he had always loved her. To be content without her was impossible. And now that she was with him his passion was too strong for him. It was a burning fire that would never be quenched.

Cleopatra listened to all this gravely, making no comment. His words stirred her innermost being, and she was thrilled at the thought: "The master of the world belongs to me!" Undoubtedly she understood the passionate tone of this hero, shared his intoxication. She felt how sweet it would be to yield, to let herself be carried away by this overwhelming emotion. But the time had gone by when she was ready to give herself up at the first asking, as when she had yielded to the

desire of Cæsar. The innocent young girl of those days had grown rich in experience. The years, the events, the stay at Rome had taught her many things. She recognized the value of her favors. Although fully determined to grant them, that she might bind Antony to her, unite their destinies in order to begin once more with him the game that she had lost the first time, she intended to choose her own hour.

The supper was over. Leaning back on her cushions she seemed the very image of sensual delight. She regarded Antony.

"I love you," he whispered.

"Hush," she said in the gentlest way, as though correcting a cherished child; "you must not say such things."

With a sudden frenzy and before she had time to draw back Antony pressed his passionate lips to hers. He would not be silent. He had already waited too long, had suffered too much from her delay. All hope of happiness seemed to have sipped away and he had been on the verge of despair. And now that she was really with him, she the adored idol of his heart, she told him not to speak, not to tell her of this love which meant life itself to him!

The young Queen stood up. The dying light of the candles and torches transformed her into a statuette of gold, one of those deities who are worshiped surrounded by a flashing circle of fire. She looked at Antony. A little dismayed by his

ardor she asked herself whether, in spite of her ambition, she really could endure such a passionate lover.

"Wait," she said, "it grows late. I am very tired. Let me have this evening to rest."

But Antony did not stir. Leaning on the couch, his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, he stared distractedly at this exquisite creature. He could have remained there forever, under those shining stars which, hour by hour increasing in brilliancy as the light of the torches faded, seemed to draw nearer, as though to share his happiness.

"Let us go," she murmured, "it is time to say good-night."

His longing eyes implored her: "Do not send me from you without a promise."

With her maddening smile, she replied, "To-morrow I will come to have supper with you."

"Until to-morrow, then," sighed Antony. Then, disappointed and baffled, his whole being tortured by visions of a joy which had seemed within his grasp and which for the moment had escaped him, he left the barge and went back to the shore.

For the next few days Cleopatra and Antony were inseparable. It was the beginning of that passion which was gradually to absorb their whole being and consume them like a fire.

If Antony had from that first evening completely lost his reason, Cleopatra had kept hers. Her mind was stronger than her emotions. Shrewd

and clear-sighted, she looked into the future. With her mind's eye she saw the old dreams come back, her cherished plans of long ago. If Antony, as ruler of Rome, lacked the strength of Cæsar, his power was as far-reaching; and, if his character lacked the force, his mind the breadth of the other, she would have all the more chance of supremacy, all the greater opportunity of controlling the government.

She was seized with the desire to try the experiment without delay. A great bitterness, an ever-growing rancor was in her heart against her sister who had disputed her right to the throne and who had failed in the contest. Fleeing from her vengeance, this sister, Arsinoë, had taken refuge in the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, and, under the protection of the high priest, Megabyzus, had assumed the rôle of a sovereign. This insult to Cleopatra fell directly within the jurisdiction of the Triumvir. He alone could put a stop to it. She asked that the Princess be put to death, and also the minister, Serapion, who had upheld her in the rebellion and flight to Ephesus.

Such severities were not at all to Antony's taste. The happy hours spent at Ephesus were still fresh in his memory. Should he forfeit those for a woman's caprice? Should he thus discredit his reputation as a genial Proconsul? Besides, in violating the religious privileges he would incur the risk of making many enemies. He tried to argue, not in favor of the guilty ones, but to save his own standing. How would it look if, having

shown mercy to the vanquished of his own country, he should prove pitiless to people who were subjects of Rome, and against whom he had no just complaint?

The plea had no effect. There was something in Cleopatra's character, not so much of cruelty as of a desire for domination, which would not endure resistance. Arsinoë had attacked her authority; consequently, as long as Arsinoë lived Cleopatra would not be happy. Was not she constantly in danger of some new attempt against her crown on the part of this rebel?

Antony suggested imprisonment. But no, it was Arsinoë's head that she demanded from him. He finally succeeded in rescuing the priest Megabyzus, thanks to the intervention of the Ephesians, who threatened to put the town in a state of siege rather than allow any indignity to their revered High Priest.

This was the beginning of a succession of trivial discussions. Cleopatra always succeeded in having her own way, gradually substituting her own wishes for the authority of Antony. His will was completely dominated by her, for she held him by the magic force of love. What did she give him in exchange for her first victory? Her method of evasion had succeeded too well for her to renounce it readily. Before giving herself to Antony, her instinct, a curious compound of ambition and coquetry, told her to lead him by slow degrees to the point where a whole lifetime of delight would be needed to quench his burning

thirst to possess her. Prudence whispered also that, while granting him certain privileges, it would be wise to reserve the fulfilment of his happiness until they had arrived in Alexandria. Would not this be the surest means of attracting him to that city where she needed him to stabilize her power? And as to keeping him there, was not the enchanted court of the Bruchium, the prestige of her palace, its festivals, the bed of roses where Cæsar had lingered, the place where she would have the greatest chance of playing the part of the bewitching sorceress, from whose spell he would never escape?

When Antony and Cleopatra separated they planned to be together again for the winter. Antony applied himself to his affairs in Asia Minor with an unexpected industry. From early morning until late in the evening he was busy, often receiving delegates and signing papers after his supper had been served. At this rate, he quickly settled the disputes between Herod and the adjoining rulers concerning frontiers, assigned to each legion the territory belonging to it, chose the governors, and, in a word, put everything in such order that he could absent himself with safety. He decided to set sail the latter part of November. The heavens were ominously dark, the sea was gray and rough, but what matter? The wind blew from the north and would drive him straight to Alexandria.

In Alexandria the presence of the Triumvir was

expected with varied feelings. Those who had faith in Egypt's power and her ability for self-government deplored the arrival of the Roman ruler. To them he meant merely a new lover for the Queen, a master less gracious and perhaps more covetous than Cæsar. Others, recalling the promise of the god, regarded the hero of Philippi as a possible ally, who would restore the ancient grandeur of the kingdom. When it was announced that Antony would disembark unpretentiously, unescorted by either troops or squadron, simply as a nobleman returning the visit of a great lady, these dissensions ceased. All agreed that, as this was merely a visit of courtesy, it was necessary to welcome him warmly. Besides, the Queen's orders were explicit. She had not forgotten the lessons that Delliuss had taught her. The insignificant specimen of splendor that she had displayed at Tarsus had been so much appreciated that she wanted now to show the whole wealth of her resources. She had made up her mind that Antony's reception here should entirely efface the memory of those accorded him at Ephesus and at Tarsus. She spent gold lavishly and offered prizes to those who should invent some new decoration, some spectacle which would be sure to win universal admiration.

However brilliantly decked with flags the fort, with its banners blazing from one end to the other like bonfires, however magnificent the pageants, and numerous the gateways, carpets, triumphal arches, which lined the streets where the proces-

sion passed, they made little impression on Antony; or rather, these external trappings seemed but the natural setting for his own happiness. Even the shouts of welcome were but echoes of his own exaltation. One thought alone absorbed his mind. In a moment now he would see her, would hold her in his arms. Her image obliterated everything else. His desire to possess her was the rhythm to which the whole world moved.

Four galloping horses were speeding him along the Royal Way. The pink façade of the Bruchium rose above its terraces. He was getting nearer, nearer; in another instant he would be face to face with Cleopatra.

"Will she be mine at last?" he asked himself, breathlessly. She had sworn it and it was on this understanding that they had parted. But with women, with this woman especially, with her subtle, sinuous ways, one could never tell. The uncertainty made his heart beat fast. The horses galloped steadily on, made the last slope, and Antony was at the door of the palace.

Above, on the first step, surrounded by white-mitered priests swinging censers, and by officers in rich array, Cleopatra was awaiting him. She evidently wished to remind him of the days at Tarsus, for she was draped in a sea-green robe which made her look like a nereid. Necklaces of pale green chalcedony fell over her bosom like ocean spray, and on the turquoise clasp of her belt mysterious symbols were engraved.

As Antony approached she cast a laurel branch

toward him and came down to greet him. On bended knees, with outstretched arms, he saluted her with a gesture of adoration. They grasped each other's hands and spoke for a moment in low tones. Then they went up the steps of the grand stairway together in silence. They were smiling, and their expression was that of perfect, exquisite understanding.

From that day serene happiness encompassed them. The calculations, the coquetry, vanished. There was no further anxiety save that which comes to those accustomed to a life of pleasure, when they ask themselves: "Will it last, shall I still be happy to-morrow?" This was real, absolute, supreme love. Many people, resenting the glamour of romance, have not seen, have not wished to see in this famous adventure anything but a selfish scheme, and in Cleopatra an ambitious courtesan. It is true that the persecutions of her youth had caused her to look on love as a means, had made her regard Cæsar as a protector from whom she could expect, primarily, the restoration of her kingdom, and later, if death had not come so suddenly, the crown of an empress. But with Antony it was different. At the outset, perhaps, in her dreary solitude she had certain plans in mind by which she could use him to carry out her ambitious schemes. Bereft of the great ruler by whose power she had built up her fortune, she probably dreamed of replacing him with Antony and continuing with him those bonds that the fatal poniard of Brutus had severed. But she

had not reckoned on the hot blood of youth. If that voyage to Tarsus had been a snare, Cleopatra was caught in her own trap. She had set out as a conqueror, sure of enforcing her will, and she had found love awaiting her to lead her captive. However attractive Antony's possessions might be, his personal charm outweighed them all. He had in a rare degree those gifts which win affection, and, in spite of all her premeditated schemes and plots, in spite of the endless intrigues which may have been combined with her feeling for him, Cleopatra undoubtedly gave him her whole heart. What is more convincing than the final tragedy? When a love affair ends with the voluntary death of the lovers, when they both kill themselves rather than live on alone, any preceding faults or failings are of small account. That last hour is the only one to be marked on the dial of history.

But at this time there was no thought of death. Day followed day, wholly given over to the joy of living. Every moment spent together created new dreams to be carried out; each desire gratified gave birth to a new desire. They seemed to have within them an inexhaustible spring from which they drank without ever quenching their thirst. The only perfect love is that where flesh and spirit are satisfied in turn, where heart and soul share in the ecstasy. To Cleopatra, who had never loved before, this feeling was a new experience. To Antony it was a surprise which plunged him in an unspeakable delight. After his life of excess it would have seemed impossible for him to be

thrilled by this new joy. But all other experiences were wiped out, and in this love he was born again. Like to the fire which rises impervious to corruption, his passion for Cleopatra had burned away all stains of the past.

Their mutual happiness seemed to affect all their environment. The Queen took an exquisite pleasure in pointing out the charms of the Bruchium, that incomparable museum of art and nature. She wanted to share all its wonders with her lover. Even if she picked a rose she wanted him to inhale its fragrance as though it were an ethereal fragment of herself, and its perfume were her own breath. In showing him a marble statue from the chisel of Praxiteles, the bronze Hercules that Ptolemy VII had brought from Corinth, a bas-relief covered with figures from the Iliad; in music, or some page from a Greek drama, she sought that close contact of mind and spirit which should make them one being.

But if Antony yielded at times to the refining influence of the daughter of the Lagidæ, at other moments his own virile nature had the mastery and controlled them both.

The orgies of the Bruchium are matters of history. The moderation of modern life, with its democratic views, its lesser fortunes, its law-restricted vices, gives no hint of the extravagant living of the ancients. The scale is entirely different. There is no comparison between the provincial fêtes of to-day and the saturnalian revelries of the Romans. Our hygienic repasts

offer no idea of the gluttonous feasts of Balthazar. Modern monuments, modern buildings, how pitifully poor they are compared with those colossal structures that Rameses or Darius employed thirty years of their reign in completing and which have survived them for as many centuries! What a contrast between our richest palaces and those massive retreats of ancient kings, with their stupendous ramparts, their avenues of obelisks, the forest of columns which surrounded them! The most magnificent court of Europe would seem paltry set by the side of one of any satrap or Roman proconsul.

The world in those days belonged to the privileged few who had the entire control. The lower classes were content to look on at their revels. There were giants in those days compared with the less virile physique of modern men. The suns which shone on their joys have set. A certain sadness depresses the modern mind, inoculated with the virus of the ideal.

Antony and Cleopatra lived at a time when they could watch life roll by like a mighty torrent. The vigor of the young world boiled in their veins with no thought of sin. To be happy was the only wisdom. They were like the followers of Epicurus, whose sole aim was to enjoy to the full the passing hour. In that wonderful city, where everything seemed planned for their delight, they spent indescribable days, days in which nothing seemed too high or too low to add to their enjoyment. As fearless in planning pleasures

as in carrying them out, they were truly inimitable.

Cleopatra wished to shower every possible luxury on her guest, and she commanded that the habitual magnificence of the court life be increased in every way. A story is told by Philotas, who had come from Amphissus to finish his studies at the Serapium, of having made the acquaintance of a steward of the royal kitchens. There he saw eight wild boars waiting to be roasted before a huge brazier. "Is the Queen having a banquet this evening?" he asked. He was much astonished to learn that only the usual court was to be present, not more than a dozen guests at the outside.

"What," he cried, "eight wild boars for twelve stomachs?"

"Don't you know," answered the steward, "that only at a certain stage is a roast fit to eat? Now it is not possible to know at what moment the food must be served here, for the Triumvir may dally over a game of chess, or take a sudden fancy for a gallop to Canopus. Then there is nothing to do but to put out the fires and wait. At other times he says he is famished and must be served before the regular time. So one boar, one quarter of beef, a few geese or guinea fowls are not enough; there must be an unlimited supply!"

This is one anecdote among many which shows not only the wastefulness but the happy carelessness which surrounded this great spoiled child,

Antony. Everything gave way to his capricious fancy. Cleopatra lived but to please him. Leaning on the breast of her hero, she saw life only through his eyes. At times their caresses made a paradise for both; at others she was occupied in inventing some new form of amusement to divert her lover and herself.

This constant effort was a drain on her physically and mentally and led to all kinds of follies. One of these, which happened at a banquet, is famous.

The vast hall where the guests were assembled was proportioned to conceal its height. It was encircled by arcades. In each of these a great-pawed sphinx of porphyry bore the image of a woman in Egyptian headdress. Light poured out from torches supported by brass arms, from high candelabra spread out like sheaves, from silver tripods, these latter spouting great flames.

A hundred guests stood expectantly around the table looking at the marvelous display of golden platters, cups and bowls. They were awaiting the arrival of Antony and Cleopatra. Presently, to the sound of music, the royal couple appeared, he, superb, god-like, in his star-covered tunic, she, adjusting her floating scarf and playing with the bracelets on her arms.

At the head of the table stood a couch supported by four crouching griffins. The royal hosts reclined there, side by side, and motioned to the guests to take their places around the table.

This evening the special feature was a dance, or rather, a series of emblematic figures invented by Clitias, the celebrated Sicilian comedian. A group of twenty-four dancing girls appeared, each representing an hour; some black as night, some rosy as the dawn, others, again, the color of broad daylight, and the different shades of dusk. These, slowly or quickly, called up in turn the image of earthly joys which come with the passing day. As each Hour gave place to the succeeding one she came to kiss the feet of the Queen.

Although this charming spectacle roused great enthusiasm and so delighted Antony that it was repeated several times, Cleopatra seemed absent-minded. She was wondering what novelty she could provide for the next evening. It was essential to set before her beloved guest something which he had never before seen. A sudden light came into her eyes; again she had found it.

"I invite you to come to-morrow to a feast which will surpass all that your eyes have ever beheld!"

And as Antony, with his generous smile, said that such a thing could not be possible, she replied, briefly:

"The supper alone will cost ten million sesterces."

Antony continued incredulous. This was not the first time that his beloved one had made extravagant statements.

"Let us lay a wager," she cried.

He agreed. "If I lose what shall I give you?"

She needed no time to consider. The word came to her lips as though she had often used it: "A kingdom."

Had the wine gone to his head? Did he regard the Roman provinces merely as stakes to gamble with? He suggested Phœnicia.

Phœnicia, on whose coast lay Tyre, Gebel, Sidon, Berytus, all manufacturing towns, with their dyes, their carpets, their valuable carved furniture made from the cedars of Lebanon; and all sorts of other rich possessions! For the moment Cleopatra did not believe her ears. She thought he was jesting. But Antony's expression was serious. She saw that the offer was made in good faith. They touched their finger-tips in token of agreement.

The report of the wager soon spread. Nothing was talked of in the city but the mysterious plan for the coming night when the Bruchium would see all its former splendors surpassed. Reasonable men shrugged their shoulders. Ten million sesterces for a single repast! It was not possible! Others crowded together to discuss among themselves what new extravagance the Queen was concocting to shake the finances of the kingdom.

The next evening the same guests assembled in the vast hall of the arcades. They were alive with curiosity. What were they gathered together to witness? What spectacle could justify the enormous expense that had been announced? But on entering the hall they saw nothing out of the ordinary. There were the same brilliant illumina-

tions, the same gorgeous display of flowers and gold plate; all the exquisite details were just the same.

With their customary ceremony the sovereigns entered. The Queen was so simply dressed that only her jewels attracted attention. Her passion for them was well known, and she had continually added to the countless treasures of the Lagidæ. Wherever she went she had acquired the rarest stones. While at Rome the Etruscan workers had given their entire time to making jewelry of her own designing. Her preference had always been for pearls. She had collected them from the Persian gulf, from Ceylon, from Malaysia, and whenever a shipowner went to India he had orders to bring back any exceptional pearls that he found there, regardless of their cost. She wore them everywhere, around her neck, about her arms, fastened in her belt, of every shape and tint.

This evening, however, she wore only two. But such pearls! Their size, their beauty of outline, were beyond all estimate. Suspended by an invisible thread of gold, they gleamed in her ears like drops of dew on the petals of a rose. The marvel was that nature had twice produced such perfect pearls, identical in form and sheen, and that twice they had been found by man, although centuries apart. The first had been sent to Olym-pias from Ophir, by her son Alexander, and the second had only recently been discovered near the coast of Malay after exhaustive searching. Did they reflect her shining eyes, were they tinted with

the roses on her young cheeks; or were they, as legend says, living creatures who are affected when their fate is in the balance?

The banquet went on, lavish, but a little dull, as when an expected diversion fails. Dessert was served, and still nothing had happened. There was a general air of disappointment. Antony alone was in high spirits. He looked on himself as the winner of the wager and was amusing himself by imagining the prize he could demand. His joking became flippant:

"By Bacchus, your supper is not worth the ten million sesterces that you promised," he cried, impatiently, as he leaned toward Cleopatra.

"Don't be so certain," she replied: "you have not won yet."

She called the cup-bearer, who stood always near, and signaled to him to re-fill her cup. This golden cup, a marvel of workmanship, was supposed to have belonged to Pericles. In any case, it had been carved by one of the best artists of his epoch. A troop of archers adorned it, and the handle was in the form of a beautiful woman.

All eyes were fixed on Cleopatra. What was she about to do? What miracle was to happen? For astonishing things were always expected of her.

Turning toward Antony she raised the cup to her lips, and with an expression half humorous, half solemn, said:

"Look carefully. When I have drunk this, my wager will be won." At the same time she un-

fastened one of the pearls and let it fall to the bottom of the foaming cup, where it was quickly dissolved.

Cries of horror went up, as in the face of an irreparable disaster.

Having emptied the cup, Cleopatra made ready for a second sacrifice.

Antony seized her wrist.

"Spare your jewels," he cried; "I acknowledge my defeat."

The Queen hesitated; and he added, "Phoenicia is yours!"

What was the use of doubling the sacrifice? It was said that in memory of that evening Cleopatra always wore the odd pearl in her bosom. Octavius found it there after her death. It was in the shape of a tear, an enormous tear, as though all the tears that those beautiful, closed eyes had shed were gathered together in it. Thinking that no woman, not even Livia, was worthy of such a jewel, or fearing that it would bring him misfortune, the conqueror of Actium carried it off as an offering to Venus. "Thus," says Pliny, in melancholy vein, as he was dreaming one day in the temple, "the half of one of those suppers at Alexandria is to-day the ornament of a goddess."

Had Antony forgotten that he was Triumvir? Did he not remember that the life of all men, especially that of a ruler, is a hard and continuous struggle? Not altogether; but, without questioning whether the moment was propitious, unmind-

ful of the disturbing news of troubles in Italy, and of the incursions of the Parthians into Asia Minor, led by the traitor Labismus, he still dallied. He knew that some day he would be forced to take command of his troops, but the life of a conqueror slips by very quickly when he is in the arms of a beautiful woman. While waiting, enmeshed, entangled, like a prey, he was verily a captive; but the bands that held him were too delightful for him to make the slightest effort to break them. When stung by conscience, he comforted himself with the reflection that he would know how to get away when it was actually necessary.

In order to have a pretext that would justify his prolonged stay in Alexandria, he took up some governmental work, chiefly the revision of the treaty of alliance between the Roman Republic and Cleopatra. All its clauses were arranged in accordance with her wishes and, at her instigation, he sealed it by recognizing Cæsarion as the legitimate son of Cæsar, the heir-presumptive to the throne of Egypt.

The understanding between the two countries being arranged, he summoned the best equipped divisions of his army and had them placed along the borders of the Nile. This military display restored order generally. It was universally recognized that the Queen had a powerful support, and that obedience to her was necessary. Finally, to confirm her authority over these troops, and to show that they were hers to command, the

hawk crest of the Lagidæ was engraved on their shields by the side of the Roman eagle. Armed with helmet and cuirass, Cleopatra, riding at Antony's side, reviewed them on the parade ground.

As she was now convinced of the solidity of her throne, and had no longer any uneasiness save the dread of seeing her lover take leave, Cleopatra put her wits to work to keep all disquieting outside cares away from him. Constantly with him, seeing everyone who came near him, she arranged their daily programmes in such fashion that there was no chance for idleness. Their life was a veritable whirlwind. They went for long rides along the sandy roads, taking such unreasonable routes that they returned with their horses foundered. They sought recreation in hunting deer and gazelles, and risked life and limb in pursuit of the wild faun. Danger exhilarated them, and it, in turn, gave them keener appreciation of the hours spent in the privacy of their apartment.

Gradually, however, their sense of enjoyment lost its flavor. The need for perpetual novelty, the desire for sharper sensations, made them seek experiences which were inevitably degrading. In their quest of these new adventures they went, at first secretly, then without disguise, to mix with the disorderly pleasure seekers who nightly frequented the gardens of the Ceramicus.

Many goddesses had temples at Alexandria, but none was worshipped more persistently and

fervently than Venus. Under the different names of Urania, Astarte, Acidalia, Callypige, and Cypris, each inhabitant, each young girl, recognized her power, and brought her offerings.

In a sycamore grove, opposite the celebrated wall, more than fifteen hundred courtesans trafficked openly in their wares, unhampered by the hypocrisy which restrains modern civilization. Here, also, was the school where expert matrons instructed a hundred young girls in the intricate art of pleasing the goddess of Love. Taken from their parents, either with their consent, or for money, these girls came sometimes from the most remote countries, for the variety of types found at the Ceramicus formed one of its chief attractions. Some were fair, with light eyes and hair like silk; others were of olive complexion, and others again had dark skins. They were not all equally beautiful, that is, according to the Greek ideal, but they all had plump arms and firm breasts, all understood the art of smiling, and of perfuming their bodies.

What did these royal lovers, who had all possible means of gratifying every kind of caprice without leaving their palace walls, what did these misguided beings seek in the dim shade of those trees, among a crowd of loose women?

Unluckily, these expeditions could not be concealed indefinitely. Although Antony wore a mask, and Cleopatra was draped from head to foot in a somber veil, more than one passer-by, because of the presence of Eros, a devoted satellite

of Antony who went everywhere with them, suspected the presence of these sovereigns in places where they had no right to be. The final dénouement came as the result of a brawl in which they were hopelessly entangled.

It happened in the Rhakotis quarter, one of the most disreputable parts of the town, where debauchery ran riot. It was filled with houses of ill-repute; the alleys rang with barbarous music accompanying revolting scenes in the fetid taverns. And here the ruler of Rome and the descendant of Egyptian kings loved to spend their nights. Antony was becoming brutalized, and Cleopatra, also, was affected by this life. They quarreled, passed cynical jests, and, taking color from their surroundings, nothing pleased Antony so much as to watch the Queen of Egypt seated till morning before these dirty booths, and to hear her ravishing voice, meant to make music for the gods, singing vulgar songs, reciting obscene verses, or using the phrases that he had formerly heard only between low soldiers and women of the town.

One night there was a squabble between one of these women and some sailors. Instantly a tumult of cries and blows began. Violent fighting followed and knives glittered. Cleopatra was about to faint. Her throat was parched, a cold sweat broke out on her forehead. She had hardly strength enough to reach the exit. Eros seized her just in time and carried her into the open air. She revived, but unfortunately her veil

had been pushed aside, and pale and frightened appeared the young face that at other times was seen crowned by the headdress of the Egyptian kings.

What is more significant than the degradation of these lovers, overtaken by Fate? From the crest of Fortune's hill they could have looked down on the ugliness of the world at their feet and have said: "We are safe!" But they were insatiable. Possessing all the best, they coveted the worst as well. They wanted their wheel of sensations to go on turning, turning. At the least sign of its stopping, they set it going again, and it dragged them into the depths from which they came up irremediably stained.

This scandal of the street brawl had no immediate consequence, however. The hour of Nemesis had not yet come. The people of Alexandria were content with their reestablished government, their increased revenue, and attached but little importance to what they called these frivolous pranks. Their own standards were low, and there was no actual laws that condemned Cleopatra's conduct. On the contrary, it established a certain sympathy between the Queen and her subjects. Since she, who had seemed so far above them, had descended to the ranks of the street women, what concession might not be expected from her, or what good fortune? Men who had long worshiped her at a distance drew near to regard her with longing eyes. One of these admirers wrote: "Any other woman would

grow stale, but not Cleopatra. The more you see her the greater her fascination. She can transform even vice, cruelty, debauchery by her unspeakable charm. In the midst of her excesses the very priests themselves can only bless her!"

Antony also had been adopted by the Alexandrians. Cæsar's aristocratic bearing, his stern expression, his austere habit of mind, had overawed them; while their naturally frivolous temperament was thoroughly at ease in the presence of the jovial Triumvir. Whereas the one always kept them at a distance, whether on horseback or in his litter, never mixing with the populace, the other enjoyed the street shows, went about everywhere, stopped before the stalls, sometimes buying a trifle for which he paid double price, and taking it to Cleopatra. He talked with the men in the street, was not afraid of passing jokes with them, or even of emptying an amphora of wine in their company. He had discarded his military dress when appearing in public, as it recalled the hated Roman rule. He replaced the Roman officers by Egyptian guards, and the coats of mail and helmets, surmounted by silver crests, were exchanged for silk robes with oriental headdresses.

This delicate flattery of the populace provoked much jesting criticism. "He reserves his tragic rôle for the Romans; for us he has always a smile," many said, recalling the part he had played at the time of the proscriptions.

His intimate associates, who shared this lawless life, had even less cause than the Alexandrians to

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find fault with him. Like Antony, they were under the bewitching charm of Cleopatra. They loved her, admired her, and to win her favor bore with good humor the sarcastic thrusts of her jesting moods. To please and amuse her, some of them sacrificed all sense of dignity. Paterculus has left the story of Munatius Plancus, former consul, and several members of Antony's staff who, one evening during a fête, crowned themselves with reeds, tied fish tails to their naked backs, and mimicked the dance of Glaucus. It seemed as though the masters of the world, those proud Romans who had formerly scorned the Queen of Egypt, had now become her slaves.

CLAUDE FÉRAL.

MARCH 3

(James Lane Allen, born March 3, 1848)

THE SCHOOL

ONE clear morning of that budding month of April, a professor from one of the two institutions of learning in the city stood before the pupils of the high school.

He was there to fulfil his part of an experimental plan which, through the courtesy of all concerned, had been started upon its course at the opening of the session the previous autumn: that members of the two faculties should be asked to be good enough to come—some one of them once each month—and address the school on some pleasant field or by-field of university work, where learning at last meets life. That is, each professor was requested to appear before the ravenous pupils of the high school with a basket of ripe fruit from his promised land of knowledge and to distribute these as samples from an orchard which each pupil, if he but chose, could some day own for himself. Or if he could not quite bring anything so luscious and graspable as fruit, he might at least stand in their full view on the boundary of his kingdom and mark out, across that dubious Common which lies between high school and college, a path that would

lead a boy straight to some one of the world's great highways of knowledge.

Eight professors had courteously responded to this invitation and had disclosed eight splendid roadways of the world's study. The Latin professor had opened up his colossal Roman-built highway with its pictures of the ages when all the world's thoroughfares led to Rome. The professor of Greek had disclosed the longer path which leads back to Hellas with its frieze of youth in eternal snow. The professor of Astronomy had taken his band of listeners forth into the immensities of roadless space and had all but lost them and the poor little earth itself in the coming and going of myriads of entangled stars. Eight professors had come, eight professors had gone, it was now April, a professor of Geology, as next to the last lecturer, stood before them.

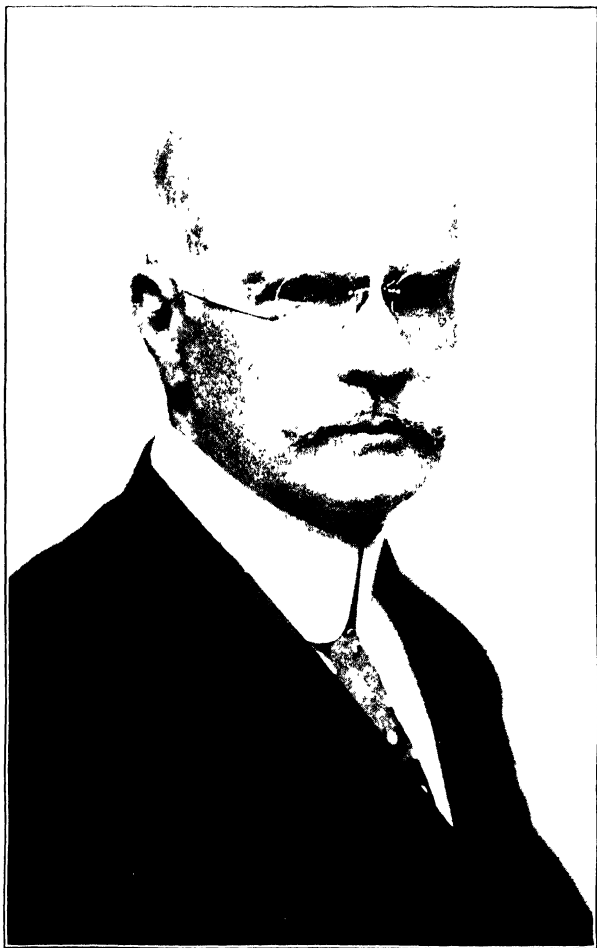
Interest in the lectures had steadily mounted from the first and was now at highest pitch. He faced an audience eager, intelligent, respectful, and grateful. On their part they consented that the man before them embodied what he had come to teach—the blending of life and learning. Plainly the study of the earth's rocks had not hardened him, acquaintance with fossils had not left him a human fossil. And he hid the number of his years within the sap of living sympathies as a tree hides the notation of its years within the bark.

Letting his eyes wander over them silently for a moment, he began without waste of a word—a straightforward and powerful personality.

“I am going to speak to you boys about a boy who never reached high school. I want you to watch how that boy’s life, first seen in the distance through mist and snow and storm as a faint glimmering spark, rudely blown upon by the winds of misfortune, endangered and all but ready to go out—I want you to watch how that endangered spark of a boy’s life slowly begins to brighten in the distance, to grow stronger, and finally to draw nearer and nearer until at last it shines as a great light about you here in this very place. Watch, I say, how a troubled ray, low on life’s horizon, at last becomes a star in the world of men, high fixed and resplendent—to be seen by human eyes as long as there shall be human eyes to see anything.”

He saw that he had caught their attention. Their sympathy reacted upon him.

“Before I speak of the boy I wish to speak of a book. I hope all of you have read one of the very beautiful stories of English literature by George Eliot called ‘Silas Marner.’ If you have, none of you will ever forget that Silas Marner belonged to a class of pallid, undersized men who, a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago, under pressure upon the centers of population in England and through competition of trade, were driven out of the towns into the country. There, as strangers, as alien-looking remnants of a discredited race, there in districts far away among the lanes or in the deep bosom of the hills, perhaps an hour’s ride from any turnpike or beyond the



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faint sound of the coach horn, they spent their lives as obscure weavers and peddlers.

"You will never forget George Eliot's vivid, powerful, touching picture of Silas Marner at work in a little stone cottage near a deserted stone pit, amid the nut-bearing hedgerows of the village of Raveloe. When the schoolboys of the village came to the hedges in autumn to gather nuts or in spring to look for bird nests—you boys still do that, I hope—when they came and heard the uncanny sound of the loom, so unlike that of the familiar flail on threshing floors, they would crowd around the windows and peep in at the weaver in his treadmill attitude, weaving like a solitary spider month after month and year after year his endless web. Silas Marner, pausing in his work to adjust some trouble in his thread and discovering them and annoyed by the intrusion, would descend from the loom and come to his door and gaze out at them with his strange, blurred, protuberant eyes; for he was so near-sighted that he could see distinctly only objects close to him, such as his thread, his shuttle, his loom.

"If for a few days the sound of the loom stopped, it was because the weaver, with his pack on his feeble shoulders, was away on journeys through fields and lanes to deliver his linen to those who had ordered it or who might haply buy.

"The village of Raveloe, as you remember, lay on the rich, central plain of Merry England, with wooded hollows and well-walled orchards and ornamental weathercocks and church spires rising

peacefully above green tree-tops. But Silas Marner saw nothing of the Merry England through which he peddled his cloth. He walked through it all with the outdoor loneliness of those who cannot see. His mother had bequeathed him knowledge of a few herbs; and these were the only thing in nature that he had ever gropingly looked for along hedgerows and lanesides—foxglove and dandelion and coltsfoot.

“Now, if you have read the story, you have a far more living, touching picture of the life of a weaver in those distant times than I could possibly paint. The genius of George Eliot painted it supremely, and I point to her masterpiece rather than to any faint semblance I could draw. What I want you to do is to get deeply into your minds what the life of a weaver in those days meant: a little further on you will understand why.

“Next I want you to think of Silas Marner as an all too common figure of the present time. He is a type of those of us who go through our lives all but blind to the surpassingly beautiful life of the planet on which it is our strange and glorious destiny to spend our human days. He is a type of those of us who, in town or city, see only the implements of our trade or business ever close to our eyes—our shuttle, our thread, our loom, of whatever kind these may be. When we go out into the world of nature, he is also a type of those of us, who recognize only the few things we need—our coltsfoot, our foxglove, our dandelion, of

whatever kind these may be. In the midst of woods and fields we gaze blankly around us with vision blurred by ignorance—not born blind, but remaining as blind because we do not care or have not learned to open and to train our eyes. We have the outdoor loneliness of Silas Marner.”

He waited a few moments to allow his words to make their impression, and long accustomed to the countenance of listeners, he felt sure that they were following him in the road he pursued: then he led them forward:

“Now, about the period that George Eliot paints the life of her poor English weaver there lived, not in Merry England but in Bonnie Scotland—and to be bonnie is not to be merry—there lived in the little town of Paisley, in the west of Scotland, a man by the name of Alexander Wilson, a poor illiterate distiller. He had a son—the boy I am to tell you about.

“The poor illiterate distiller and father desired to give his son his name but not to assign him his place in life, not his own road; he named him Alexander and he wished him to be not a distiller but a physician. The boy’s mother was a native of an island of the Hebrides—your geographies will have to tell you where the Hebrides are, for doubtless you have all forgotten! The inhabitants of those wild, bleak, storm-swept islands thought much of danger and death and therefore often of God. Perhaps the natives of small islands are, as a rule, either very superstitious or

very religious. His mother desired him to be a minister. You may not know that the Scotch people are, perhaps, peculiarly addicted to being either doctors of the body or doctors of the soul. The entire Scottish race would appear to be desirous of being physicians to something or to somebody—not submitting easily, however, to be doctored!

“Thus the boy’s father and mother opened before him the two main honored roads of Scottish life and bade him choose. He chose neither, for he was self-willed and wavering, and did not know his own mind or his own wish. He did know that he would not take the roads his parents pointed out; as to them he was a roadless boy.

“His mother died when he was quite young, a stepmother stepped into a stepmother’s place, and she quickly decided with Scotch thrift. A third Scottish road should be opened to the boy and into that he should be pushed and made to go: he must be put to trade. Accordingly, when he was about eleven years old, he was taken from school and bound as an apprentice to a weaver: we lament child labor now: it is an old lament.

“The boy hated weaving as, perhaps, he never hated anything else in his life, and in time he hated much and he hated many things. He seems soon to have become known as the lazy weaver. Years afterward he put into bitter words a description of the weaver: ‘A weaver is a poor, emaciated, helpless being, shivering over rotten yarn and groaning over his empty flour barrel.’ Elsewhere he

called the weaver a scarecrow in rags. He wrote a poem entitled "Groans from the Loom."

"Five interminable years of those groans and all his eager, wild, headstrong, liberty-loving boyhood was ended: gone from him as he sat like a boy-spider with a thread passing endlessly into a web. During these interminable years, whenever he lifted his eyes from his loom and looked ahead, he could see nothing but penury and dependence and loneliness—his loom to the end of his life.

"Five years of this imprisonment and then he was eighteen and his own master; and the first thing he did was to descend from the loom, take a pack of cloth upon his shoulders and go wandering away from the hills and valleys and lakes of Scotland—free at last like a young deer in the heather. He said of himself that from that hour when his eyes had first opened on the light of gray Scotch mountains, the world of nature had called him. He did not yet know what the forest and the life of the forest meant or would ever mean; he only knew that there he was happy and at home.

"Thus, like Silas Marner, he became a poor weaver and peddler but not with Silas Marner's eyes. Seldom in any human head has the mechanism of vision been driven by a mind with such power and eagerness to observe. And he had the special memory of the eye. There are those of us who have the special memory of the ear or of taste or of touch. He had the long, faithful recollection of things seen. With this pair of eyes during

the next several years he traversed on foot three fourths of Scotland. Remember, you boys of the rolling blue-grass plateau, what the scenery of Scotland is! Think what it meant to traverse three fourths of that country, you who consider it a hardship to walk five level miles, a misfortune to be obliged to walk ten, the adventure of a lifetime to walk twenty.

"But though he followed one after another well nigh all the roads of Scotland he could find, in all Scotland, no road of life for him. It is true that certain misleading paths beckoned to him, as is apt to be true in every life. Thus he had conceived a great desire to weave poetry instead of cloth, to weave music instead of listening to the noise of the loom: he had his flute and his violin. But what he accomplished with poetry and flute and violin were obstacles to his necessary work and rendered this harder. The time he gave to them made his work less: the less his work, the less his living; the less his living, the more his troubles and hardships.

"Once he started out both to peddle his wares and to solicit orders for a little book of his poems he wished to publish. To help both pack and poetry he wrote a handbill in verse. Some of the lines ran thus:

"Here's handkerchiefs charming, book muslins
like ermine,
Brocaded, striped, corded, or checked.
Sweet Venus, they say, on Cupid's birthday
In British-made muslin was decked,

“Now, ye Fair, if you choose any piece to peruse,
With pleasure I’ll instantly show it.
If the peddler should fail to be favored with sale,
Then I hope you’ll encourage the poet.

“The result seems to have been but small sale for British-made muslins and no sale at all for Wilson-made poems.

“Robert Burns was just then the idolized poet of Scotland, a new sun shining with vital splendor into all Scottish hearts. Friends of the young weaver and apparently the young weaver himself thought there was room in Scotland for another Burns. Some of his poems were published anonymously and the authorship was attributed to Burns. That was bad for him, it made bad worse. Wilson greatly desired to know the rustic poet-king of Scotland. The two poets met in Edinburgh and were to become friends. Then Burns published ‘Tam O’Shanter.’ As young Kentuckians, of course, you love horses and cannot be indifferent even to poems on the tails of horses. Therefore, you must already know the world’s most famous poem concerning a horse-tail — ‘Tam O’Shanter.’ The Paisley weaver by this time had such conceit of himself as a poet that he wrote Burns a caustic letter, telling him the kind of poem ‘Tam O’Shanter’ should and should not be. Burns replied, closing the correspondence, ending the brief friendship, and leaving the weaver to go back to his loom. It was a terrible rebuff, and left its mark on an already discouraged man.

“Next Wilson wrote an anonymous poem, so

violently attacking a wealthy manufacturer on behalf of his poor brother weavers, that the enraged merchant demanded the name of the writer and had him put in prison and compelled him to stand in the public cross of Paisley and burn his poem.

“Darker, bitterer days followed. He shrank away to a little village even more obscure than his birthplace. There, lifting his eyes, again he looked all over Scotland: he saw the wrongs and sufferings of the poor, the luxury and oppression of the rich: he blamed the British Government for evils inherent in human nature and for the imperfections of all human society: turned against his native country and at heart found himself without a fatherland.

“Then that glorious vision which has opened before so many men in their despair disclosed itself: his eyes turned to America. You should never forget that from the first your country has been the refuge and the hope for the oppressed, the unfortunate, the discouraged of the whole world. In America he thought all roads were open, new roads were being made for human lives; that should become his country. One autumn he saw in a newspaper an advertisement that an American merchantman would sail from Belfast the following spring and he turned to weaving and wove as never before to earn his passage money. At this time he lived on one shilling a week! And it seems that just now he undertook to make up his lack of knowledge of arithmetic.

Some of you boys will doubtless greatly rejoice to hear that he was deficient in arithmetic! When spring came, with the earnings of his loom he walked across Scotland to the nearest port. When he reached Belfast every berth on the vessel had been taken: he asked to be allowed to sleep on the deck and was accepted as a passenger.

"He had now left Scotland to escape the loom—never to see Scotland again.

"And you see, he is beginning to come nearer.

"The vessel was called the *Swift* and it took the *Swift* two months to make the passage. The port was to be Philadelphia but he seems to have been so impatient to set foot on the soil of the New World that he left the ship at New Castle, Delaware. He had borrowed from a fellow passenger sufficient money to pay his expenses while walking to Philadelphia thirty-four miles away; and with this in his pocket and his fowling piece on his shoulder he disappeared in the July forests of New Jersey. The first thing he did was to kill a red-headed woodpecker which he declared to be the most beautiful bird he had ever seen.

"I do not find any word of his that he had ever killed a bird in Scotland during all his years of wandering. Now the first event that befell him in the New World was to go straight to the American woods and kill what he declared to be the most beautiful bird he had ever seen. This might naturally have been to him a sign of his life road. But he still stood blinded in his path, with not a plan, not an idea, of what he should be

or could be: he had not yet read the handwriting on the wall within himself.

“His first years in the New World were more disastrous than any in Scotland, for always now he had the loneliness and dejection of a man who has rejected his own country and does not know that any other country will accept him. A fellow Scot, in Philadelphia, tried him at copper-plate printing. He quickly dropped this and went back to the old dreadful work of weaving—he became an American weaver and went wandering through the forests of New Jersey as a peddler: at least peddling left him free to roam the forests. Next he tried teaching but he himself had been taken from school at the age of eleven and must prepare himself as one of his own beginners. He did not like this teaching experiment in New Jersey and migrated to Virginia. Virginia did not please him and he remigrated to Pennsylvania. There he tried one school after another in various places and finally settled on the outskirts of Philadelphia: here was his last school, for here was the turning point of his life.

“I wish I had time to describe for you the schoolhouse with its surroundings, for the place is to us now a picture in the early American life of a great man—all such historic pictures are invaluable. Catch one glimpse of it: a neat stone schoolhouse on a sloping green; with gray old white oaks growing around and rows of stripling poplars and scattered cedar trees. A road ran near and not far away was a little yellow-faced

cottage where he lived. The yard was walled off from the road and there were seats within and rose bushes and plum trees and hop vines. On one side hung a signboard waving before a little roadside inn; on the other, a blacksmith shop with its hammering. Not far off stood the edge of the great forest 'resounding with the songs of warblers.' In the depths of it was a favorite spot—a secret retreat for him in nature.

"Then there you see him: no longer a youth but still young; every road he had tried closed to him in America as in Scotland: not a doctor, not a minister, not a good poet, not a good flutist, not a good violinist, not a copper-plate engraver, not a willing weaver, not a willing peddler, not a willing school-teacher—none of these. No idea yet in him that he could ever be anything. A homeless self-exile, playing at lonely twilights on flute and violin the loved airs of rejected Scotland.

"Now it happened that near his school was a botanical garden owned by an American naturalist. The American, seeing the stranger cast down by his aimless life, offered him his portfolio of drawings and suggested that he try to draw a landscape, draw the human figure. The Scotch weaver, the American school-teacher, tried and disastrously failed. As a final chance the American suggested that he try to draw a bird. He did try: he drew a bird. He drew again. He drew again and again. He kept on drawing. Nothing could keep him from drawing. And there at last the miracle of power and genius, so long

restless in him and driving him aimlessly from one wrong thing to another wrong thing, disclosed itself as dwelling within his eyes and hands. His drawings were so true to life, that there could be no doubt: the road lay straight before him and ran clear through coming time toward eternal fame.

"All the experience which he had been unconsciously storing as a peddler in Scotland now came back to him as guiding knowledge. The marvelous memory of his eye furnished its discipline: from early boyhood, through sheer love, he had unconsciously been studying birds in nature, and thus during all these wretched years had been laying up as a youth the foundation of his lifework as a man.

"Genius builds with lavish magnificence and inconceivable swiftness; and hardly had he succeeded with his first drawings before he had wrought out a monumental plan: to turn himself free as soon as possible into the vast, untraveled forest of the North American continent and draw and paint its birds. Other men, he said, would have to found the cities of the New World and open up its country. His study was to be the lineaments of the owl and the plumage of the lark: he had cast in his lot with nature's green magnificence untouched by man."

The lecturer paused, as a traveler instinctively stops to look around him at a pleasant turn of his road. It had, in truth, been a hard, crooked human road along which he had been leading his

young listeners—a career choked at every step by inward and outward pressures. He had not failed to notice the change in every countenance, the brightening of every eye, as soon as his audience discovered that they were listening to a story, not of mere weaknesses and failures, but of the misfortunes and mistakes of a man who at last stood out as truly great. This hapless weaver, this aimless wanderer through the forests of two worlds, after all had success in him, strength in him, genius in him, fame in him! He was a hero. Henceforth they were alive with curiosity for the rest of the story which would bring the distant hero to Kentucky, to their Lexington.

The lecturer realized all this. But he had for some time been even more acutely aware that something wholly personal and extraordinary was taking place: one of the pupils of the high school was listening with an attention so absorbed and noticeable as to set him apart from all the rest. Just at what point this intense attention had been so aroused had not been observed; but when once observed, there was no forgetting it: it filled the room, the other listeners were merely grouped around it as accessories and helped to make its breathless picture.

The particularly interested pupil sat rather far back in the schoolroom, near a window—as though from a vain wish to jump out and be free. The morning light thus fell across his face: it was possible to watch its expression, its responsive change of light at each turn of the story. He

seemed to hold some kind of leadership in the school: other pupils occasionally turned their faces to glance at him, to keep in touch with him: he did not return their glances—being their leader; or he had forgotten them for the story he was hearing.

The lecturer became convinced that what had more than once happened to him before as a teacher was happening again: before him a young life was unexpectedly being solved—to its own wonderment and liberation, to its amazement and joy.

That perpetual miracle in nature—the texture of the generations—the living taking the meaning of their lives from the dead! You stand beside some all but forgotten mound of human ashes; before you are arrayed a band of youths, unconsciously holding in their hands the unlighted torches of the future. You utter some word about the cold ashes and silently one of them walks forward to the ashes, lights his torch, and goes his radiant way.

Thus the Geologist felt a graver responsibility resting on him—placed there by one of them, more than by all of them: the words he was speaking might or might not give final direction to a whole career. He went on with his heroic narrative more glowingly, more guardedly:

“For a while he must keep on teaching in order to live: he taught all day, often after night, barely had time to swallow his meals, at the end of one term tells us he had as large a sum as fifteen

dollars. Often he colored his first drawings by candlelight, drew and painted birds without knowing what they were. Drawing and painting by candlelight!—but now he had within himself the risen sun of a splendid enthusiasm. That sun kindled his schoolboys. They found out what he wanted and helped. One boy brought him a large basketful of crows. Another caught a mouse in school and contributed that—the incident is worth quoting by showing that the boy preferred a mouse to a school book.

“Take one instance of the energy with which he was now working and worked for the rest of his life: he wished to see Niagara Falls, and to lose no time while doing it, he started out one autumn through the forest to walk to the Falls and back, a short trip for him of over twelve hundred miles. He reached home 'mid the deep snows of winter with no soles to his boots. What of that? On his way back he had shot two strange birds in the valley of the Hudson! For ten days—ten days, mind you!—he worked on a drawing of these and sent it with a letter to Thomas Jefferson. You may as yet have thought of Jefferson only as one of America's earliest statesmen; begin now to think of him as one of the first American naturalists. And if you wish to read a courteous letter from an American President to a young stranger, go back to Jefferson's letter to the Scotch weaver who sent him the drawing of a jaybird.

“Pass rapidly over the next few years. He has made one trip from Maine down the Atlantic

Seaboard to the South. He has returned and is starting out again to cover the vast interior basin of the Mississippi Valley: he is to begin at Pittsburgh and end at New Orleans.

"Now again you see that he is coming nearer—nearer to you here.

"Look then at this bold, splendid picture of him outlined against the background of early American life. All such pictures are part of our richest heritage.

"The scene is Pittsburgh. He has ransacked the winter woods for new species, he has found only sparrows and snow-birds. That was the year 1810; this is the year 1916—over a hundred years later in the history of our country. Gaze then upon this wild scene of the olden time, all such pictures are good for young eyes: it is the twenty-fourth of February; the river, swollen with the spring flood, is full of white masses of moving ice. A frail skiff puts off from shore and goes winding its way until it is lost to sight among the noble hills.

They warned him of his danger, urged him to take a rower, urged him not to go at all. Those who risked the passage of the river floated down on barges called Kentucky arks or in canoes holloed each out of a single tree, usually the tulip tree, which you know is very common in our Kentucky woods. But to mention danger was to make him go to meet it. He would have no rower, had no money to hire one, had he wished one. He tells us what he had on board: in one

end of the boat some biscuit and cheese, a bottle of cordial given him by a gentleman in Pittsburgh, his gun and trunk and overcoat; at the other end himself and his oars and a tin with which to bail out the skiff, if necessary, to keep it from sinking and also to use as his drinking cup to dip from the river.

“That February day—the swollen, rushing river, the masses of white ice—the solitary young boatman borne away to a new world on his great work: his heart expanding with excitement and joy as he headed toward the unexplored wilderness of the Mississippi Valley.

“Wondrous experiences were his: from the densely wooded shores there would reach him, as he drifted down, the whistle of the red bird—those first spring notes so familiar and so welcome to us on mild days toward the last of February. Away off in dim forest valleys, between bold headlands, he saw the rising smoke of sugar camps. At other openings on the landscape, grotesque log cabins looked like dog houses under impending mighty mountains. His rapidly steered skiff passed flotillas of Kentucky arks heavily making their way southward, transporting men and women and children—the moving pioneers of the young nation: the first river merchant marine of the new world: carrying horses and plows to clearings yet to be made for homesteads in the wilderness; transporting millstones for mills not yet built on any wilderness stream; bearing merchandise for the pioneers who in this way got

their clothing until they could grow flax and weave to clothe themselves. Thus in the Alps of the Alleghanies he came upon the river peddlers of America as years before amid the Alps of Scotland he had come upon the foot peddlers of his own land. On the river were floating caravans of men selling shawls and muslins. He boarded a number of these barges; as they approached a settlement, they blew a trumpet or a lonely horn on the great river stillness.

“The first night he drew in to shore some fifty miles down at a riverside hovel and tried to sleep on the only bed offered him—some cornstalks. Unable to sleep, he got up before day and pushed out again into the river, listening to the hooting of the big-horned owl echoing away among the dawn-dark mountains, or to the strangely familiar crowing of cocks as they awoke the hen roosts about the first American settlements in the West.

“He records what to us now sounds incredible, that on March fifth he saw a flock of parrakeets. Think of parrakeets on the Ohio River in March! Of nights it turned freezing cold and he drew liberally on his bottle of cordial for warmth. Once he encountered a storm of wind and hail and snow and rain, during which the river foamed and rolled like the sea, and he had to make good use of his tin to keep the skiff bailed out till he could put in to shore. The call of wild turkeys enticed him now toward the shore of Indiana, now toward the shore of Kentucky, but before he reached either they had disappeared. His first night on the

Kentucky shore he spent in the cabin of a squatter and heard him tell tales of bear-treeing and wild-cat-hunting and wolf-baiting. All night wolves howled in the forests near by and kept the dogs in an uproar; the region swarmed with wolves and wildcats 'black and brown.'

"On and on, until at last the skiff reached the rapids of the Ohio at Louisville and he stepped ashore and sold his frail savior craft which, at starting, he had named the Ornithologist. The Kentuckian who bought it as the Ornithologist accepted the droll name as that of some Indian chief. He soon left Louisville, having sent his baggage on by wagon, and plunged into the Kentucky forest on his way to Lexington.

"And now, indeed, you see he is coming nearer.

"It was the twenty-fourth of March when he began his first trip southward through the woods of Kentucky. Spring was on the way but had not yet passed northward. Nine tenths of the Kentucky soil, he states, was then unbroken wilderness. The surface soil was deeper than now. The spring thaw had set in, permeating the rich loam. He describes his progress through it as like traveling through soft soap. The woods were bare as yet, though filled with pigeons and squirrels and woodpeckers. On everything he was using his marvelous eyes: looking for birds but looking at all human life, interested in the whole life of the forest. He mentions large corn-fields and orchards of apple and of peach trees. Already he finds the high fences, characteristic

of the Kentuckians. He turned aside once to visit a roosting place of the passenger pigeon.

"It was on March twenty-ninth that, emerging from the thick forest, he saw before him the little Western metropolis of the pioneers, the city of the forefathers of many of us here to-day—Lexington. I wish I could stop to describe to you the picture as he painted it: the town stretching along its low valley; a stream running through the valley and turning several mills—water mills in Lexington a hundred years ago! In the market-place which you now call Cheapside he saw the pillory and the stocks, and he noted that the stocks were so arranged as to be serviceable for gallows: our Kentucky forefathers arranged that they should be conveniently hanged, if they deserved it, as a public spectacle of warning.

"On a country court day he saw a thousand horses hitched around the courthouse square and in churchyards and in graveyards. He states that even then Kentucky horses were the most remarkable in the world.

"He makes no mention of one thing he must have seen, but was perhaps glad to forget—the weavers and the busy looms; for in those days Kentuckians were busy making good linen and good homespun, as in Paisley.

"He slept while in Lexington—this great unknown man—in a garret called Salter White's, wherever that was: and he shivered with cold, for you know we can have chill nights in April. He says that he had no firewood, it being scarce,

the universal forest of firewood being half a mile away: this was like going hungry in a loft over a full baker shop.

"And I must not omit one note of his on the Kentuckians themselves, which flashes a vivid historic light on their character. By this time he rightly considered that he had adventure worth relating; but he declares that if he attempted to relate them to any Kentuckian, the Kentuckian at once interrupted him and insisted upon relating his own adventures as better worth while. Western civilization was of itself the one absorbing adventure to every man who had had his share in it.

"Here I must pause to intimate that Wilson all his life carried with him one bird—one vigorous and vociferous bird—a crow to pick. He picked it savagely with Louisville. But he had begun to pick it with Scotland. He had picked it with Great Britain and with New Jersey and Virginia. In New England the feathers of the crow fairly flew. In truth, civilization never quite satisfied him; wild nature alone he found no fault with—there only was he happy and at home. He now picked his crow with Lexington. Afterward an indignant Kentuckian, quite in the good Kentucky way, attacked him and left the crow featherless—as regards Lexington.

"On the fourteenth day of April he departed from Lexington, moving southward through the forest to New Orleans. Scarcely yet had the woods begun to turn green. He notes merely

the white blossoms of the redroot peeping through the withered leaves, and the buds of the buckeye. With those sharp eyes of his he observed that wherever a hackberry tree had fallen, cattle had eaten the bark.

“And now we begin to take leave of him: he passes from our picture. We catch a glimpse of him standing on the perpendicular cliffs of solid limestone at the Kentucky River, green with a great number of uncommon plants and flowers—we catch a glimpse of him standing there, watching bank swallows and listening to the faint music of the boat horns in the deep romantic valley below, where the Kentucky arks, passing on their way southward, turned the corners of the verdurous cliffs as the musical gondolas turn the corners of vine-hung Venice in the waters of the Adriatic.

“On and on southward; visiting a roosting place of the passenger pigeon which was reported to him as forty miles long: he counted ninety nests in one beech tree. We see him emerging upon the Kentucky barrens which were covered with vegetation and open for the sweep of the eye.

“Now, at last, he begins to meet the approach of spring in full tide: all Nature is bursting into leaf and blossom. No longer are the redbud and the dogwood and the sassafras conspicuous as its heralds. And now, overflowing the forest, advances the full-crested wave of bird life up from the south, from the tropics. New and unknown species are everywhere before his eyes; their new

melodies are in his ears; he is busy drawing, coloring, naming them for his work.

"So he passes out of our picture: southward bound, encountering a cloud of parrakeets and pigeons, emerging from a cave with a handkerchief full of bats, swimming creeks, sleeping at night alone in the wilderness, his gun and pistol in his bosom. He vanishes from the forest scene, never from the memory of mankind.

"Let me tell you that he did not live to complete his work. Death overtook him, not a youth but still young; for, as a Roman of the heroic years deeply said: 'Death always finds those young who are still at work for the future of the world.'

"I told you I was going to speak to you of a boy's life. I asked you to fix your eyes upon it as a far-off human spark, barely glimmering through mist and fog, but slowly, as the years passed, getting stronger, growing brighter, always drawing nearer until it shone about you here as a great light and then passed on, leaving an eternal glory.

"I have done that.

"You saw a little fellow taken from school at about the age of eleven and put to hard work at weaving; now you see one of the world's great ornithologists, who' had traversed some ten thousand miles of comparative wilderness—an imperishable figure, doing an imperishable deed. I love to think of him as being in the end what he

most hated to be in the beginning—a weaver: he wove a vast, original tapestry of the bird-life of the American forest.

“As he passed southward from Lexington that distant April of 1810, encountering his first spring in the Ohio valley with its myriads of birds, somewhere he discovered a new and beautiful species of American wood warbler and gave it a local habitation and a name.

“He called it the Kentucky Warbler.

“And now,” the lecturer said, by way of climax, “would you not like to see a picture of that mighty hunter who lived in the great days of the young American republic and crossed Kentucky in the great days of the pioneers? And would you not also like to see a picture of the exquisite and only bird that bears the name of our state—the Kentucky Warbler?”

He passed over to them a portrait engraving of Alexander Wilson in the dress of a gentleman of his time, his fowling piece on his forearm. And along with this he delivered to them a lifelike, a singing portrait, of the warbler, painted by a great American animal painter and bird painter—Fuertes.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

MARCH 4 (Inauguration Day)

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

To the People of the United States upon His Refusal to Be Candidate for a Third Term

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS: The period for a new election of a citizen, to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no

deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that, in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust I will only say that I have with good intentions contributed toward the organization and administration of

the government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious in the outset of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that, if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently

want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guaranty of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these states, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting

friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence. the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that from different causes and from different quarters much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion

that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of America, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South in the same

intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and, while it contributes in different ways to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The East, in a like intercourse with the West, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security

from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations, and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same governments, which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty. In this sense it is that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the Union as a primary object of patriotic desire. Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to union, affecting all parts of our country, while

experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as a matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart-burnings which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our Western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head; they have seen, in the negotiation by the executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of a policy in the general government and in the Atlantic States unfriendly to their interests in regard to the Mississippi; they have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties, that with Great Britain and that with Spain, which secure to them everything they could

desire, in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the Union by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren and connect them with aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a constitution of government better calculated than your former for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, till changed

by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of fashion, rather than the organs of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.

However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your government,

and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the constitution, alterations, which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember, especially, that, for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discrimination. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continued mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to

make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the public councils, and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another, foment occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the doors to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion, that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This within certain limits is probably true, and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution,

in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories. and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern, some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly over-balance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are

indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician equally with the pious man ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened. As a very important source of strength and se-

curity, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is, to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertion in time of peace to discharge the debts, which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should coöperate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment, inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties), ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be, that good policy does not equally enjoin

it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages, which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence, frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The nation, prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the govern-

ment, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of nations, has been the victim.

So likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions, by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld. And it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation), facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish

compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practise the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens), the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial

relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality, we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent

alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must

pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion, which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting war in Europe, my proclamation of the 22d of April, 1793, is the index of my plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of your Representatives in both Houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest to take, a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it, with moderation, perseverance and firmness.

The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe, that, according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the belligerent powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our

country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

MARCH 5

(*Frank Norris, born March 5, 1870*)

THE SHIP THAT SAW A GHOST

VERY much of this story must remain untold, for the reason that if it were definitely known what business I had aboard the tramp steam-freighter *Glarus*, three hundred miles off the South American coast on a certain summer's day, some few years ago, I would very likely be obliged to answer a great many personal and direct questions put by fussy and impertinent experts in maritime law—who are paid to be inquisitive. Also, I would get "Ally Bazan," Strokher and Hardenberg into trouble.

Suppose, on that certain summer's day, you had asked of Lloyds's agency where the *Glarus* was, and what was her destination and cargo. You would have been told that she was twenty days out from Callao, bound north to San Francisco in ballast; that she had been spoken by the bark *Medea* and the steamer *Benevento*; that she was reported to have blown out a cylinder head, but being manageable was proceeding on her way under sail.

That is what Lloyds's would have answered.

If you know something of the ways of ships and

what is expected of them, you will understand that the *Glarus*, to be some half a dozen hundred miles south of where Lloyds's would have her, and to be still going south, under full steam, was a scandal that would have made her brothers and sisters ostracize her finally and forever.

And that is curious, too. Humans may indulge in vagaries innumerable, and may go far afield in the way of lying; but a ship may not so much as quibble without suspicion. The least lapse of "regularity," the least difficulty in squaring performance with intuition, and behold she is on the black list, and her captain, owners, officers, agents, and consignors, and even supercargoes, are asked to explain.

And the *Glarus* was already on the black list. From the beginning her stars had been malign. As the *Breda*, she had first lost her reputation, seduced into a filibustering escapade down the South American coast, where in the end a plain-clothes United States detective—that is to say, a revenue cutter—arrested her off Buenos Ayres and brought her home, a prodigal daughter, besmirched and disgraced.

After that she was in some dreadful blackbirding business in a far quarter of the South Pacific; and after that—her name changed finally to the *Glarus*—poached seals for a syndicate of Dutchmen who lived in Tacoma, and who afterward built a clubhouse out of what she earned.

And after that we got her.

We got her, I say, through Ryder's South Pacific

Exploitation Company. The "President" had picked out a lovely little deal for Hardenberg, Strokher and Ally Bazan (the Three Black Crows), which he swore would make them "independent rich" the rest of their respective lives. It is a promising deal (B. 300 it is on Ryder's map), and if you want to know more about it you may write to ask Ryder what B. 300 is. If he chooses to tell you, that is his affair.

For B. 300—let us confess it—is, as Hardenberg puts it, as crooked as a dog's hind leg. It is as risky as barratry. If you pull it off you may—after paying Ryder his share—divide sixty-five, or possibly sixty-seven, thousand dollars between you and your associates. If you fail, and you are perilously like to fail, you will be sure to have a man or two of your companions shot, maybe yourself obliged to pistol certain people, and in the end fetch up at Tahiti, prisoner in a French patrol boat.

Observe that B. 300 is spoken of as still open. It is so, for the reason that the Three Black Crows did not pull it off. It still stands marked up in red ink on the map that hangs over Ryder's desk in the San Francisco office; and any one can have a chance at it who will meet Cyrus Ryder's terms. Only he can't get the *Glarus* for the attempt.

For the trip to the island after B. 300 was the last occasion on which the *Glarus* will smell blue water or taste the trades. She will never clear again. She is lumber.

And yet the *Glarus* on this very blessed day of 1902 is riding to her buoys off Sausalito in San Francisco Bay, complete in every detail (bar a broken propeller shaft), not a rope missing, not a screw loose, not a plank started—a perfectly equipped steam freighter.

But you may go along the “Front” in San Francisco from Fisherman’s Wharf to the China steamships’ docks and shake your dollars under the seamen’s noses, and if you so much as whisper *Glarus* they will edge suddenly off and look at you with scared suspicion, and then, as like as not, walk away without another word. No pilot will take the *Glarus* out; no captain will navigate her; no stoker will feed her fires; no sailor will walk her decks. The *Glarus* is suspect. She has seen a ghost.

It happened on our voyage to the island after this same B. 300. We had stood well off from shore for day after day, and Hardenberg had shaped our course so far from the track of navigation that since the *Benevento* had hulled down and vanished over the horizon no stitch of canvas nor smudge of smoke had we seen. We had passed the equator long since, and would fetch a long circuit to the south’ard, and bear up against the island by a circuitous route. This to avoid being spoken. It was tremendously essential that the *Glarus* should not be spoken.

I suppose, no doubt, that it was the knowledge of our isolation that impressed me with the dread-

ful remoteness of our position. Certainly the sea in itself looks no different at a thousand than at a hundred miles from shore. But as day after day I came out on deck at noon, after ascertaining our position on the chart (a mere pin-point in a reach of empty paper), the sight of the ocean weighed down upon me with an infinitely great awesomeness—and I was no new hand to high seas even then.

But at such times the *Glarus* seemed to me to be threading a loneliness beyond all worlds and beyond all conception desolate. Even in more populous waters, when no sail notches the line of the horizon, the propinquity of one's kind is nevertheless a thing understood, and to an unappreciated degree comforting. Here, however, I knew we were out, far out in the desert. Never a keel for years upon years before us had parted these waters; never a sail had bellied to these winds. Perfunctorily, day in and day out we turned our eyes through long habit toward the horizon. But we knew, before the look, that the searching would be bootless. Forever and forever, under the pitiless sun and cold blue sky, stretched the indigo of the ocean floor. The ether between the planets can be no less empty, no less void.

I never, till that moment, could have so much as conceived the imagination of such loneliness, such utter stagnant abomination of desolation. In an open boat, bereft of comrades, I should have gone mad in thirty minutes.

I remember to have approximated the impression of such empty immensity only once before, in my younger days, when I lay on my back on a treeless, bushless mountainside and stared up into the sky for the better part of an hour.

You probably know the trick. If you do not, you must understand that if you look up at the blue long enough, the flatness of the thing begins little by little to expand, to give here and there; and the eye travels on and on and up and up, till at length (well for you that it lasts but the fraction of a second), you all at once see space. You generally stop there and cry out, and—your hands over your eyes—are only too glad to grovel close to the good old solid earth again. Just as I, so often on short voyage, was glad to wrench my eyes away from that horrid vacancy, to fasten them upon our sailless masts, and stack, or to lay my grip upon the sooty smudged taffrail of the only thing that stood between me and the Outer Dark.

For we had come at last to that region of the Great Seas where no ship goes, the silent sea of Coleridge and the Ancient One, the unplumbed, untracked, uncharted Dreadfulness, primordial, hushed, and we were as much alone as a grain of star-dust whirling in the empty space beyond Uranus and the ken of the greater telescopes.

So the *Glarus* plodded and churned her way onward. Every day and all day the same pale blue sky and the unwinking sun bent over that moving speck. Every day and all day the same black-blue water world, untouched by any known

wind, smooth as a slab of syenite, colorful as an opal, stretched out and around and beyond and before and behind us, forever, illimitable, empty. Every day the smoke of our fires veiled the streaked whiteness of our wake. Every day Hardenberg (our skipper) at noon pricked a pin-hole in the chart that hung in the wheel house, and that showed we were so much farther into the wilderness. Every day the world of men, of civilization, of newspapers, policemen and street railways receded, and we steamed on alone, lost and forgotten in that silent sea.

"Jolly lot o' room to turn raound in," observed Ally Bazan, the colonial, "withaout steppin' on y'r neighbor's toes."

"We're clean, clean out o' the track o' navigation," Hardenberg told him. "An' a blessed good thing for us, too. Nobody ever comes down into these waters. Ye couldn't pick no course here. Everything leads to nowhere."

"Might as well be in a bally balloon," said Strokher.

I shall not tell of the nature of the venture on which the *Glarus* was bound, further than to say it was not legitimate. It had to do with an ill thing done more than two centuries ago. There was money in the venture, but it was to be gained by a violation of metes and bounds which are better left intact.

The island toward which we were heading is associated in the minds of men with a Horror. A ship had called there once, two hundred years

in advance of the *Glarus*—a ship not much unlike the crank high-prowed caravel of Hudson, and her company had landed, and having accomplished the evil they had set out to do, made shift to sail away. And then, just after the palms of the island had sunk from sight below the water's edge, the unspeakable had happened. The Death that was not Death had arisen from out the sea and stood before the ship, and over it, and the blight of the thing lay along the decks like mould, and the ship sweated in the terror of that which is yet without a name.

Twenty men died in the first week, all but six in the second. These six, with the shadow of insanity upon them, made out to launch a boat, returned to the island and died there, after leaving a record of what had happened.

The six left the ship exactly as she was, sails all set, lanterns all lit—left her in the shadow of the Death that was not Death.

She stood there, becalmed, and watched them go. She was never heard of again.

Or was she—well, that's as may be.

But the main point of the whole affair, to my notion, has always been this: The ship was the last friend of those six poor wretches who made back for the island with their poor chests of plunder. She was their guardian, as it were, would have defended and befriended them to the last; and also we, the Three Black Crows and myself, had no right under heaven, nor before the law of men, to come prying and peeping into this

business—into this affair of the dead and buried past. There was sacrilege in it. We were no better than body-snatchers.

.

When I heard the others complaining of the loneliness of our surroundings, I said nothing at first. I was no sailor man, and I was on board only by tolerance. But I looked again at the maddening sameness of the horizon—the same vacant, void horizon that we had seen now for sixteen days on end, and felt in my wits and in my nerves that same formless rebellion and protest such as comes when the same note is reiterated over and over again.

It may seem a little thing that the mere fact of meeting with no other ship should have ground down the edge of the spirit. But let the incredulous—bound upon such a hazard as ours—sail straight into nothingness for sixteen days on end, seeing nothing but the sun, hearing nothing but the thresh of his own screw, and then put the question.

And yet, of all things, we desired no company. Stealth was our one great aim. But I think there were moments—toward the last—when the Three Crows would have welcomed even a cruiser.

Besides, there was more cause for depression, after all, than mere isolation.

On the seventh day Hardenberg and I were forward by the cat-head, adjusting the grain with some half-formed intent of spearing the

porpoises that of late had begun to appear under our bows, and Hardenberg had been computing the number of days we were yet to run.

"We are some five hundred odd miles off that island by now," he said, "and she's doing her thirteen knots handsome. All's well so far—but do you know, I'd just as soon raise that point o' land as soon as convenient."

"How so?" said I, bending on the line. "Expect some weather?"

"Mr. Dixon," said he, giving me a curious glance, "the sea is a queer proposition, put it any ways. I've been a seafarin' man since I was big as a minute, and I know the sea, and what's more, the Feel o' the sea. Now, look out yonder. Nothin', hey? Nothin' but the same ol' skyline we've watched all the way out. The glass is as steady as a steeple, and this ol' hooker, I reckon, is as sound as the day she went off the ways. But just the same, if I were to home now, a-foolin' about Gloucester way in my little dough-dish—d'ye know what? I'd put into port. I sure would. Because why? Because I got the Feel o' the Sea, Mr. Dixon. I got the Feel o' the Sea." I had heard old skippers say something of this before, and I cited to Hardenberg the experience of a skipper captain I once knew who had turned turtle in a calm sea off Trincomalee. I asked him what this Feel of the Sea was warning him against just now (for on the high sea any premonition is a premonition of evil, not of good). But he was not explicit.

"I don't know," he answered moodily, and as if in great perplexity, coiling the rope as he spoke. "I don't know. There's some blame thing or other close to us, I'll bet a hat. I don't know the name of it, but there's a big Bird in the air, just out of sight som'eres, and," he suddenly exclaimed, smacking his knee and leaning forward, "I—don't—like—it—one—dam'—bit."

The same thing came up in our talk in the cabin that night, after the dinner was taken off and we settled down to tobacco. Only, at this time, Hardenberg was on duty on the bridge. It was Ally Bazan who spoke instead.

"Seems to me," he hazarded, "as haow they's somethin' or other a-goin' to bump up pretty blyme soon. I shouldn't be surprised, naow, y' know, if we piled up on some bally uncharted reef along o' to-night and went strite daown afore we'd had a bloomin' charnce to s'y 'So long, gen'lemen all.'"

He laughed as he spoke, but when, just at that moment, a pan clattered in the galley, he jumped suddenly with an oath, and looked hard about the cabin.

Then Strokher confessed to a sense of distress also. He'd been having it since day before yesterday, it seemed.

"And I put it to you the glass is lovely," he said, "so it's no blow. I guess," he continued, "we're all a bit seedy and ship-sore."

And whether or not this talk worked upon my own nerves, or whether in very truth the Feel of

the Sea had found me also, I do not know; but I do know that after dinner that night, just before going to bed, a queer sense of apprehension came upon me, and that when I had come to my state-room, after my turn upon deck, I became furiously angry with nobody in particular, because I could not at once find the matches. But here was a difference. The other man had been merely vaguely uncomfortable.

I could put a name to my uneasiness. I felt that we were being watched.

.

It was a strange ship's company we made after that. I speak only of the Crows and myself. We carried a scant crew of stokers, and there was also a chief engineer. But we saw so little of him that he did not count. The Crows and I gloomed on the quarterdeck from dawn to dark, silent, irritable, working upon each other's nerves till the creak of a block would make a man jump like cold steel laid to his flesh. We quarreled over absolute nothings, glowered at each other for half a word, and each one of us, at different times, was at some pains to declare that never in the course of his career had he been associated with such a disagreeable trio of brutes. Yet we were always together, and sought each other's company with painful insistence.

Only once were we all agreed, and that was when the cook, a Chinaman, spoiled a certain batch of biscuits. Unanimously we fell foul of the crea-

ture with as much vociferation as fishwives till he fled the cabin in actual fear of mishandling, leaving us suddenly seized with noisy hilarity—for the first time in a week. Hardenberg proposed a round of drinks from our single remaining case of beer. We stood up and formed an Elk's chain and then drained our glasses to each other's health with profound seriousness.

That same evening, I remember, we all sat on the quarterdeck till late and—oddly enough—related each one his life's history up to date; and then went down to the cabin for a game of euchre before turning in.

We had left Strokher on the bridge—it was his watch—and had forgotten all about him in the interest of the game, when—I suppose it was about one in the morning—I heard him whistle long and shrill. I laid down my cards and said:

“Hark!”

In the silence that followed we heard at first only the muffled lope of our engines, the cadenced snorting of the exhaust, and the ticking of Hardenberg's big watch in his waistcoat that he had hung by the armhole to the back of his chair. Then from the bridge, above our deck, prolonged, intoned—a wailing cry in the night—came Strokher's voice:

“Sail oh-h-h!”

And the cards fell from our hands, and, like men turned to stone, we sat looking at each other across the soiled red cloth for what seemed an immeasurably long minute.

Then stumbling and swearing, in a hysteria of hurry, we gained the deck.

There was a moon, very low and reddish, but no wind. The sea beyond the taffrail was as smooth as lava, and so still that the swells from the cutwater of the *Glarus* did not break as they rolled away from the bows.

I remember that I stood staring and blinking at the empty ocean—where the moonlight lay like a painted stripe reaching to the horizon—stupid and frowning, till Hardenberg, who had gone on ahead, cried:

“Not here—on the bridge!”

We joined Strokher, and as I came up the others were asking:

“Where? Where?”

And there, before he had pointed, I saw—we all of us saw—— And I heard Hardenberg’s teeth come together like a spring trap, while Ally Bazan ducked as though to a blow, muttering:

“Gord ‘a’ mercy, what nyme do ye put to a ship like that?”

And after that no one spoke for a long minute, and we stood there, moveless black shadows, huddled together for the sake of the blessed elbow touch that means so incalculably much, looking off over our port quarter.

For the ship that we saw there—oh, she was not a half mile distant—was unlike any ship known to present-day construction.

She was short, and high-pooed, and her stern, which was turned a little toward us, we could see,

was set with curious windows, not unlike a house. And on either side of this stern were two great iron cressets such as once were used to burn signal fires in. She had three masts with mighty yards swung 'thwart ship, but bare of all sails save a few rotting streamers. Here and there about her a tangled mass of rigging drooped and sagged.

And there she lay, in the red eye of the setting moon, in that solitary ocean, shadowy, antique, forlorn, a thing the most abandoned, the most sinister I ever remember to have seen.

Then Strokher began to explain volubly and with many repetitions.

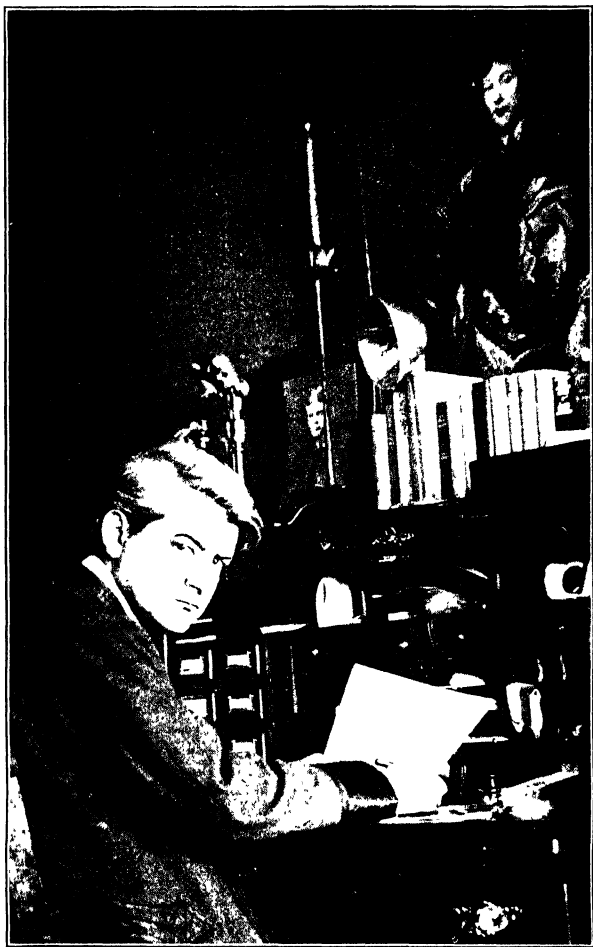
"A derelict, of course. I was asleep; yes, I was asleep. Gross neglect of duty. I say I was asleep—on watch. And we worked up to her. When I woke, why—you see, when I woke, there she was," he gave a weak little laugh, "and—and now, why, there she is, you see. I turned around and saw her sudden like—when I woke up, that is."

He laughed again and, as he laughed the engines far below our feet gave a sudden hiccough. Something crashed and struck the ship's sides till we lurched as we stood. There was a shriek of steam, a shout—and then silence.

The noise of the machinery ceased; the *Glarus* slid through the still water, moving only by her own decreasing momentum.

Hardenberg sang, "Stand by!" and called down the tube to the engine room.

"What's up?"



FRANK NORRIS

I was standing close enough to him to hear the answer in a small, faint voice:

"Shaft gone, sir."

"Broke?"

"Yes, sir."

Hardenberg faced about.

"Come below. We must talk." I do not think any of us cast a glance at the Other Ship again. Certainly I kept my eyes away from her. But as we started down the companionway I laid my hand on Strokher's shoulder. The rest were ahead. I looked him straight between the eyes as I asked:

"Were you asleep? Is that why you saw her so suddenly?"

It is now five years since I asked the question I am still waiting for Strokher's answer.

Well, our shaft was broken. That was flat. We went down into the engine room and saw the jagged fracture that was the symbol of our broken hopes. And in the course of the next five minutes' conversation with the chief we found that, as we had not provided against such a contingency, there was to be no mending of it. We said nothing about the mishap coinciding with the appearance of the Other Ship. But I know we did not consider the break with any degree of surprise after a few moments.

We came up from the engine room and sat down to the cabin table.

"Now what?" said Hardenberg, by way of beginning.

Nobody answered at first.

It was by now three in the morning. I recall it all perfectly. The ports opposite where I sat were open and I could see. The moon was all but full set. The dawn was coming up with a copper murkiness over the edge of the world. All the stars were yet out. The sea, for all the red moon and copper dawn, was gray, and there, less than half a mile away, still lay our consort. I could see her through the portholes with each slow careening of the *Glarus*. "I vote for the island," cried Ally Bazan, "shaft or no shaft. We rigs a bit o' syle, y'know——" and thereat the discussion began.

For upward of two hours it raged, with loud words and shaken forefingers, and great noisy bangings of the table, and how it would have ended I do not know, but at last—it was then maybe five in the morning—the lookout passed word down to the cabin:

"Will you come on deck, gentlemen?" It was the mate who spoke, and the man was shaken—I could see that—to the very vitals of him. We started and stared at one another, and I watched little Ally Bazan go slowly white to the lips. And even then no word of the ship, except as it might be this from Hardenberg:

"What is it? Good God Almighty, I'm no coward, but this thing is getting one too many for me."

Then without further speech he went on deck. The air was cool. The sun was not yet up. It

was that strange, queer mid-period between dark and dawn, when the night is over and the day not yet come, just the gray that is neither light nor dark, the dim dead blink as of the refracted light from extinct worlds.

We stood at the rail. We did not speak; we stood watching. It was so still that the drip of steam from some loosened pipe far below was plainly audible, and it sounded in that lifeless, silent grayness like—God knows what—a death tick.

“You see,” said the mate, speaking just above a whisper, “there’s no mistake about it. She is moving—this way.”

“Oh, a current, of course,” Strokher tried to say cheerfully, “sets her toward us.”

Would the morning never come?

Ally Bazan—his parents were Catholic—began to mutter to himself.

Then Hardenberg spoke aloud.

“I particularly don’t want—that—out—there—to cross our bows. I don’t want it to come to that. We must get some sails on her.”

“And I put it to you as man to man,” said Strokher, “where might be your wind.”

He was right. The *Glarus* floated in absolute calm. On all that slab of ocean nothing moved but the Dead Ship.

She came on slowly; her bows, the high, clumsy bows pointed toward us, the water turning from her forefoot. She came on; she was near at hand. We saw her plainly—saw the rotted planks, the

crumbling rigging, the rust-corroded metal-work, the broken rail, the gaping deck, and I could imagine that the clean water broke away from her sides in reflux wavelets as though in recoil from a thing unclean. She made no sound. No single thing stirred aboard the hulk of her—but she moved.

We were helpless. The *Glarus* could stir no boat in any direction; we were chained to the spot. Nobody had thought to put out our lights, and they still burned on through the dawn, strangely out of place in their red-and-green garishness, like maskers surprised by daylight.

And in the silence of that empty ocean, in that queer half-light between dawn and day, at six o'clock, silent as the settling of the dead to the bottomless bottom of the ocean, gray as fog, lonely, blind, soulless, voiceless, the Dead Ship crossed our bows.

I do not know how long after this the Ship disappeared, or what was the time of day when we at last pulled ourselves together. But we came to some sort of decision at last. This was to go on—under sail. We were too close to the island now to turn back for—for a broken shaft.

The afternoon was spent fitting on the sails to her, and when after nightfall the wind at length came up fresh and favorable, I believe we all felt heartened and a deal more hardy—until the last canvas went aloft, and Hardenberg took the wheel. We had drifted a good deal since the morning, and the bows of the *Glarus* were pointed homeward,

but as soon as the breeze blew strong enough to get steerageway Hardenberg put the wheel over and, as the booms swung across the deck, headed for the island again.

We had not gone on this course half an hour—no, not twenty minutes—before the wind shifted a whole quarter of the compass and took the *Glarus* square in the teeth, so that there was nothing for it but to tack. And then the strangest thing befell.

I will make allowance for the fact that there was no center-board nor keel to speak of to the *Glarus*. I will admit that the sails upon a nine-hundred-ton freighter are not calculated to speed her, nor steady her. I will even admit the possibility of a current that set from the island toward us. All this may be true, yet the *Glarus* should have advanced. We should have made a wake.

And instead of this, our stolid, steady, trusty old boat was—what shall I say?

I will say that no man may thoroughly understand a ship—after all. I will say that new ships are cranky and unsteady; that old and seasoned ships have their little crotchets, their little fussinesses that their skippers must learn and humor if they are to get anything out of them; that even the best ships may sulk at times, shirk their work, grow unstable, perverse, and refuse to answer helm and handling. And I will say that some ships that for years have sailed blue water as soberly and as docilely as a street-car horse has plodded the treadmill of the 'tween-tracks, have

been known to balk, as stubbornly and as conclusively as any old Bay Billy that ever wore a bell. I know this has happened, because I have seen it. I saw, for instance, the *Glarus* do it.

Quite literally and truly we could do nothing with her. We will say, if you like, that that great jar and wrench when the shaft gave way shook her and crippled her. It is true, however, that whatever the cause may have been, we could not force her toward the island. Of course, we all said "current"; but why didn't the log line trail?

For three days and three nights we tried it. And the *Glarus* heaved and plunged and shook herself just as you have seen a horse plunge and rear when his rider tries to force him at the steam roller.

I tell you I could feel the fabric of her tremble and shudder from bow to stern post, as though she were in a storm; I tell you she fell off from the wind, and broad-on drifted back from her course till the sensation of her shrinking was as plain as her own staring lights and a thing pitiful to see.

We roweled her, and we crowded sail upon her, and we coaxed and bullied and humored her, till the Three Crows, their fortune only a plain sail two days ahead, raved and swore like insensate brutes, or shall we say like mahouts trying to drive their stricken elephant upon the tiger—and all to no purpose. "Damn the damned current and the damned luck and the damned shaft and all," Hardenberg would exclaim, as from the wheel he would catch the *Glarus* falling off. "Go on, you

old hooker—you tub of junk! My God, you'd think she was scared!"

Perhaps the *Glarus* was scared, perhaps not; that point is debatable. But it was beyond doubt of debate that Hardenberg was scared.

A ship that will not obey is only one degree less terrible than a mutinous crew. And we were in a fair way to have both. The stokers, whom we had impressed into duty as A. B.'s, were of course superstitious; and they knew how the *Glarus* was acting, and it was only a question of time before they got out of hand.

That was the end. We held a final conference in the cabin and decided that there was no help for it—we must turn back.

And back we accordingly turned, and at once the wind followed us, and the "current" helped us, and the water churned under the forefoot of the *Glarus*, and the wake whitened under her stern, and the log line ran out from the trail and strained back as the ship worked homeward.

We had never a mishap from the time we finally swung her about; and, considering the circumstances, the voyage back to San Francisco was propitious.

But an incident happened just after we had started back. We were perhaps some five miles on the homeward track. It was early evening and Strokher had the watch. At about seven o'clock he called me up on the bridge.

"See her?" he said.

And there, far behind us, in the shadow of the

twilight, loomed the Other Ship again, desolate, lonely beyond words. We were leaving her rapidly astern. Strokher and I stood looking at her till she dwindled to a dot. Then Strokher said:

“She’s on post again.”

And when months afterward we limped into the Golden Gate and cast anchor off the “Front” our crew went ashore as soon as discharged, and in half a dozen hours the legend was in every sailors’ boarding house and in every seaman’s dive, from Barbary Coast to Black Tom’s.

It is still there, and that is why no pilot will take the *Glarus* out, no captain will navigate her, no stoker feed her fires, no sailor walk her decks. The *Glarus* is suspect. She will never smell blue water again, nor taste the trades. She has seen a Ghost.

FRANK NORRIS.

MARCH 6

(*Elizabeth Barrett Browning, born March 6, 1806*)

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

I

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for
years,

Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung

A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,—
“Guess now who holds thee?”—“Death,”
I said. But, there,
The silver answer rang,—“Not Death, but
Love.”

III

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
Unlike our uses and our destinies.
Our ministering two angels look surprise
On one another, as they strike athwart
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
A guest for queens to social pageantries,
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears even can make mine, to play thy par+

Of chief musician. What hast *thou* to do
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through
The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?
The chrism is on thine head,—on mine, the
dew,—
And Death must dig the level where these agree.

VI

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore—
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do

And what I dream include thee, as the wine
 Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
 God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
 And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

XIV

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say
 "I love her for her smile—her look—her way
 Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
 For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may
 Be changed, or change for thee,—and love, so
 wrought,

May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
 A creature might forget to weep, who bore
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore
 Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

XVIII

I never gave a lock of hair away
 To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,
 Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully,
 I ring out to the full brown length and say
 "Take it." My day of youth went yesterday;
 My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,
 Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle tree,
 As girls do, any more: it only may

Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-
shears

Would take this first, but Love is justified,—
Take it thou,—finding pure, from all those years,
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

XXII

When our two souls stand up erect and strong,
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,
Until the lengthening wings break into fire
At either curvèd point,—what bitter wrong
Can the earth do to us, that we should not long
Be here contented? Think. In mounting
higher,
The angels would press on us and aspire
To drop some golden orb of perfect song.

Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
Rather on earth, Belovèd,—where the unfit
Contrarious moods of men recoil away
And isolate pure spirits, and permit
A place to stand and love in for a day,
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

XXIII

Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine?
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine
Because of grave-damps falling round my head?

I marvelled, my Belovéd, when I read
 Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine—
 But . . . so much to thee? Can I pour
 thy wine
 While my hands tremble? Then my soul, in-
 stead.

Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.
 Then, love me, Love! look on me—breathe on
 me!
 As brighter ladies do not count it strange,
 For love, to give up acres and degree,
 I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
 My near sweet view of Heaven for earth with
 thee!

XXXV

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
 And be all to me? Shall I never miss
 Home-talk and blessing and the common kiss
 That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
 When I look up, to drop on a new range
 Of walls and floors, another home than this?
 Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
 Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change?

That's hardest. If to conquer love, has tried,
 To conquer grief, tries more, as all things prove;
 For grief indeed is love and grief beside.
 Alas, I have grieved so I am hard to love.
 Yet love me—wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,
 And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

XXXVIII

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And ever since, it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world greetings, quick with its "Oh,
list,"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,
Than that first kiss. The second passed in
height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half
missed,

Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own
crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, "My love, my
own."

XLI

I thank all who have loved me in their hearts,
With thanks and love from mine. Deep thanks
to all
Who paused a little near the prison wall
To hear my music in its louder parts

Ere they went onward, each one to the mart's
Or temple's occupation, beyond call.

But thou, who, in my voice's sink and fall
When the sob took it, thy divinest Art's

Own instrument didst drop down at thy foot
To hearken what I said between my tears, . . .
Instruct me how to thank thee! Oh, to shoot
My soul's full meaning into future years,
That *they* should lend it utterance, and salute
Love that endures, from Life that disappears!

XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth and
height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of everyday's

Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;

I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use

In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose

With my lost saints,—I love thee with the
breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

MOTHER AND POET

Turin—after News from Gaeta, 1861

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the
sea.

Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at *me!*

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;
But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonized here,
—The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her
head
Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? O vain!
What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the
pain?
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you
pressed,
And I proud by that test.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her
throat
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little
coat;
To dream and to dote.

To teach them . . . It stings there. I made
 them indeed
 Speak plain the word "country," I taught them,
 no doubt,
That a country's a thing men should die for at
 need. .
 I prated of liberty, rights, and about
 The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful eyes! . . .
 I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the surprise,
 When one sits quite alone!—Then one weeps,
 then one kneels!
 —God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
 With my kisses, of camp life, and glory, and how
They both loved me; and, soon, coming home to
 be spoiled,
 In return would fan off every fly from my brow
 With their green laurel bough.

Then was triumph at Turin: "Ancona was free!"
 And someone came out of the cheers in the
 street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
 —My Guido was dead!—I fell down at his feet,
 While they cheered in the street.

I bore it;—friends soothed me: my grief looked
sublime

As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us
strained
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder, more
strong,

Writ now but in one hand, “I was not to faint,—
One loved me for two . . . would be with me
ere long:

And ‘*Viva l’Italia*’!—*he* died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint.”

My Nanni would add, “he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls . . .
was imprest

It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how ’t was impossible, quite dispossessed
To live on for the rest.”

On which without pause up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:—
“Shot.

Tell his mother.” Ah, ah, “his,” “their” mother;
not “mine.”

No voice says “*my* mother” again to me,
What!

You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with
Heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of
woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through THAT Love and Sorrow which reconciled so
The Above and Below.

O Christ of the five wounds, who look'dst through
the dark
To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes
turned away,
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead? but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always
keep one.
'T were imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;
And when Italy's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her
sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
When your guns at Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all Heaven for its white,
green, and red,
When *you* have your country from mountain to
sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And *I* have my *Dead*)—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your
bells low,
And burn your lights faintly!—*My* country is
there,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow:
My Italy's *THERE*,—with my brave civic Pair,
To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in
strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at
length
Into such wail as this!—and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea,
Both! both my boys!—If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

DO YE hear the children weeping, O my
brothers,

Ere the sorrow comes with years?

They are leaning their young heads against their
mothers,

And *that* cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,

The young birds are chirping in the nest,

The young fawns are playing with the shadows,

The young flowers are blowing toward the
west—

But the young, young children, O my brothers,

They are weeping bitterly!

They are weeping in the playtime of the others,

In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow

Why their tears are falling so?

The old man may weep for his to-morrow

Which is lost in Long Ago;

The old tree is leafless in the forest,

The old year is ending in the frost,

The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,

The old hope is hardest to be lost:

But the young, young children, O my brothers,

Do you ask them why they stand

Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,

In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy;
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary,
Our young feet," they say, "are very weak;
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek:
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For outside the earth is cold.
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old."

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time:
Little Alice died last year, her grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her:
Was no room for any work in the close clay!
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake
her,
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries:
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know
her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes:
And merry go her moments, lull'd and still'd in
The shroud by the kirk-chime.
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have:
They are binding up their hearts away from
breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips
pretty,
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them
through!
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the
meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we car'd for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as
snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground,
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

“For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burn-
ing,
And the walls turn in their places:
Turns the sky in the high window, blank and
reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling:
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
‘O ye wheels’ (break out in a mad moaning),
‘Stop! be silent for to-day!’”

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other breath-
ing
For a moment, mouth to mouth!
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh
wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals:
Let them prove their living souls against the no-
tion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling
sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to Him and pray;
So the blessed One who blesseth all the others
Will bless them another day.

They answer, "Who is God that He should hear
us,

While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirr'd?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)

Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more?

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
And at midnight's hour of harm,
'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.
We know no other words except, 'Our Father,'
And we think that, in some pause of angels'
song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to
gather,
And hold both within his right hand which is
strong.
'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would surely
(For they call Him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely.
'Come and rest with me, my child.'

"But, no!" say the children, weeping faster,

"He is speechless as a stone:

And they tell us, of His image is the master

Who commands us to work on.

Go to!" say the children,—“up in Heaven,

Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.

Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving:

We look up for God, but tears have made us
blind.”

Do you hear the children weeping and disprov-
ing,

O my brothers, what ye preach?

For God's possible is taught by His world's lov-
ing,

And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you!

They are weary ere they run;

They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory

Which is brighter than the sun.

They know the grief of man, without its wisdom;

They sink in man's despair, without its calm;

Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,

Are Martyrs, by the pang without the palm:

Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly

The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—

Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly,

Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,

And their look is dread to see,

For they mind you of their angels in high places,

With eyes turned on Deity.

“How long,” they say, “how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child’s
heart,—

Stifle down with a mailèd heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the
mart?

Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!

But the child’s sob in silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath.”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

MARCH 7

HISTORY

THERE is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.

Of the works of this mind history is the record. Its genius is illustrated by the entire series of days. Man is explicable by nothing less than all his history. Without hurry, without rest, the human spirit goes forth from the beginning to embody every faculty, every thought, every emotion which belongs to it, in appropriate events. But the thought is always prior to the fact; all the facts of history preëxist in the mind as laws. Each law in turn is made by circumstances predominant, and the limits of nature give power to but one at a time. A man is the whole encyclopædia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America,

lie folded already in the first man. Epoch after epoch, camp, kingdom, empire, republic, democracy, are merely the application of his manifold spirit to the manifold world.

This human mind wrote history, and this must read it. The Sphinx must solve her own riddle. If the whole of history is in one man, it is all to be explained from individual experience. There is a relation between the hours of our life and the centuries of time. As the air I breathe is drawn from the great repositories of nature, as the light on my book is yielded by a star a hundred millions of miles distant, as the poise of my body depends on the equilibrium of centrifugal and centripetal forces, so the hours should be instructed by the ages and the ages explained by the hours. Of the universal mind each individual man is one more incarnation. All its properties consist in him. Each new fact in his private experience flashes a light on what great bodies of men have done, and the crises of his life refer to national crises. Every revolution was first a thought in one man's mind, and when the same thought occurs to another man, it is the key to that era. Every reform was once a private opinion, and when it shall be a private opinion again it will solve the problem of the age. The fact narrated must correspond to something in me to be credible or intelligible. We, as we read, must become Greeks, Romans, Turks, priest and king, martyr and executioner; must fasten these images to some reality in our secret experience, or we shall learn nothing rightly. What

befell Asdrubal or Cæsar Borgia is as much an illustration of the mind's powers and depravations as what has befallen us. Each new law and political movement has a meaning for you. Stand before each of its tablets and say, "Under this mask did my Proteus nature hide itself." This remedies the defect of our too great neatness to ourselves. This throws our actions into perspective—and as crabs, goats, scorpions, the balance and the waterpot lose their meanness when hung as signs in the zodiac, so I can see my own vices without heat in the distant persons of Solomon, Alcibiades, and Cataline.

It is the universal nature which gives worth to particular men and things. Human life, as containing this, is mysterious and inviolable, and we hedge it round with penalties and laws. All laws derive hence their ultimate reason; all express more or less distinctly some command of this supreme, illimitable essence. Property also holds of the soul, covers great spiritual facts, and instinctively we at first hold to it with swords and laws and wide and complex combinations. The obscure consciousness of this fact is the light of all our day, the claim of claims; the plea for education, for justice, for charity; the foundation of friendship and love and of the heroism and grandeur which belong to acts of self-reliance. It is remarkable that involuntarily we always read as superior beings. Universal history, the poets, the romancers, do not in their stateliest pictures,—in the sacerdotal, the imperial palaces, in the

triumphs of will or of genius,—anywhere lose our ear, anywhere make us feel that we intrude, that this is for better men; but rather is it true that in their grandest strokes we feel most at home. All that Shakespeare says of the king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in the corner feels to be true of himself. We sympathize in the great moments of history, in the great discoveries, the great resistances, the great prosperities of men;—because there law was enacted, the sea was searched, the land was found, or the blow was struck, *for us*, as we ourselves in that place would have done, or applauded.

We have the same interest in condition and character. We honor the rich because they have externally the freedom, power, and grace which we feel to be proper to man, proper to us. So all that is said of the wise man by Stoic or Oriental or modern essayist, describes to each reader his own idea, describes his unattained but attainable self. All literature writes the character of the wise man. Books, monuments, pictures, conversation, are portraits in which he finds the lineaments he is forming. The silent and the eloquent praise him and accost him, and he is stimulated wherever he moves, as by personal allusions. A true aspirant therefore never needs look for allusions personal and laudatory in discourse. He hears the commendation, not of himself, but, more sweet, of that character he seeks, in every word that is said concerning character, yea further in every fact and circumstance,—in the running river and

the rustling corn. Praise is looked, homage tendered, love flows, from mute nature, from the mountains and the lights of the firmament.

These hints, dropped as it were from sleep and night, let us use in broad day. The student is to read history actively and not passively; to esteem his own life the text, and books the commentary. Thus compelled, the Muse of history will utter oracles, as never to those who do not respect themselves. I have no expectation that any man will read history aright who thinks that what was done in a remote age, by men whose names have resounded far, has any deeper sense than what he is doing to-day.

The world exists for the education of each man. There is no age or state of society or mode of action in history to which there is not somewhat corresponding in his life. Everything tends in a wonderful manner to abbreviate itself and yield its own virtue to him. He should see that he can live all history in his own person. He must sit solidly at home, and not suffer himself to be bullied by kings or empires, but know that he is greater than all the geography and all the government of the world; he must transfer the point of view from which history is commonly read, from Rome and Athens and London, to himself, and not deny his conviction that he is the court, and if England or Egypt have anything to say to him he will try the case; if not, let them forever be silent. He must attain and maintain that lofty sight where facts yield their secret sense, and poetry and annals are

alike. The instinct of the mind, the purpose of nature, betrays itself in the use we make of the signal narrations of history. Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularity of facts. No anchor, no cable, no fences avail to keep a fact a fact. Babylon, Troy, Tyre, Palestine, and even early Rome are passing already into fiction. The Garden of Eden, the sun standing still in Gibeon, is poetry thenceforward to all nations. Who cares what the fact was, when we have made a constellation of it to hang in Heaven an immortal sign? London and Paris and New York must go the same way. "What is history," said Napoleon, "but a fable agreed upon?" This life of ours is stuck round with Egypt, Greece, Gaul, England, War, Colonization, Church, Court and Commerce, as with so many flowers and wild ornaments grave and gay. I will not make more account of them. I believe in Eternity. I can find Greece, Asia, Italy, Spain and the Islands—the genius and creative principle of each and of all eras, in my own mind.

We are always coming up with the emphatic facts of history in our private experience and verifying them here. All history becomes subjective; in other words, there is properly no history, only biography. Every mind must know the whole lesson for itself,—must go over the whole ground. What it does not see, what it does not live, it will not know. What the former age has epitomized into a formula or rule for manipular convenience it will lose all the good of verifying

for itself, by means of the wall of that rule. Somewhere, sometime, it will demand and find compensation for that loss, by doing the work itself. Ferguson discovered many things in astronomy which had long been known. The better for him.

History must be this or it is nothing. Every law which the state enacts indicates a fact in human nature; that is all. We must in ourselves see the necessary reason of every fact—see how it could and must be. So stand before every public and private work; before an oration of Burke, before a victory of Napoleon, before a martyrdom of Sir Thomas More, of Sidney, of Marmaduke Robinson; before a French Reign of Terror, and a Salem hanging of witches; before a fanatic Revival and the Animal Magnetism in Paris, or in Providence. We assume that we under like influence should be alike affected, and should achieve the like; and we aim to master intellectually the steps and reach the same height or the same degradation that our fellow, our proxy has done.

All inquiry into antiquity, all curiosity respecting the Pyramids, the excavated cities, Stonehenge, the Ohio Circles, Mexico, Memphis—is the desire to do away this wild, savage, and preposterous There or Then, and introduce in its place the Here and the Now. Belzoni digs and measures in the mummy-pits and pyramids of Thebes until he can see the end of the difference between the monstrous work and himself. When he has satisfied himself, in general and in detail,

that it was made by such a person as he, so armed and so motivated, and to ends to which he himself should also have worked, the problem is solved; his thought lives along the whole line of temples and sphinxes and catacombs, passes through them all with satisfaction, and they live again to the mind, or are *now*.

A Gothic cathedral affirms that it was done by us and not done by us. Surely it was by man, but we find it not in our man. But we apply ourselves to the history of its production. We put ourselves into the place and state of the builder. We remember the forest-dwellers, the first temples, the adherence to the first type, and the decoration of it as the wealth of the nation increased; the value which is given to wood by carving led to the carving over the whole mountain of stone of a cathedral. When we have gone through this process, and added thereto the Catholic Church, its cross, its music, its processions, its Saints' days and image-worship, we have as it were been the man that made the minister; we have seen how it could and must be. We have the sufficient reason.

The difference between men is in their principle of association. Some men classify objects by color and size and other accidents of appearance; others by intrinsic likeness, or by the relation of cause and effect. The progress of the intellect is to the clearer vision of causes, which neglects surface differences. To the poet, to the philosopher, to the saint, all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men

divine. For the eye is fastened on the life, and slights the circumstance. Every chemical substance, every plant, every animal in its growth, teaches the unity of cause, the variety of appearance.

Upborne and surrounded as we are by this all-creating nature, soft and fluid as a cloud or the air, why should we be such hard pedants, and magnify a few forms? Why should we make account of time, or of magnitude, or of figure? The soul knows them not, and genius, obeying its law, knows how to play with them as a young child plays with graybeards and in churches. Genius studies the causal thought, and far back in the womb of things sees the rays parting from one orb, that diverge, ere they fall, by infinite diameters. Genius watches the monad through all his masks as he performs the metempsychosis of nature. Genius detects through the fly, through the caterpillar, through the grub, through the egg, the constant individual; through countless individuals the fixed species; through many species the genus; through all genera the steadfast type; through all the kingdoms of organized life the eternal unity. Nature is a mutable cloud which is always and never the same. She casts the same thought into troops of forms, as a poet makes twenty fables with one moral. Through the brutality and toughness of matter, a subtle spirit bends all things to its own will. The adamant streams into soft but precise form before it, and whilst I look at it its outline and texture are

changed again. Nothing is so fleeting as form; yet never does it quite deny itself. In man we still trace the remains or hints of all that we esteem badges of servitude in the lower races; yet in him they enhance his nobleness and grace; as Io, in Æschylus, transformed to a cow, offends the imagination; but how changed when as Isis in Egypt she meets Osiris-Jove, a beautiful woman with nothing of the metamorphosis left but the lunar horns as the splendid ornament of her brows!

The identity of history is equally intrinsic, the diversity equally obvious. There is, at the surface, infinite variety of things; at the center there is simplicity of cause. How many are the acts of one man in which we recognize the same character! Observe the sources of our information in respect to the Greek genius. We have the *civil history* of that people, as Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon and Plutarch have given it; a very sufficient account of what manner of persons they were and what they did. We have the same national mind expressed for us again in their *literature*, in epic and lyric poems, drama, and philosophy; a very complete form. Then we have it once more in their *architecture*, a beauty as of temperance itself, limited to the straight line and the square—a builded geometry. Then we have it once again in *sculpture*, the “tongue on the balance of expression,” a multitude of forms in the utmost freedom of action and never transgressing the ideal serenity; like votaries performing some

religious dance before the gods, and, though in convulsive pain or mortal combat, never daring to break the figure and decorum of their dance. Thus of the genius of one remarkable people we have a fourfold representation: and to the senses what more unlike than an ode of Pindar, a marble centaur, the peristyle of the Parthenon, and the last actions of Phocion?

Everyone must have observed faces and forms which, without any resembling feature, make a like impression on the beholder. A particular picture or copy of verses, if it do not awaken the same train of images, will yet superinduce the same sentiment as some wild mountain walk, although the resemblance is nowise obvious to the senses, but is occult and out of the reach of the understanding. Nature is an endless combination and repetition of a very few laws. She hums the old well-known air through innumerable variations.

Nature is full of a sublime family likeness throughout her works, and delights in startling us with resemblances in the most unexpected quarters. I have seen the head of an old sachem of the forest which at once reminded the eye of a bald mountain summit, and the furrows of the brow suggested the strata of the rock. There are men whose manners have the same essential splendor as the simple and awful sculpture on the friezes of the Parthenon and the remains of the earliest Greek art. And there are compositions of the same strain to be found in the books of all ages.

What is Guido's Rospigliosi Aurora but a morning thought, as the horses in it are only a morning cloud? If any one will but take pains to observe the variety of actions to which he is equally inclined in certain moods of mind and those to which he is averse, he will see how deep is the chain of affinity.

A painter told me that nobody could draw a tree without in some sort becoming a tree; or draw a child by studying the outlines of its form merely—but by watching for a time his motions and plays, the painter enters into his nature and can then draw him at will in every attitude. So Roos "entered into the inmost nature of a sheep." I knew a draughtsman employed in a public survey who found that he could not sketch the rocks until their geological structure was first explained to him. In a certain state of thought is the common origin of very diverse works. It is the spirit and not the fact that is identical. By a deeper apprehension, and not primarily by a painful acquisition of many manual skills, the artist attains the power of awakening other souls to a given activity.

It has been said that "common souls pay with what they do, nobler souls with that which they are." And why? Because a profound nature awakens in us by its actions and words, by its looks and manners, the same power and beauty that a gallery of sculpture or of pictures addresses.

Civil and natural history, the history of art and of literature, must be explained from individual

history, or must remain words. There is nothing but is related to us, nothing that does not interest us—kingdom, college, tree, horse, or iron shoe—the roots of all things are in man. Santa Croce and the Dome of St. Peter's are lame copies after a divine model. Strasburg Cathedral is a material counterpart of the soul of Erwin of Steinbach. The true poem is the poet's mind; the true ship is the shipbuilder. In the man, could we lay him open, we should see the reason for the last flourish and tendril of his work; as every spine and tint in the sea shell preëxists in the secreting organs of the fish. The whole of heraldry and of chivalry is in courtesy. A man of fine manners shall pronounce your name with all the ornament that titles of nobility could ever add.

The trivial experience of every day is always verifying some old prediction to us and converting into things the words and signs which we had heard and seen without heed. A lady with whom I was riding in the forest said to me that the woods always seemed to her *to wait*, as if the genii who inhabit them suspended their deeds until the wayfarer had passed onward; a thought which poetry has celebrated in the dance of the fairies, which breaks off on the approach of human feet. The man who has seen the rising moon break out of the clouds at midnight, has been present like an archangel at the creation of light and of the world. I remember one summer day in the fields my companion pointed out to me a broad cloud, which might extend a quarter of a mile parallel to the

horizon, quite accurately in the form of a cherub as painted over churches, a round block in the center, which it was easy to animate with eyes and mouth, supported on either side by wide-stretched symmetrical wings. What appears once in the atmosphere may appear often, and it was undoubtedly the archetype of that familiar ornament. I have seen in the sky a chain of summer lightning which at once showed to me that the Greeks drew from nature when they painted the thunderbolt in the hand of Jove. I have seen a snowdrift along the sides of the stone wall which obviously gave the idea of the common architectural scroll to abut a tower.

By surrounding ourselves with the original circumstances we invent anew the orders and the ornaments of architecture, as we see how each people merely decorated its primitive abodes. The Doric temple preserves the semblance of the wooden cabin in which the Dorian dwelt. The Chinese pagoda is plainly a Tartar tent. The Indian and Egyptian temples still betray the mounds and subterranean houses of their forefathers. "The custom of making houses and tombs in the living rock," says Hereen in his *Researches on the Ethiopians*, "determined very naturally the principal character of the Nubian Egyptian architecture to the colossal form which it assumed. In these caverns, already prepared by nature, the eye was accustomed to dwell on huge shapes and masses, so that when art came to the assistance of nature it could not move on a

small scale without degrading itself. What would statues of the usual size, or neat porches and wings have been, associated with those gigantic halls before which only Colossi could sit as watchmen or lean on the pillars of the interior?"

The Gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of the forest trees, with all their boughs, to a festal or solemn arcade; as the bands about the cleft pillars still indicate the green withes that tied them. No one can walk in a road cut through pine woods, without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove, especially in winter, when the barrenness of all other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods in a winter afternoon one will see as readily the origin of the stained glass window, with which the Gothic cathedrals are adorned, in the colors of the western sky seen through the bare and crossing branches of the forest. Nor can any lover of nature enter the old piles of Oxford and the English cathedrals, without feeling that the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, and that his chisel, his saw and plane still reproduced its ferns, its spikes of flowers, its locust, elm, oak, pine, fir, and spruce.

The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish as well as the aerial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty.

In like manner all public facts are to be indi-

vidualized, all private facts are to be generalized. Then at once History becomes fluid and true, and Biography deep and sublime. As the Persian imitated in the slender shafts and capitals of his architecture the stem and flower of the lotus and palm, so the Persian court in its magnificent era never gave over the nomadism of its barbarous tribes, but traveled from Ecbatana, where the spring was spent, to Susa in summer and to Babylon for the winter.

In the early history of Asia and Africa, Nomadism and Agriculture are the two antagonist facts. The geography of Asia and of Africa necessitated a nomadic life. But the nomads were the terror of all those whom the soil or the advantages of a market had induced to build towns. Agriculture therefore was a religious injunction, because of the perils of the state from nomadism. And in these late and civil countries of England and America these propensities still fight out the old battle, in the nation and in the individual. The nomads of Africa were constrained to wander, by the attacks of the gadfly, which drives the cattle mad, and so compels the tribe to emigrate in the rainy season and to drive off the cattle to the higher sandy regions. The nomads of Asia follow the pasturage from month to month. In America and Europe the nomadism is of trade and curiosity; a progress, certainly, from the gadfly of Astaboras to the Anglo- and Italomania of Boston Bay. Sacred cities, to which a periodical religious pilgrimage was enjoined, or stringent laws and cus-

toms tending to invigorate the national bond, were the check on the old rovers; and the cumulative values of long residence are the restraints on the itinerancy of the present day. The antagonism of the two tendencies is not less active in individuals, as the love of adventure or the love of repose happens to predominate. A man of rude health and flowing spirits has the faculty of rapid domestication, lives in his wagon and roams through all latitudes as easily as a Calmuc. At sea, or in the forest, or in the snow, he sleeps as warm, dines with as good appetite, and associates as happily as beside his own chimneys. Or perhaps his facility is deeper seated, in the increased range of his faculties of observation, which yield him points of interest wherever fresh objects meet his eyes. The pastoral nations were needy and hungry to desperation; and this intellectual nomadism, in its excess, bankrupts the mind through the dissipation of power on a miscellany of objects. The home-keeping wit, on the other hand, is that continence or content which finds all the elements of life in its own soil; and which has its own perils of monotony and deterioration, if not stimulated by foreign infusions.

Everything the individual sees without him corresponds to his states of mind, and everything is in turn intelligible to him, as his onward thinking leads him into the truth to which that fact or series belongs.

The primeval world—the Fore-World, as the Germans say—I can dive to it in myself as well

as grope for it with researching fingers in catacombs, libraries, and the broken reliefs and torsos of ruined villas.

What is the foundation of that interest all men feel in Greek history, letters, art and poetry, in all its periods from the Heroic or Homeric age down to the domestic life of the Athenians and Spartans, four or five centuries later? What but this, that every man passes personally through a Grecian period. The Grecian state is the era of the bodily nature, the perfection of the senses—of the spiritual nature unfolded in strict unity with the body. In it existed those human forms which supplied the sculptor with his models of Hercules, Phœbus and Jove; not like the forms abounding in the streets of modern cities, wherein the face is a confused blur of features, but composed of incorrupt, sharply defined and symmetrical features, whose eye sockets are so formed that it would be impossible for such eyes to squint and take furtive glances on this side and on that, but they must turn the whole head. The manners of that period are plain and fierce. The reverence exhibited is for personal qualities; courage, address, self-command, justice, strength, swiftness, a loud voice, a broad chest. Luxury and elegance are not known. A sparse population and want make every man his own valet, cook, butcher, and soldier, and the habit of supplying his own needs educates the body to wonderful performances. Such are the Agamemnon and Diomed of Homer, and not far different is the picture Zenophon gives

of himself and his compatriots in the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. "After the army had crossed the river Teleboas in Armenia, there fell much snow, and the troops lay miserably on the ground covered with it. But Xenophon arose naked, and taking an axe, began to split wood; whereupon others rose and did the like." Throughout his army exists a boundless liberty of speech. They quarrel for plunder, they wrangle with the generals on each new order, and Xenophon is as sharp-tongued as any and sharper-tongued than most, and so gives as good as he gets. Who does not see that this is a gang of great boys, with such a code of honor and such lax discipline as great boys have?

The costly charm of the ancient tragedy, and indeed of all the old literature, is that the persons speak simply—speak as persons who have great good sense without knowing it, before yet the reflective habit has become the predominant habit of the mind. Our admiration of the antique is not admiration of the old, but of the natural. The Greeks are not reflective, but perfect in their senses and in their health, with the finest physical organization in the world. Adults acted with the simplicity and grace of children. They made vases, tragedies and statues, such as healthy senses should—that is, in good taste. Such things have continued to be made in all ages, and are now, wherever a healthy physique exists; but, as a class, from their superior organization, they have surpassed all. They combine the energy of

manhood with the engaging unconsciousness of childhood. The attraction of these manners is that they belong to man, and are known to every man in virtue of his being once a child; besides that there are always individuals who retain these characteristics. A person of childlike genius and inborn energy is still a Greek, and revives our love of the Muse of Hellas. I admire the love of nature in the Philoctetes. In reading those fine apostrophes to sleep, to the stars, rocks, mountains, and waves, I feel time passing away as an ebbing sea. I feel the eternity of man, the identity of his thought. The Greek had, it seems, the same fellow beings as I. The sun and moon, water and fire, met his heart precisely as they met mine. Then the vaunted distinction between Greek and English, between Classic and Romantic schools, seems superficial and pedantic. When a thought of Plato becomes a thought to me—when a truth that fired the soul of Pindar fires mine, time is no more. When I feel that we two meet in a perception, that our two souls are tinged with the same hue, and do as it were run into one, why should I measure degrees of latitude, why should I count Egyptian years?

The student interprets the age of chivalry by his own age of chivalry, and the days of maritime adventure and circumnavigation by quite parallel miniature experiences of his own. To the sacred history of the world he has the same key. When the voice of a prophet out of the deeps of antiquity merely echoes to him a sentiment of his infancy, a

prayer of his youth, he then pierces to the truth, through all the confusion of tradition and the caricature of institutions.

Rare, extravagant spirits come by us at intervals, who disclose to us new facts in nature. I see that men of God have from time to time walked among men and made their commission felt in the heart and soul of the commonest hearer. Hence evidently the tripod, the priest, the priestess inspired by the divine afflatus.

Jesus astonishes and overpowers sensual people. They cannot unite him to history, or reconcile him with themselves. As they come to revere their intuitions and aspire to live holily, their own piety explains every fact, every word.

How easily these old worships of Moses, of Zoroaster, of Menu, of Socrates, domesticate themselves in the mind. I cannot find an antiquity in them. They are mine as much as theirs.

I have seen the first monks and anchorets, without crossing seas or centuries. More than once some individual has appeared to me with such negligence of labor and such commanding contemplation, a haughty beneficiary begging in the name of God, as made good to the nineteenth century Simeon the Stylite, the Thebais, and the first Capuchins.

The priestcraft of the East and West, of the Magian, Brahmin, Druid, and Inca, is expounded in the individual's private life. The cramping influence of a hard formalist on a young child, in repressing his spirits and courage, paralyzing

the understanding, and that without producing indignation, but only fear and obedience, and even much sympathy with the tyranny—is a familiar fact, explained to the child when he becomes a man, only by seeing that the oppressor of his youth is himself a child tyrannized over by those names and words and forms of whose influence he was merely the organ to the youth. The fact teaches him how Belus was worshipped and how the Pyramids were built, better than the discovery by Champollion of the names of all the workmen and the cost of every tile. He finds Assyria and the Mounds of Cholula at his door, and himself has laid the courses.

Again, in that protest which each considerate person makes against the superstition of his times, he repeats step by step the part of old reformers, and in the search after truth finds, like them, new perils to virtue. He learns again what moral vigor is needed to supply the girdle of a superstition. A great licentiousness treads on the heels of a reformation. How many times in the history of the world has the Luther of the day had to lament the decay of piety in his own household! “Doctor,” said his wife to Martin Luther, one day, “how is it that whilst subject to papacy we prayed so often and with such fervor, whilst now we pray with the utmost coldness and very seldom?”

The advancing man discovers how deep a property he has in literature—in all fable as well as in all history. He finds that the poet was no odd fellow who described strange and impossible situ-

ations, but that universal man wrote by his pen a confession true for one and true for all. His own secret biography he finds in lines wonderfully intelligible to him, dotted down before he was born. One after another he comes up in his private adventures with every fable of Æsop, of Homer, of Hafiz, of Ariosto, of Chaucer, of Scott, and verifies them with his own head and hands.

The beautiful fables of the Greeks, being proper creations of the imagination and not of the fancy, are universal verities. What a range of meanings and what perpetual pertinence has the story of Prometheus! Besides its primary value as the first chapter of the history of Europe (the mythology thinly veiling authentic facts, the invention of the mechanic arts and the migration of colonies), it gives the history of religion, with some closeness to the faith of later ages. Prometheus is the Jesus of the old mythology. He is the friend of man; stands between the unjust "justice" of the Eternal Father and the race of mortals, and readily suffers all things on their account. But where it departs from the Calvinistic Christianity and exhibits him as the defier of Jove, it represents a state of mind which readily appears wherever the doctrine of Theism is taught in a crude, objective form, and which seems the self-defence of man against this untruth, namely, a discontent with the believed fact that a God exists, and a feeling that the obligation of reverence is onerous. It would steal if it could the fire of the Creator, and live apart from him and independent of him. The

Prometheus Vinctus is the romance of skepticism. Not less true to all time are the details of that stately apologue. Apollo kept the flocks of Admetus, said the poets. When the gods come among men, they are now known. Jesus was not; Socrates and Shakespeare were not. Antæus was suffocated by the gripe of Hercules, but every time he touched his mother-earth his strength was renewed. Man is the broken giant, and in all his weakness both his body and his mind are invigorated by habits of conversation with nature. The power of music, the power of poetry, to unfix and as it were clap wings to solid nature, interprets the riddle of Orpheus. The philosophical perception of identity through endless mutations of form makes him know the Proteus. What else am I who laughed or wept yesterday, who slept last night like a corpse, and this morning stood and ran? And what see I on any side but the transmigrations of Proteus? I can symbolize my thought by using the name of any creature, of any fact, because every creature is man agent or patient. Tantalus is but a name for you and me. Tantalus means the impossibility of drinking the waters of thought which are always gleaming and waving within sight of the soul. The transmigration of souls is no fable. I would it were; but men and women are only half human. Every animal of the barnyard, the field and the forest, of the earth and of the waters that are under the earth, has contrived to get a footing and to leave the print of its features and form in some one or other

of these upright, Heaven-facing speakers. Ah! brother, stop the ebb of thy soul—ebbing downward into the forms into whose habits thou hast now for many years slid. As near and proper to us is also that old fable of the Sphinx, who was said to sit in the roadside and put riddles to every passenger. If the man could not answer, she swallowed him alive. If he could solve the riddle, the Sphinx was slain. What is our life but an endless flight of winged facts or events? In splendid variety these changes come, all putting questions to the human spirit. Those men who cannot answer by a superior wisdom these facts or questions of time, serve them. Facts encumber them, tyrannize over them, and make the men of routine, the men of *sense*, in whom a literal obedience to facts has extinguished every spark of that light by which man is truly man. But if the man is true to his better instincts or sentiments, and refuses the dominion of facts, as one that comes of a higher race; remains fast by the soul and sees the principle, then the facts fall aptly and supple into their places; they know their master, and the meanest of them glorifies him.

See in Goethe's Helena the same desire that every word should be a thing. These figures, he would say, these Chirons, Griffins, Phorkyas, Helen and Leda, are somewhat, and do exert a specific influence on the mind. So far then are they eternal entities, as real to-day as in the first Olympiad. Much revolving them he writes out

freely his humor, and gives them body to his own imagination. And although that poem be as vague and fantastic as a dream, yet is it much more attractive than the more regular dramatic pieces of the same author, for the reason that it operates a wonderful relief to the mind from the routine of customary images—awakens the reader's invention and fancy by the wild freedom of the design, and by the unceasing succession of brisk shocks of surprise.

The universal nature, too strong for the petty nature of the bard, sits on his neck and writes through his hand; so that when he seems to vent a mere caprice and wild romance, the issue is an exact allegory. Hence Plato said that "poets utter great and wise things which they do not themselves understand." All the fictions of the Middle Age explain themselves as a masked or frolic expression of that which in grave earnest the mind of that period toiled to achieve. Magic and all that is ascribed to it is a deep presentiment of the powers of science. The shoes of swiftness, the sword of sharpness, the power of subduing the elements, of using the secret virtues of minerals, of understanding the voices of birds, are the obscure efforts of the mind in a right direction. The preternatural prowess of the hero, the gift of perpetual youth, and the like, are alike the endeavor of the human spirit "to bend the shows of things to the desires of the mind."

• In *Perceforest* and *Amadis de Gaul* a garland and a rose bloom on the head of her who is faith-

ful, and fade on the brow of the inconstant. In the story of the Boy and the Mantle even a mature reader may be surprised with a glow of virtuous pleasure at the triumph of the gentle Venelas; and indeed all the postulates of elfin annals—that the fairies do not like to be named; that their gifts are capricious and not to be trusted; that who seeks a treasure must not speak; and the like—I find true in Concord, however they might be in Cornwall or Bretagne.

Is it otherwise in the newest romance? I read the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Sir William Ashton is a mask for a vulgar temptation, Ravenswood Castle a fine name for proud poverty, and the foreign mission of state only a Bunyan disguise for honest industry. We may all shoot a wild bull that would toss the good and beautiful, by fighting down the unjust and sensual. Lucy Ashton is another name for fidelity, which is always beautiful and always liable to calamity in this world.

But along with the civil and metaphysical history of man, another history goes daily forward,—that of the external world,—in which he is not less strictly implicated. He is the compend of time; he is also the correlative of nature. His power consists in the multitude of his affinities, in the fact that his life is intertwined with the whole chain of organic and inorganic being. In old Rome the public roads beginning at the Forum proceeded north, south, east, west, to the center of every province of the empire, making each

market-town of Persia, Spain, and Britain pervious to the soldiers of the capital: so out of the human heart go as it were highways to the heart of every object in nature, to reduce it under the dominion of man. A man is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world. His faculties refer to natures out of him and predict the world he is to inhabit, as the fins of the fish foreshow that water exists, or the wings of an eagle in the egg presuppose air. He cannot live without a world. Put Napoleon in an island prison, let his faculties find no men to act on, no Alps to climb, no stake to play for, and he would beat the air, and appear stupid. Transport him to large countries, dense population, complex interests and antagonist power, and you shall see that the man Napoleon, bounded that is by such a profile and outline, is not the virtual Napoleon. This is but Talbot's shadow:—

“His substance is not here.
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity;
But were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious, lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.”

Columbus needs a planet to shape his course upon. Newton and Laplace need myriads of age and thick-strewn celestial areas. One may say a gravitating solar system is already prophesied in the nature of Newton's mind. Not less does the brain of Davy or of Gay-Lussac, from child-

hood exploring the affinities and repulsions of particles, anticipate the laws of organization. Does not the eye of the human embryo predict the light? the ear of Handel predict the witchcraft of harmonic sound? Do not the constructive fingers of Watt, Fulton, Whittemore, Arkwright, predict the fusible, hard, and temperable texture of metals, the properties of stone, water, and wood? Do not the lovely attributes of the maiden child predict the refinements and decorations of civil society? Here also we are reminded of the action of man on man. A mind might ponder its thought for ages and not gain so much self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach it in a day. Who knows himself before he has been thrilled with indignation at an outrage, or has heard an eloquent tongue, or has shared the throb of thousands in a national exultation or alarm? No man can antedate his experience, or guess what faculty or feeling a new object shall unlock, any more than he can draw to-day the face of a person whom he shall see to-morrow for the first time.

I will not now go behind the general statement to explore the reason of this correspondence. Let it suffice that in the light of these two facts, namely, that the mind is One, and that nature is its correlative, history is to be read and written.

Thus in all ways does the soul concentrate and reproduce its treasures for each pupil. He too shall pass through the whole cycle of experience. He shall collect into a focus the rays of nature. History no longer shall be a dull book. It shall

walk incarnate in every just and wise man. You shall not tell me by languages and titles a catalogue of the volumes you have read. You shall make me feel what periods you have lived. A man shall be the Temple of Fame. He shall walk, as the poets have described that goddess, in a robe painted all over with wonderful events and experiences;—his own form and features by their exalted intelligence shall be that variegated vest. I shall find in him the Foreworld; in his childhood the Age of Gold, the Apples of Knowledge, the Argonautic Expedition, the calling of Abraham, the building of the Temple, the Advent of Christ, Dark Ages, the Revival of Letters, the Reformation, the discovery of new lands, the opening of new sciences and new regions in man. He shall be the priest of Pan, and bring with him into humble cottages the blessing of the morning stars, and all the recorded benefits of heaven and earth.

Is there somewhat overweening in this claim? Then I reject all I have written, for what is the use of pretending to know what we know not? But it is the fault of our rhetoric that we cannot strongly state one fact without seeming to belie some other. I hold our actual knowledge very cheap. Hear the rats in the wall, see the lizard on the fence, the fungus under foot, the lichen on the log. What do I know sympathetically, morally, of either of these worlds of life? As old as the Caucasian man—perhaps older—these creatures have kept their counsel beside him, and there is no record of any word or sign that has

passed from one to the other. What connection do the books show between the fifty or sixty chemical elements and the historical eras? Nay, what does history yet record of the metaphysical annals of man? What light does it shed on those mysteries which we hide under the names Death and Immortality? Yet every history should be written in a wisdom which divined the range of our affinities and looked at facts as symbols. I am ashamed to see what a shallow village tale our so-called History is. How many times we must say Rome, and Paris, and Constantinople? What does Rome know of rat and lizard? What are Olympiads and Consulates to these neighboring systems of being? Nay, what food or experience or succor have they for the Esquimaux seal-hunter, for the Kanaka in his canoe, for the fisherman, the stevedore, the porter?

Broader and deeper we must write our annals—from an ethical reformation, from an influx of the ever new, ever sanative conscience—if we would trulier express our central and wide-related nature, instead of this old chronology of selfishness and pride to which we have too long lent our eyes. Already that day exists for us, shines in on us at unawares, but the path of science and of letters is not the way into nature. The idiot, the Indian, the child and unschooled farmer's boy stand nearer to the light by which nature is to be read, than the dissector or the antiquary.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

MARCH 8

O. HENRY*

I

The Life and the Story

O. HENRY was once asked why he did not read more fiction. "It is all tame," he replied, "as compared with the romance of my own life." But nothing is more subtly suggestive in the study of this remarkable man than the strange, structural resemblance between the story and the life. Each story is a miniature autobiography, for each story seems to summarize the four successive stages in his own romantic career.

First, the reader notices in an O. Henry story the quiet but arrestive beginning. There is interest, a bit of suspense, and a touch of distinction in the first paragraph; but you cannot tell what lines of action are to be stressed, what complications of character and incident are to follow, or whether the end is to be tragic or comic, a defeat or a victory. So was the first stage of his life. The twenty years spent in Greensboro, North Carolina, were comparatively uneventful.

*Selected from "O. Henry Biography," by permission of Mrs. C. Alphonso Smith.

There was little in them of prospect, though they loom large with significance in the retrospect. O. Henry was always unique. When as a freckle-faced boy, freckled even to the feet, he played his childish pranks on young and old and told his marvelous yarns of knightly adventure or Indian ambuscade, every father and mother and boy and girl felt that he was different from others of his kind. As he approached manhood, his "somnolent little Southern town" recognized in him its most skilful cartoonist of local character and its ablest interpreter of local incident. Molière has been called "the composite smile of mankind." O. Henry was the composite smile of Greensboro.

In the second stage of an O. Henry story the lines begin suddenly to dip toward a plot or plan. Still water becomes running water. It is the stage of the first guess. Background and character, dialogue and incident, sparkle and sly thrust, aspiration and adventure seem to be spelling out something definite and resultant. You cannot guess the end but you cannot help trying. In terms of his life this was O. Henry's second or Texas period. Had he died at the age of twenty, before leaving Greensboro, he would have left a local memory and a local cult, but they would have remained local. A few would have said that with wider opportunities he would have been heard from in a national way. But when letters began to come from Texas telling of his life on the ranch and later of his adventures in local

journalism, and when "W. S. Porter" signed to a joke or skit or squib in *Truth* or *Up to Date* or the *Detroit Free Press* became more and more a certificate of the worth while, those of us who remained in the home town began to prophesy with some assurance that he would soon join the staff of some great metropolitan newspaper or magazine and win national fame as a cartoonist or traveling correspondent.

The third stage of an O. Henry story is reached when you find that your first forecast is wrong. This is the stage of the first surprise. Something has happened that could not or would not have happened if the story was to end as you at first thought. You must give up the rôle of prophet or at least readjust your prophecy to the demands of an ending wholly different from that at first conjectured. This stage in the life was reached in 1898, when misfortune, swift, pitiless, and seemingly irretrievable, overtook him. His life had hitherto developed uniformly, like the advance of a rolling ball. It had permitted and even invited some sort of conjecture as to his ultimate place in the work of the world. But now his destiny seemed as incalculable as the blind movements of a log in the welter of the sea.

The fourth and last stage in an O. Henry story, the stage of the second surprise, is marked by light out of darkness. Lines of character and characterization, of hap or mishap, converge to a triumphant conclusion. We are surprised, happily

surprised, and then surprised again that we should have been surprised at first. Says Nicholas Vachel Lindsay:

He always worked a triple-hinged surprise
To end the scene and make one rub his eyes.

The end was inherent in the beginning, however, though we did not see it. But the greatest surprise and the happiest surprise is found in the last stage of O. Henry's life. This was his New York period, the culmination of tendencies and impulses that we now know had stirred mightily within him from the beginning. Eight years had passed, however, years of constant and constantly deepening development, and not a word had drifted back to the home town from him or about him since 1898. His pencil sketches were still affectionately cherished and had grown in historic value as well as in personal significance as the years had passed. They furnished a bond of common memory and happy association wherever Greensboro men foregathered, though the fun and admiration that they occasioned were mellowed by the thought of what might have been. Now came the discovery, through a photograph published in a New York magazine, that O. Henry, variously styled "the American Kipling," "the American de Maupassant," "the American Gogol," "our Fielding *à la mode*," "the Bret Harte of the city," "the Y. M. C. A. Boccaccio," "the Homer of the Tenderloin," "the twentieth century Haroun Al-Raschid," "the discoverer

and interpreter of the romance of New York," "the greatest living master of the short story," was Will Porter of Greensboro. No story that he has written quite equals this in reserved surprise or in real and permanent achievement.

The technique of the story, however, is the technique of the life. But the life is more appealing than the story.

II

Vogue

William Sydney Porter, better known as O. Henry, was born in Greensboro, Guilford County, North Carolina, September 11, 1862. He died in New York City, June 5, 1910. Before the Porter family Bible was found, his birth year varied from 1867 to 1864, from "about the close of the war," to a question mark. There is no doubt that O. Henry used the author's traditional right to mystify his readers in regard to his age and to the unessential facts of his life. An admirer once wrote to him begging to know by return mail whether he was a man or a woman. But the stamped envelope enclosed for reply remains still unused. "If you have any applications from publishers for photos of myself," he wrote to Mr. Witter Bynner, "or 'slush' about the identity of O. Henry, please refuse. Nobody but a concentrated idiot would write over a pen name and then tack on a lot of twaddle about himself. I say this because I am getting some letters from reviewers and maga-

zines wanting pictures, etc., and I am positively declining in every case."

There has thus grown up a sort of O. Henry myth. "It threatens to attain," said the *New York Sun* five years after his death, "the proportions of the Stevenson myth, which was so ill-naturedly punctured by Henley. It appears to be inevitably the fate of the 'writers' writer'—and O. Henry comes under this heading notwithstanding his work's universal appeal—to disintegrate into a sort of grotesque myth after his death. As a matter of fact, Sydney Porter was, in a sort of a way, a good deal of a myth before he died. He was so inaccessible that a good many otherwise reasonable people who unsuccessfully sought to penetrate his cordon and to force their way into his cloister drew bountifully upon their imaginations to save their faces and to mask their failure."

But however mythical his personality, O. Henry's work remains the most solid fact to be reckoned with in the history of twentieth-century American literature. "More than any author who ever wrote in the United States," says Mr. Stephen Leacock,* "O. Henry is an American writer. And the time is coming, let us hope, when the whole English-speaking world will recognize in him one of the great masters of modern litera-

*See the chapter on "The Amazing Genius of O. Henry" (in "Essays and Literary Studies"). A London reviewer of Mr. Leacock's book singles out for special praise the chapter on O. Henry, placing him "on a level with the great masters, Poe or Maupassant or Cable."

ture." If variety and range of appeal be an indication, O. Henry would seem to be approaching the time thus prophesied. He has won the three classes of readers, those who work with their brains, those who work with their hands, and those who mingle the two in varying but incalculable proportions. The ultra-conservatives and the ultra-radicals, the critical and the uncritical, the bookmen and the business men, the women who serve and those who only stand and wait, all have enlisted under his banner. . . .

"When I was a freshman in Harvard College," writes Mr. John S. Reed in the *American Magazine*, "I stood one day looking into the window of a bookstore on Harvard Square at a new volume of O. Henry. A quietly dressed, unimpressive man with a sparse, dark beard came up and stood beside me. Said he, suddenly: 'Have you read the new one?' 'No,' I said. 'Neither have I. I've read all the others, though.' 'He's great, don't you think?' 'Bully," replied the quietly dressed man; 'let's go in and buy this one.'" The quietly dressed man was William James.

. . . Professor William Lyon Phelps in "The Advance of the English Novel" puts O. Henry among the five greatest American short story writers. "No writer of distinction," he continues, "has, I think, been more closely identified with the short story in English than O. Henry. Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, Stevenson, Kipling, attained fame in other fields; but although Porter had his mind fully made up to launch what he

hoped would be the great American novel, the veto of death intervened, and the many volumes of his 'complete works' are made up of brevities. The essential truthfulness of his art is what gave his work immediate recognition, and accounts for his rise from journalism to literature. There is poignancy in his pathos; desolation in his tragedy; and his extraordinary humor is full of those sudden surprises that give us delight. Uncritical readers have never been so deeply impressed with O. Henry as have the professional, jaded critics, weary of the old trick a thousand times repeated, who found in his writings a freshness and originality amounting to genius."

There is no doubt that the jaded critics extended a warm welcome to O. Henry, but that they were more hospitable than the uncritical admits of question. For several years I have made it a practice in all sorts of unacademic places, where talk was abundant, to lead the conversation if possible to O. Henry. The result has been a conviction that O. Henry is to-day not less "the writers' writer" but still more the people's writer. Traveling a few years ago through a Middle Western State, during an intolerable drought, I fell into conversation with a man the burden of whose speech was "I've made my pile and now I'm going away to live." He was plainly an unlettered man but by no means ignorant. He talked interestingly, because genuinely, until he put the usual question: "What line of goods do you carry?" When I had to admit my unappeal-

ing profession his manner of speech became at once formal and distant. "Professor," he said, after a painful pause, "Emerson is a very elegant writer, don't you think so?" I agreed and also agreed, after another longer and more painful pause, that Prescott was a very elegant writer. These two names plus "elegant" seemed to exhaust his available supply of literary allusion. "Did you ever read O. Henry?" I asked. At the mention of the name his manner changed instantly and his eyes moistened. Leaning far over he said: "Professor, that's literature, *that's literature, that's REAL literature.*" He was himself again now. The mask of affectation had fallen away, and the appreciation and knowledge of O. Henry's work that he displayed, the affection for the man that he expressed, the grateful indebtedness that he was proud to acknowledge for a kindlier and more intelligent sympathy with his fellow men showed plainly that O. Henry was the only writer who had ever revealed the man's better nature to himself.

The incident is typical. The jaded critics and the short story writers read O. Henry and admire him: they find in him what they want. Those who do not criticize and do not write read him and love him: they find in him what they need—a range of fancy, an exuberance of humor, a sympathy, an understanding, a knowledge of the raw material of life, an ability to interpret the passing in terms of the permanent, an insight into individual and institutional character, a resolute and

pervasive desire to help those in need of help, in a word, a constant and essential democracy that they find in no other short story writer. But the deeper currents in O. Henry's work can be traced only through a wider knowledge of O. Henry the man.

III

Education

"His education is about a common school one," said O. Henry of himself, "but he learns afterward from reading and life." His teacher and his only teacher was his aunt, Miss Evelina Maria Porter, known to every one in Greensboro as Miss Lina. Hers was undoubtedly the strongest personal influence brought to bear on O. Henry during his twenty years in North Carolina. The death of his mother when he was only three years old and the increasing absorption of his father in futile inventions resulted in Miss Lina's taking the place of both parents, and this she did not only with whole-souled devotion but with rare and efficient intelligence. She was a handsome woman with none of her father's happy-go-lucky disposition but with much of her mother's directive ability and with a profound sense of responsibility for the welfare of every boy and girl that entered her school. She had been educated at Edgeworth Female Seminary and in the late 'sixties opened a small school in one of the rooms of her mother's home. Her mother assisted her

and in a few years, the school having outgrown its accommodations, a small building was erected on the Porter premises. Here Miss Lina taught until the growth of the public graded school system, which Greensboro was the first town in the State to adopt, began to encroach upon her domain and to render her work less remunerative and less needful.

When she closed her school she carried with her the love and the increasing admiration of all whom she had taught. No teacher of a private preparatory school in Greensboro ever taught as many pupils as Miss Lina or was followed by a heartier plaudit of "Well done." She did not, of course, spare the rod. It was not the fashion in those days to spare it. At a Friday afternoon speech-making one of her pupils started gayly off with

One hungry day a summer ape.

The emendation must have appealed to the youthful O. Henry. Of that, however, we are not informed, but we are informed that the perpetrator had hardly reached "ape" before he had a lesson impressed upon him as to the enormity of adjectival transposition that he will carry with him into the next world.

But there was no cruelty in Miss Lina's disposition. She tempered justice, if not with mercy, at least with rigid impartiality and with hearty laughter. I have never known a pupil of her school, whether doctor, teacher, preacher, mer-

chant, lawyer, or judge, who did not say that every application of the rod, so far as he was concerned, was amply and urgently deserved. To have been soundly whipped by Miss Lina is still regarded in Greensboro as a sort of spiritual bond of union, linking together the older citizens of the town in a community of cutaneous experience for which they would not exchange a college diploma. The little schoolroom was removed many years ago but it still lives in the grateful memory of all who attended it and has attained a new immortality in the fame of its most illustrious pupil.

O. Henry attended no other school, and he attended this only to the age of fifteen. He was always a favorite with Miss Lina and with the other pupils. The gentleness of his disposition and his genius for original kinds of play won his schoolmates while his aunt held up his interest in his books, his good deportment, and his skill in drawing as worthy of all emulation. Miss Lina taught drawing, but O. Henry's sketches were almost from the start, so far superior to hers that they were generally selected as the models. . . .

But we are more concerned here with Miss Lina's method of teaching literature. She had a method, and O. Henry's lifelong love of good books was in part the fruitage of her method. She did not teach the history of literature, but she labored in season and out of season to have her pupils assimilate the spirit of literature. Her reading in the best English literature was, if not

wide, at least intimate and appreciative. She loved books as she loved flowers, because her nature demanded them. Fiction and poetry were her means of widening and enriching her own inner life, not of learning facts about the world without. Scott and Dickens were her favorite novelists and Father Ryan her favorite poet. She did not measure literature by life but life by literature. So did O. Henry at that time, but he was later to transpose his standards, putting life first. I have often thought that Miss Lina must have been in O. Henry's mind when he wrote those suggestive words about Azalea Adair in "A Municipal Report":

She was a product of the old South, gently nurtured in the sheltered life. Her learning was not broad, but was deep and of splendid originality in its somewhat narrow scope. She had been educated at home, and her knowledge of the world was derived from inference and by inspiration. Of such is the precious, small group of essayists made. While she talked to me I kept brushing my fingers, trying, unconsciously, to rid them guiltily of the absent dust from the half-calf backs of Lamb, Chaucer, Hazlitt, Marcus Aurelius, Montaigne, and Hood. She was exquisite; she was a valuable discovery. Nearly everybody nowadays knows too much—oh, so much too much—of real life.

Miss Lina used regularly to gather her boys about her at recess and read to them from some standard author. When she saw that she had caught their interest she would announce a Friday

night meeting in the schoolroom at which they would pop corn and roast chestnuts and she would continue the readings. "I did more reading," says O. Henry, "between my thirteenth and nineteenth years than I have done in all the years since, and my taste at that time was much better than it is now, for I used to read nothing but the classics. Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' and Lane's translation of 'The Arabian Nights' were my favorites." During his busy years in New York he often remarked to Mrs. Porter: "I never have time to read now. I did all my reading before I was twenty." This did not, of course, refer to newspapers, which he devoured three or four times a day.

But Miss Lina believed that the best way to learn or to appreciate the art of narration was to try your hand at it yourself. You might never become a great writer, but you would at least have a first-hand acquaintance with the discipline that well-knit narrative involves. In the intervals, therefore, between chestnut roastings and classic readings an original story would be started, every one present having to make an impromptu contribution when called on. Each contribution, being expected to grow naturally out of the incidents that preceded it, demanded, of course, the closest attention to all that had hitherto been said. The most difficult rôle in this narrative program fell, of course, to the pupil who tried to halt the windings of the story by an interesting and adequate conclusion. To do this required not

only a memory that retained vividly the incidents and characters already projected into the story, but a constructive imagination that could interpret and fuse them. Need I say that the creator of "The Four Million" found his keenest delight in this exercise or that his contributions were those most eagerly awaited by teacher and pupil?

IV

The Shadowed Years

When O. Henry left Houston, never to return, he left because he was summoned to come immediately to Austin and stand trial for alleged embezzlement of funds while acting as paying and receiving teller of the First National Bank of Austin. The indictments charged that on October 10, 1894, he misappropriated \$554.48; on November 12, 1894, \$299.60; and on November 12, 1895, \$299.60.

Had he gone he would certainly have been acquitted. He protested his innocence to the end. "A victim of circumstances" is the verdict of the people in Austin who followed the trial most closely. Not one of them, so far as I could learn after many interviews, believed or believe him guilty of wrongdoing. It was notorious that the bank, long since defunct, was wretchedly managed. Its patrons, following an old custom, used to enter, go behind the counter, take out one hundred or two hundred dollars, and say a week later: "Porter, I took out two hundred dollars last

week. See if I left a memorandum of it. I meant to." It must have recalled to O. Henry the Greensboro drug store. Long before the crash came, he had protested to his friends that it was impossible to make the books balance. "The affairs of the bank," says Mr. Hyder E. Rollins,* of Austin, "were managed so loosely that Porter's predecessor was driven to retirement, his successor to attempted suicide."

There can be no doubt that O. Henry boarded the train at Houston with the intention of going to Austin. I imagine that he even felt a certain sense of relief that the charge, which had hung as a dead albatross about his neck, was at last to be unwound, and his innocence publicly proclaimed. His friends were confident of his acquittal and are still confident of his innocence. If even one of them had been with O. Henry, all would have been different. But when the train reached Hempstead, about a third of the way to Austin, O. Henry had had time to pass in review the scenes of the trial, to picture himself a prisoner, to look into the future and see himself marked with the stigma of suspicion. His imagination outran his reason, and when the night train passed Hempstead on the way to New Orleans, O. Henry was on it.

His mind seems to have been fully made up. He was not merely saving himself and his family from a public humiliation, he was going to start

**The Bookman*, New York, October, 1914.

life over again in a new place. His knowledge of Spanish and his ignorance of Honduras made the little Central American republic seem just the haven in which to cast anchor. How great the strain was can be measured in part by the only reference of the sort, so far as I know, that O. Henry ever made to his life in the little Latin-American country: "The freedom, the silence, the sense of infinite peace, that I found here, I cannot begin to put into words." His letters to Mrs. Porter from Honduras show that he had determined to make Central America his home, and that a school had already been selected for the education of his daughter.

. . . O. Henry's letters to Mrs. Porter came regularly after the first three weeks. The letters were inclosed in envelopes directed to Mr. Louis Kreisle, in Austin, who handed them to Mrs. Porter. "Mrs. Porter used to read me selections from her husband's letters," said Mrs. Kreisle. "They told of his plans to bring Athol [Mrs. Porter] and Margaret to him as soon as he was settled. He had chosen a school for Margaret in Honduras and was doing everything he could to have a little home ready for them. At one time he said he was digging ditches. He also mentioned a chum whom he had met. Sometimes they had very little to eat, only a banana each. He had a hard time, but his letters were cheerful and hopeful and full of affection. Mr. and Mrs. Roach were, of course, willing to provide for Athol and Margaret but Athol did not want to be de-

pendent. She said she did not know how long they would be separated, so she planned to do something to earn some money. She commenced taking a course in a business college but ill health interfered. When Christmas came she made a point lace handkerchief, sold it for twenty-five dollars, and sent her husband a box containing his overcoat, fine perfumery, and many other delicacies. I never saw such will power. The only day she remained in bed was the day she died."

O. Henry did not know till a month later that this box was packed by Mrs. Porter when her temperature was 105. As soon as he learned it, he gave up all hope of a Latin-American home and started for Austin, determined to give himself up and to take whatever medicine fate or the courts had in store for him.

All of his time and thought was now given to Mrs. Porter. When she was too weak to walk, O. Henry would carry her to and from the carriage in which they spent much of their time. His *wanderlust* seemed stilled at last and these days of home-keeping and home-tending were happy days to both, though they knew that the end was near. Mrs. Porter had been almost reared in the Sunday school and the neighbors say that it was a familiar sight on Sunday mornings, in the last spring and summer, to see O. Henry and his wife driving slowly beneath the open windows of the Presbyterian Church. Here they would remain unseen by the congregation till the service was nearly over. Then they would

drive slowly back. Each service, it was feared, might be the last. The end came on July 25th.

After many postponements, O. Henry's case came to trial in February, 1898. He pleaded not guilty but seemed indifferent. "I never had so non-communicative a client," said one of his lawyers. "He would tell me nothing." O. Henry begged his friends not to attend the trial, and most of them respected his wishes. In fact, he seemed, as usual, to be only a spectator of the proceedings. He was never self-defensive or even self-assertive, and at this crisis of his life he showed an aloofness which, however hard to understand by those who did not know him, was as natural to him as breathing. He simply retreated into himself and let the lawyers fight it out.

. . . . O. Henry's letters from prison tell their own story. The life was intolerable at first but he lived in constant expectation of a pardon. When this hope failed he turned all the more wholeheartedly to story writing.

V

Finding Himself

When O. Henry passed out of the prison walls of Columbus, he was a changed man. Something of the old buoyancy and waggishness had gone, never to return. He was never again to content himself with random squibs or jests contributed to newspapers or magazines. Creation had taken the place of mere scintillation. Observation was

to be more and more fused with reflection. He was to work from the center out rather than from the circumference in. The quest of "What's around the corner" was to be as determined as before but it was to be tempered with a consciousness of the under side of things. The hand that held the pen had known a solemnizing ministry and the eye that guided it had looked upon scenes that could not be expunged from memory.

The old life was to be shut out. He had written to none of his earlier friends while in prison and he hoped they would never know. The work that he had elected to do could be done in silence and separation and, so far as in him lay, he would start life over again once more. Explanations would be useless. He had his secret and he determined to keep it. He had been caught in the web of things but he had another to live for and hope was strong and confidence still stronger within him. If a sense of pervading romance had buoyed him before his days of testing, it had not deserted him when he passed within the shadows. It had been not only his pillar of cloud by day but his pillar of fire by night.

There are men, says O. Henry, in one of his vivid characterizations, to whom life is "a reversible coat, seamy on both sides." His had been seamy on only one side; the inner side was still intact. The dream and the vision had remained with him. He had suffered much, but the texture of life still seemed sound to him.

There was no sense of disillusionment. No friend had failed him; no friend ever failed him. So far from losing interest in life, he was rather rededicated to it.

Nothing so testifies to the innate nobleness of O. Henry's nature as the utter absence of bitterness in his disposition after the three years in Columbus. These years had done their work, but it was constructive, not destructive. His charity was now as boundless as the air and his sympathy with suffering, especially when the sufferer was seemingly down and out, as prompt and instinctive as the glance of the eye. He was talking to a friend once on the streets of New York when a beggar approached and asked for help. O. Henry took a coin from his pocket, shielded it from the view of his friend, and slipped it into the beggar's hand, saying, "Here's a dollar. Don't bother us any more." The man walked a few steps away, examined the coin, and seemed uncertain what to do. Then he came slowly back. "Mister," he said, "you were good to me and I don't want to take advantage of you. You said this was a dollar. It's a twenty-dollar gold piece." O. Henry turned upon him indignantly: "Don't you think I know what a dollar is? I told you not to come back. Get along!" He then continued his conversation, but was plainly mortified lest his friend should have detected his ruse. A woman whom he had helped over many rough places in New York said: "His compassion for suffering was

infinite. He used to say, 'I know how it is.' That was his gift. He had a genius for friendship."

The call or rather invitation to New York came in the spring of 1902. Mr. Gilman Hall, associate editor of *Everybody's Magazine* but at that time associate editor of *Ainslee's*, had written an appreciative letter to O. Henry before the prison doors had opened. The letter was directed, of course, to New Orleans where the stories were thought to originate. "The stories that he submitted to Duffy and myself," said Mr. Hall, "both from New Orleans and Pittsburg, were so excellent that at least the first seven out of eight were immediately accepted. For these first stories we gave him probably seventy-five dollars each." O. Henry did not go to New York under contract. He went because Mr. Hall, quick to discover merit and unhappy till he has extended a helping hand, urged him to come.

New York needed him and he needed New York. How great the need was on both sides it is not likely that Mr. Hall or Mr. Duffy or O. Henry himself knew. During the eight years of his stay, however, O. Henry was to get closer to the inner life of the great city and to succeed better in giving it a voice than any one else had done. To O. Henry this last quest of "What's around the corner," confined now to a city that was a world within itself, was to be his supreme inspiration. Very soon he found that he could not work outside

of New York. "I could look at these mountains a hundred years," he said to Mrs. Porter in Asheville, "and never get an idea, but just one block downtown and I catch a sentence, see something in a face—and I've got my story." If ever in American literature the place and the man met, they met when O. Henry strolled for the first time along the streets of New York.

VI

Last Days

"I cannot help remarking," wrote Alexander Pope to a Mr. Blount, "that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humor." In O. Henry's case sickness affected neither his wit nor his humor but it made creative work hard and irksome. There is as much wit and humor in his last complete story, "Let Me Feel Your Pulse," or "Adventures in Neurasthenia," as in any story that he wrote, but the ending of no other story was so difficult to him. Plans for a novel and a play were also much in his mind at this time but no progress was made in actual construction.

In fact, O. Henry had been a very sick man for more than a year before his death. "He had not been well for a long time," writes Mrs. Porter, referring to the time of their marriage, "and had got behind with his work." He did not complain but sought creative invigoration in frequent changes of environment.

. . . In the fall of 1909, broken in health and suffering greatly from depression, he went to Asheville to be with his wife and daughter. Here on the fifth story of a building on Patton Avenue he set up his workshop. Ideas were plentiful but the power to mould them as he knew he once could have moulded them lagged behind. Many themes appealed alternately to him for his proposed novel and play but only bare outlines remain. "I want to get at something bigger," he would say. "What I have done is child's play to what I can do, to what I know it is in me to do. If I would debase it, as some of the fellows do, I could get out something. I could turn out some sort of trash but I can't do that."

To Harry Peyton Steger he writes from Asheville, November 5, 1909:

MY DEAR COLONEL STEGER: I'd have answered your letter but I've been under the weather with a slight relapse. But on the whole I'm improving vastly. I've a doctor here who says I have absolutely no physical trouble except neurasthenia and that outdoor exercise and air will fix me as good as new. I am twenty pounds lighter and can climb mountains like a goat.

But his Little Old Bagdad-on-the-Subway was calling to him and had called during every waking hour of his absence. He had made his last attempt to write beyond the sound of her voice. In March he was back in his old haunts. To Mr. James P. Crane, of Chicago, he writes, April 15, 1910:

I'm back in New York after a six months' stay in the mountains near Asheville, North Carolina. I was all played out—nerves, etc. I thought I was much better and came back to New York about a month ago and have been in bed most of the time—didn't pick up down there as well as I should have done. There was too much scenery and fresh air. What I need is a steam-heated flat with no ventilation or exercise.

The end was near but not much nearer, I think, than he knew. To Mr. Moyle, he remarked with a shrug of the shoulders and a whimsical smile: "It'll probably be 'In the Good Old Summer Time.'" A few years before, the question of the after-life had come up casually in conversation and O. Henry had been asked what he thought of it. His reply was:

I had a little dog
And his name was Rover,
And when he died
He died all over.

During the last months the question emerged again. An intimate friend's father had died and O. Henry was eager to know how he had felt about the hereafter. "For myself," he said, "I think we are like little chickens tapping on their shells."

On the afternoon of June 3d, Mr. Gilman Hall received a telephone message: "Can you come down right away, Colonel?" His friends were all Colonel or Bill to him. He had collapsed after sending the message and was lying on the floor

when Mr. Hall arrived. Dr. Charles Russell Hancock was sent for and O. Henry was taken at once to the Polyclinic Hospital on East Thirty-fourth Street. "You're a poor barber, Doc," he whispered, as Doctor Hancock was brushing his hair; "let me show you." He insisted on stopping to shake hands with the manager of the Caledonia and to exchange a cheery good-bye. He asked that his family be sent for and then quietly gave directions about the disposition of his papers.

Just before entering the hospital the friend who was with him, anticipating his aversion to the newspaper publicity inseparable from his pen name, asked what name should be announced. "Call me Dennis," he said; "my name will be Dennis in the morning." Then becoming serious he added: "No, say that Will S.—Parker is here." The taking again of the old initials and the name "Will," said O. Henry's friend, was a whim of the moment and a whim of the most whimsical of men, but it was "prompted by the desire to die with the name and initials given him at birth and endeared by every memory of childhood and home."

"He was perfectly conscious until within two minutes of his death Sunday morning," said Doctor Hancock, "and knew that the end was approaching. I never saw a man pluckier in facing it or in bearing pain. Nothing appeared to worry him at the last." There was no pain now and just before sunrise he said with a smile to those about him: "Turn up the lights; I don't want

to go home in the dark." He died as he had lived. His last words touched with new beauty and with new hope the refrain of a concert-hall song, the catchword of the street, the jest of the department store. He did not go home in the dark. The sunlight was upon his face when he passed and illumines still his name and fame.

After the funeral in the Little Church Around the Corner, a woman was seen to remain alone kneeling in prayer. She was one whom O. Henry had rescued from the undertow of the city and restored. "I have always believed," says a gifted writer, "that it was not by accident that a wreath of laurel lay at the head of his coffin and a wreath of lilies at his feet."

C. ALPHONSO SMITH.

MARCH 9

AN UNFINISHED STORY*

WE NO longer groan and heap ashè upon our heads when the flames of Tophet are mentioned. For, even the preachers have begun to tell us that God is radium, or ether, or some scientific compound, and that the worst we wicked ones may expect is a chemical reaction. This is a pleasing hypothesis; but there lingers yet some of the old, goodly terror of orthodoxy.

There are but two subjects upon which one may discourse with a free imagination, and without the possibility of being controverted. You may talk of your dreams; and you may tell what you heard a parrot say. Both Morpheus and the bird are incompetent witnesses; and your listener dare not attack your recital. The baseless fabric of a vision, then, shall furnish my theme—chosen with apologies and regrets instead of the more limited field of pretty Polly's small talk.

I had a dream that was so far removed from the higher criticism that it had to do with the ancient, respectable, and lamented bar-of-judgment theory.

Gabriel had played his trump; and those of us

*From "The Four Million."

who could not follow suit were arraigned for examination. I noticed at one side a gathering of professional bondsmen in solemn black and collars that buttoned behind; but it seemed there was some trouble about their real estate titles; and they did not appear to be getting any of us out.

A fly cop—an angel policeman—flew over to me and took me by the left wing. Near at hand was a group of very prosperous-looking spirits arraigned for judgment.

“Do you belong with that bunch?” the policeman asked.

“Who are they?” was my answer.

“Why,” said he, “they are——”

But this irrelevant stuff is taking up space that the story should occupy.

Dulcie worked in a department store. She sold Hamburg edging, or stuffed peppers, or automobiles, or other little trinkets such as they keep in department stores. Of what she earned, Dulcie received six dollars per week. The remainder was credited to her and debited to somebody else’s account in the ledger kept by G—— Oh, primal energy, you say, Reverend Doctor—Well then, in the Ledger of Primal Energy.

During her first year in the store, Dulcie was paid five dollars per week. It would be instructive to know how she lived on that amount. Don’t care? Very well; probably you are interested in larger amounts. Six dollars is a larger amount. I will tell you how she lived on six dollars per week.

One afternoon at six, when Dulcie was sticking her hat-pin within an eighth of an inch of her *medulla oblongata*, she said to her chum, Sadie—the girl that waits on you with her left side:

“Say, Sade, I made a date for dinner this evening with Piggy.”

“You never did!” exclaimed Sadie admiringly. “Well, ain’t you the lucky one? Piggy’s an awful swell; and he always takes a girl to swell places. He took Blanche up to the Hoffman House one evening, where they have swell music, and you see a lot of swells. You’ll have a swell time, Dulce.”

Dulcie hurried homeward. Her eyes were shining, and her cheeks showed the delicate pink of life’s—real life’s—approaching dawn. It was Friday; and she had fifty cents left of her last week’s wages.

The streets were filled with the rush-hour floods of people. The electric lights of Broadway were glowing—calling moths from miles, from leagues, from hundreds of leagues out of darkness around to come in and attend the singeing school. Men in accurate clothes, with faces like those carved on cherry stones by the old salts in sailors’ homes, turned and stared at Dulcie as she sped, unheeding, past them. Manhattan, the night-blooming cereus, was beginning to unfold its dead-white, heavy-odoured petals.

Dulcie stopped in a store where goods were cheap and bought an imitation lace collar with her fifty cents. That money was to have been spent

otherwise—fifteen cents for supper, ten cents for breakfast, ten cents for lunch. Another dime was to be added to her small store of savings; and five cents was to be squandered for liquorice drops—the kind that made your cheek look like the toothache, and last as long. The liquorice was an extravagance—almost a carouse—but what is life without pleasures?

Dulcie lived in a furnished room. There is this difference between a furnished room and a boarding house. In a furnished room, other people do not know it when you go hungry.

Dulcie went up to her room—the third floor back in a West Side brownstone-front. She lit the gas. Scientists tell us that the diamond is the hardest substance known. Their mistake. Landladies know of a compound beside which the diamond is as putty. They pack it in the tips of gas-burners; and one may stand on a chair and dig at in vain until one's fingers are pink and bruised. A hairpin will not remove it; therefore let us call it immovable.

So Dulcie lit the gas. In its one-fourth candle-power glow we will observe the room.

Couch-bed, dresser, table, washstand, chair—of this much the landlady was guilty. The rest was Dulcie's. On the dresser were her treasures—a gilt china vase presented to her by Sadie, a calendar issued by a pickle works, a book on the divination of dreams, some rice powder in a glass dish, and a cluster of artificial cherries tied with a pink ribbon.

Against the wrinkly mirror stood pictures of General Kitchener, William Muldoon, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Benvenuto Cellini. Against one wall was a plaster of Paris plaque of an O'Callahan in a Roman helmet. Near it was a violent oleograph of a lemon-coloured child assaulting an inflammatory butterfly. This was Dulcie's final judgment in art; but it had never been upset. Her rest had never been disturbed by whispers of stolen copes; no critic had elevated his eyebrows at her infantile entomologist.

Piggy was to call for her at seven. While she swiftly makes ready, let us discreetly face the other way and gossip.

For the room, Dulcie paid two dollars per week. On weekdays her breakfast cost ten cents; she made coffee and cooked an egg over the gaslight while she was dressing. On Sunday mornings she feasted royally on veal chops and pineapple fritters at "Billy's" restaurant, at a cost of twenty-five cents—and tipped the waitress ten cents. New York presents so many temptations for one to run into extravagance. She had her lunches in the department-store restaurant at a cost of sixty cents for the week; dinners were \$1.05. The evening papers—show me a New Yorker going without his daily paper!—came to six cents; and two Sunday papers—one for the personal column and the other to read—were ten cents. The total amounts to \$4.76. Now, one has to buy clothes, and——

I give it up. I hear of wonderful bargains in

fabrics, and of miracles performed with needle and thread; but I am in doubt. I hold my pen poised in vain when I would add to Dulcie's life some of those joys that belong to woman by virtue of all the unwritten, sacred, natural, inactive ordinances of the equity of Heaven. Twice she had been to Coney Island and had ridden the hobby horses. 'Tis a weary thing to count your pleasures by summers instead of by hours.

Piggy needs but a word. When the girls named him, an undeserving stigma was cast upon the noble family of swine. The words-of-three-letters lesson in the old blue spelling book begins with Piggy's biography. He was fat; he had the soul of a rat, the habits of a bat, and the magnanimity of a cat. . . . He wore expensive clothes; and was a connoisseur in starvation. He could look at a shop girl and tell you to an hour how long it had been since she had eaten anything more nourishing than marshmallows and tea. He hung about the shopping districts, and prowled around in department stores with his invitations to dinner. Men who escort dogs upon the streets at the end of a string look down upon him. He is a type; I can dwell upon him no longer; my pen is not the kind intended for him; I am no carpenter.

At ten minutes to seven Dulcie was ready. She looked at herself in the wrinkly mirror. The reflection was satisfactory. The dark blue dress, fitting without a wrinkle, the hat with its jaunty black feather, the but-slightly-soiled gloves—all

representing self-denial, even of food itself—were vastly becoming.

Dulcie forgot everything else for a moment except that she was beautiful, and that life was about to lift a corner of its mysterious veil for her to observe its wonders. No gentleman had ever asked her out before. Now she was going for a brief moment into the glitter and exalted show.

The girls said that Piggy was a “spender.” There would be a grand dinner, and music, and splendidly dressed ladies to look at, and things to eat that strangely twisted the girls’ jaws when they tried to tell about them. No doubt she would be asked out again.

There was a blue pongee suit in a window that she knew—by saving twenty cents a week instead of ten, in—let’s see—Oh, it would run into years! But there was a second-hand store in Seventh Avenue where——

Somebody knocked at the door. Dulcie opened it. The landlady stood there with a spurious smile, sniffing for cooking by stolen gas.

“A gentleman’s downstairs to see you,” she said. “Name is Mr. Wiggins.”

By such epithet was Piggy known to unfortunate ones who had to take him seriously.

Dulcie turned to the dresser to get her handkerchief; and then she stopped still, and bit her underlip hard. While looking in her mirror she had seen fairyland and herself, a princess, just awakened from a long slumber. She had forgotten one that was watching her with sad, beautiful, stern

eyes—the only one there was to approve or condemn what she did. Straight and slender and tall, with a look of sorrowful reproach on his handsome, melancholy face, General Kitchener fixed his wonderful eyes on her out of his gilt photograph frame on the dresser.

Dulcie turned like an automatic doll to the landlady.

“Tell him I can’t go,” she said dully. “Tell him I’m sick, or something. Tell him I’m not going out.”

After the door was closed and locked, Dulcie fell upon her bed, crushing her black tip, and cried for ten minutes. General Kitchener was her only friend. He was Dulcie’s ideal of a gallant knight. He looked as if he might have a secret sorrow, and his wonderful moustache was a dream, and she was a little afraid of that stern yet tender look in his eyes. She used to have little fancies that he would call at the house sometime, and ask for her, with his sword clanking against his high boots. Once, when a boy was rattling a piece of chain against a lamp-post she had opened the window and looked out. But there was no use. She knew that General Kitchener was away over in Japan, leading his army against the savage Turks; and he would never step out of his gilt frame for her. Yet one look from him had vanquished Piggy that night. Yes, for that night.

When her cry was over Dulcie got up and took off her best dress, and put on her old blue kimono. She wanted no dinner. She sang two verses of

"Sammy." Then she became intensely interested in a little red speck on the side of her nose. And after that was attended to, she drew up a chair to the rickety table, and told her fortune with an old deck of cards.

"The horrid, impudent thing!" she said aloud. "And I never gave him a word or a look to make him think it!"

At nine o'clock Dulcie took a tin box of crackers and a little pot of raspberry jam out of her trunk, and had a feast. She offered General Kitchener some jam on a cracker; but he only looked at her as the sphinx would have looked at a butterfly—if there are butterflies in the desert.

"Don't eat it if you don't want to," said Dulcie. "And don't put on so many airs and scold so with your eyes. I wonder if you'd be so superior and snippy if you had to live on six dollars a week."

It was not a good sign for Dulcie to be rude to General Kitchener. And then she turned Benvenuto Cellini face downward with a severe gesture. But that was not inexcusable; for she had always thought he was Henry VIII, and she did not approve of him.

At half-past nine Dulcie took a last look at the pictures on the dresser, turned out the light, and skipped into bed. It's an awful thing to go to bed with a good-night look at General Kitchener, William Muldoon, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Benvenuto Cellini.

This story really doesn't get anywhere at all. The rest of it comes later—sometime when Piggy

asks Dulcie again to dine with him, and she is feeling lonelier than usual, and General Kitchener happens to be looking the other way; and then——

As I said before, I dreamed that I was standing near a crowd of prosperous-looking angels, and a policeman took me by the wing and asked if I belonged with them.

“Who are they?” I asked.

“Why,” said he, “they are the men who hired working girls, and paid ’em five or six dollars a week to live on. Are you one of the bunch?”

“Not on your immortality,” said I. “I’m only the fellow that set fire to an orphan asylum, and murdered a blind man for his pennies.”

O. HENRY.

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI*

ONE dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one’s cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that

*From “The Four Million.”

life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses

had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honour of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier glass in an \$8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up, Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain, simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretri-

cious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

“If Jim doesn't kill me,” she said to herself, “before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh—what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?”

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the

table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, labori-

ously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labour.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshiped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: “My hair grows so fast, Jim!”

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, “Oh, oh!”

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

“Isn’t it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You’ll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it.”

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

O. HENRY.

MARCH 10

TASTE

AMIDST the frivolous pursuits and pernicious dissipations of the present age a respect for the qualities of the understanding still prevails to such a degree, that almost every individual pretends to have a taste for the Belles Lettres. The spruce apprentice sets up for a critic, and the puny beau piques himself upon being a connoisseur. Without assigning causes for this universal presumption, we shall proceed to observe, that if it was attended with no other convenience than that of exposing the pretender to the ridicule of those few who can sift his pretensions, it might be unnecessary to undeceive the public, or to endeavor at the reformation of innocent folly, productive of no evil to the commonwealth. But in reality this folly is productive of manifold evils to the community. If the reputation of taste can be acquired, without the least assistance of literature, by reading modern poems and seeing modern plays, what person will deny himself the pleasure of such an easy qualification? Hence the youth of both sexes are debauched to diversion, and seduced from much more profitable occupations into idle endeavors after literary fame;

and a superficial, false taste, founded on ignorance and conceit, takes possession of the public. The acquisition of learning, the study of nature, is neglected as superfluous labor; and the best faculties of the mind remain unexercised, and indeed unopened, by the power of thought and reflection. False taste will not only diffuse itself through all our amusements, but even influence our moral and political conduct; for what is false taste but want of perception to discern propriety and distinguish beauty?

It has often been alleged, that taste is a natural talent, as independent of art as strong eyes or a delicate sense of smelling; and, without all doubt, the principal ingredient in the composition of taste is a natural sensibility, without which it cannot exist: but it differs from the senses in this particular, that they are finished by nature, whereas taste cannot be brought to perfection without proper cultivation; for taste pretends to judge, not only of nature, but also of art; and that judgment is founded upon observation and comparison.

What Horace has said of genius is still more applicable to taste:

*Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite vendâ,
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium: alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicè.*

HORACE, *Ars Poet.*

'Tis long disputed, whether poets claim
From *art*, or *nature* their best right to fame.

But *art*, if not enriched by nature's vein,
And a rude *genius* of uncultured strain,
Are useless both; but when in friendship joined,
A mutual succour in each other find.

FRANCIS.

We have seen *genius* shine without the help of *art*, but *taste* must be cultivated by art before it will produce agreeable fruit. This, however, we must still inculcate with Quintilian, that study, precept, and observation will naught avail, without the assistance of nature:

Illud tamen imprimis testandum est, nihil præcepta atque artes valere, nisi adjuvante naturâ.

Yet even though nature has done her part, by implanting the seeds of taste, great pains must be taken, and great skill exerted, in raising them to a proper pitch of vegetation. The judicious tutor must gradually and tenderly unfold the mental faculties of the youth committed to his charge. He must cherish his delicate perception; store his mind with proper ideas; point out the different channels of observation; teach him to compare objects; to establish the limits of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood; to distinguish beauty from tinsel, and grace from affectation: in a word, to strengthen and improve by culture, experience, and instruction those natural powers of feeling and sagacity which constitute the faculty called taste, and enable the professor to enjoy the delights of the Belles Lettres.

We cannot agree in opinion with those who

imagine that nature has been equally favorable to all men, in conferring upon them a fundamental capacity, which may be improved to all the refinement of taste and criticism. Every day's experience convinces us of the contrary. Of two youths educated under the same preceptor, instructed with the same care, and cultivated with the same assiduity, one shall not only comprehend, but even anticipate, the lessons of his master, by dint of natural discernment, while the other toils in vain to imbibe the least tincture of instruction. Such, indeed, is the distinction between genius and stupidity, which every man has an opportunity of seeing among his friends and acquaintance. Not that we ought too hastily to decide upon the natural capacities of children, before we have maturely considered the peculiarity of disposition, and the bias by which genius may be strangely warped from the common path of education. A youth incapable of retaining one rule of grammar, or of acquiring the least knowledge of the classics, may nevertheless make great progress in mathematics—nay, he may have a strong genius for the mathematics, without being able to comprehend a demonstration of Euclid; because his mind conceives in a peculiar manner, and is so intent upon contemplating the object in one particular point of view, that it cannot perceive it in any other. We have known an instance of a boy who, while his master complained that he had not capacity to comprehend the properties of a right-angled triangle, had actually, in private, by the power

of his genius, formed a mathematical system of his own, discovered a series of curious theorems, and even applied his deductions to practical machines of surprising construction. Besides, in the education of youth we ought to remember, that some capacities are like the *pyra præcocia*,—they soon blow, and soon attain to all the degree of maturity which they are capable of acquiring; while, on the other hand, there are geniuses of slow growth, that are late in bursting the bud, and long in ripening. Yet the first shall yield a faint blossom and insipid fruit; whereas the produce of the other shall be distinguished and admired for its well-concocted juice and exquisite flavor. We have known a boy of five years of age surprise everybody by playing on the violin in such a manner as seemed to promise a prodigy in music. He had all the assistance that art could afford; by the age of ten his genius was at the ἀχυή; yet after that period, notwithstanding the most intense application, he never gave the least signs of improvement. At six he was admired as a miracle of music; at six-and-twenty he was neglected as an ordinary fiddler. The celebrated Dean Swift was a remarkable instance in the other extreme. He was long considered as an incorrigible dunce, and did not obtain his degree at the University but *ex speciali gratia*; yet when his powers began to unfold, he signalized himself by a very remarkable superiority of genius. When a youth therefore appears dull of apprehension, and seems to derive no advantage from study

and instruction, the tutor must exercise his sagacity in discovering whether the soil be absolutely barren, or sown with seed repugnant to its nature, or of such a quality as requires repeated culture and length of time to set its juices in fermentation. These observations, however, relate to capacity in general, which we ought carefully to distinguish from taste. Capacity implies the power of retaining what is received; taste is the power of relishing or rejecting whatever is offered for the entertainment of the imagination. A man may have capacity to acquire what is called learning and philosophy; but he must have also sensibility before he feels those emotions with which taste receives the impressions of beauty.

Natural taste is apt to be seduced and debauched by vicious precept and bad example.

There is a dangerous tinsel in false taste, by which the unwary mind and young imagination are often fascinated. Nothing has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing. Simplicity, in this acceptation, has a larger signification than either the *ἀπλόον* of the Greeks or the *simplex* of the Latins; for it implies beauty. It is the *ἀπλόον καὶ ἡδύν* of Demetrius Phalereus, the *simplex munditiis* of Horace, and expressed by one word, *naïveté*, in the French language. It is, in fact, no other than beautiful nature, without affectation or extraneous ornament. In statuary it is the Venus of Medicis; in architecture the Pantheon. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the instances

of this natural simplicity that occur in poetry and painting, among the ancients and moderns. We shall only mention two examples of it, the beauty of which consists in the pathetic.

Anaxagoras the philosopher, and preceptor of Pericles, being told that both his sons were dead, laid his head upon his heart, and, after a short pause, consoled himself with a reflection couched in three words, ἦδ' εἰν θνητοὺς γεγεννηχώς, "I knew they were mortal." The other instance we select from the tragedy of Macbeth. The gallant Macduff, being informed that his wife and children were murdered by order of the tyrant, pulls his hat over his eyes, and his internal agony bursts out into an exclamation of four words, the most expressive perhaps that ever were uttered: "He has no children." This is the energetic language of simple nature, which is now grown into disrepute. By the present mode of education we are forcibly warped from the bias of nature, and all simplicity in manners is rejected. We are taught to disguise and distort our sentiments, until the faculty of thinking is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquish and forget, but also become incapable of, our original dispositions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation. Our perception is abused, and even our senses are perverted. Our minds lose their native force and flavor. The imagination, sweated by artificial fire, produces nought but vapid bloom. The genius, instead of growing like a vigorous tree, extending its branches on

every side, and bearing delicious fruit, resembles a stunted yew, tortured into some wretched form, projecting no shade, displaying no flower, diffusing no fragrance, yielding no fruit, and affording nothing but a barren conceit for the amusement of the idle spectator.

Thus debauched from nature, how can we relish her genuine productions? As well might a man distinguish objects through a prism, that presents nothing but a variety of colors to the eye; or a maid pining in the green sickness prefer a biscuit to a cinder. It has been often alleged, that the passions can never be wholly deposited, and that by appealing to these a good writer will always be able to force himself into the hearts of his readers: but even the strongest passions are weakened—nay, sometimes totally extinguished—by mutual opposition, dissipation, and acquired insensibility. How often at the theater is the tear of sympathy and the burst of laughter repressed by a ridiculous species of pride, refusing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing society with the audience! This seeming insensibility is not owing to any original defect. Nature has stretched the string, though it has long ceased to vibrate. It may have been displaced and distracted by the violence of pride; it may have lost its tone through long disuse, or be so twisted or overstrained as to produce the most jarring discords.

If so little regard is paid to nature when she knocks so powerfully at the breast, she must be altogether neglected and despised in her calmer

mood of serene tranquility, when nothing appears to recommend her but simplicity, propriety, and innocence. A person must have delicate feelings that can taste the celebrated repartee in Terence:

"Homo sum; nihil humani a me alienum puto"—
"I am a man; therefore think I have an interest in everything that concerns humanity." A clear blue sky, spangled with stars, will prove an insipid object to eyes accustomed to the glare of torches and tapers, gilding and glitter; eyes that will turn with disgust from the green mantle of the spring, so gorgeously adorned with buds and foliage, flowers and blossoms, to contemplate a gaudy silken robe, striped and intersected with unfriendly tints, that fritter the masses of light, and distract the vision, pinked into the most fantastic forms, flounced, and furbelowed, and fringed with all the littleness of art unknown to elegance.

Those ears that are offended by the notes of the thrush, the blackbird, and the nightingale will be regaled and ravished by the squeaking fiddle, touched by a musician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers: they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches and the alarming knock by which the doors of fashionable people are so loudly distinguished. The sense of smelling that delights in the scent of excrementitious animal juices, such as musk, civet, and urinous salts, will loathe the fragrance of new-mown hay, the sweet-brier, the honeysuckle, and the rose. The organs that are gratified with the

taste of sickly veal bled into a palsy, crammed fowls, and dropsical brawn, peas without substance, peaches without taste, and pineapples without flavor, will certainly nauseate the native, genuine, and salutary taste of Welch beef, Banstead mutton, and barn-door fowls, whose juices are concocted by a natural digestion, and whose flesh is consolidated by free air and exercise. In such a total perversion of the senses the ideas must be misrepresented, the powers of the imagination disordered, and the judgment, of consequence, unsound. The disease is attended with a false appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not satisfy. It will prefer Ovid to Tibullus, and the rant of Lee to the tenderness of Otway. The soul sinks into a kind of sleepy idiotism, and is diverted by toys and baubles, which can only be pleasing to the most superficial curiosity. It is enlivened by a quick succession of trivial objects, that glisten and dance before the eye, and, like an infant, is kept awake and inspirited by the sound of a rattle. It must not only be dazzled and aroused, but also cheated, hurried, and perplexed, by the artifice of deception, business, intricacy, and intrigue—a kind of low juggle, which may be termed the legerdemain of genius.

In this state of depravity the mind cannot enjoy, nor indeed distinguish, the charms of natural and moral beauty and decorum. The ingenuous blush of native innocence, the plain language of ancient faith and sincerity, the cheerful resignation to the will of Heaven, the mutual

affection of the charities, the voluntary respect paid to superior dignity or station, the virtue of beneficence, extended even to the brute creation—nay, the very crimson glow of health, and swelling lines of beauty, are despised, detested, scorned, and ridiculed, as ignorance, rudeness, rusticity, and superstition. Thus we see how moral and natural beauty are connected, and of what importance it is, even to the formation of taste, that the manners should be severely superintended. This is a task which ought to take the lead of science: for we will venture to say, that virtue is the foundation of taste; or rather, that virtue and taste are built upon the same foundation of sensibility, and cannot be disjoined without offering violence to both. But virtue must be informed, and taste instructed; otherwise they will both remain imperfect and ineffectual:

*Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis;
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus et hospes;
Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium, quæ
Partes in bellum missi ducis; ille profecto
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.*

HORACE.

The critic who with nice discernment knows
What to his country and his friends he owes;
How various nature warms the human breast,
To love the parent, brother, friend, or guest;
What the great functions of our judges are,
Of senators, and generals sent to war;
He can distinguish, with unerring art,
The strokes peculiar to each different part.

FRANCIS.

Thus we see taste is composed of nature improved by art, of feeling tutored by instruction.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain;

Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.

And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks re-
prove.

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like
these,

With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence
shed:

These were thy charms—but all these charms are
fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made: ;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful
scene,

Lived in each nook, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn
grew,

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and GOD has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
Nor surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.

There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering
wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.

All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden
smiled,

And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his
place;

Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields
were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to
glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway.
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
storm,

Enough round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue
still;

While words of learned strength and thundering
sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high.
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts in-
spired,

Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks pro-
found,

And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:

The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted
ore,

And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their
growth;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green:
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land adorned for pleasure all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,

Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are
frail,

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed:
In Nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band,
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow creature's woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.

The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign
Here richly deck'd admits the gorgeous train:
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine
eyes

Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn—thine, the loveliest
train—

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;

Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance
 crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around,
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake,
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

 Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that part-
 ing day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their
 last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain:
Teach him, that states of native strength possess,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

MARCH 11

JAN, THE UNREPENTANT

"For there's never a law of God or man
Runs north of Fifty-three."

JAN rolled over, clawing and kicking. He was fighting hand and foot now, and he fought grimly, silently. Two of the three men who hung upon him shouted directions to each other, and strove to curb the short, hairy devil who would not curb. The third man howled. His finger was between Jan's teeth.

"Quit yer tantrums, Jan, an' ease up!" panted Red Bill, getting a strangle-hold on Jan's neck. "Why on earth can't yeh hang decent and peaceable?"

But Jan kept his grip on the third man's finger, and squirmed over the floor of the tent, into the pots and pans.

"Youah no gentleman, suh," reproved Mr. Taylor, his body following his finger, and endeavoring to accommodate itself to every jerk of Jan's head. "You hev killed Mistah Gordon, as brave and honorable a gentleman as ever hit the trail aftah the dogs. Youah a murderah, suh, and without honah."

"An' yer no comrade," broke in Red Bill. "If

you was, you'd hang 'thout rampin' around an' roarin'. Come on, Jan, there's a good fellow. Don't give us no more trouble. Jes' quit, an' we'll hang yeh neat and handy, an' be done with it."

"Steady, all!" Lawson, the sailorman, bawled. "Jam his head into the bean pot and batten down."

"But my fingah, suh," Mr. Taylor protested.

"Leggo with y'r finger, then! Always in the way!"

"But I can't, Mistah Lawson. It's in the critter's gullet, and nigh chewed off as 'tis."

"Stand by for stays!" As Lawson gave the warning, Jan half lifted himself, and the struggling quartet floundered across the tent into a muddle of furs and blankets. In its passage it cleared the body of a man, who lay motionless, bleeding from a bullet wound in the neck.

All this was because of the madness which had come upon Jan—the madness which comes upon a man who has stripped off the raw skin of earth and groveled long in primal nakedness, and before whose eyes rise the fat vales of the homeland, and into whose nostrils steals the whiff of hay, and grass, and flower, and new-turned soil. Through five frigid years Jan had sown the seed. Stuart River, Forty Mile, Circle City, Koyokuk, Kotzebue, had marked his bleak and strenuous agriculture, and now it was Nome that bore the harvest—not the Nome of golden beaches and ruby sands, but the Nome of '97 before Anvil City was located, or Eldorado District organized. John

Gordon was a Yankee, and should have known better. But he passed the sharp word at a time when Jan's bloodshot eyes blazed and his teeth gritted in torment. And because of this, there was a smell of saltpeter in the tent, and one lay quietly, while the other fought like a cornered rat, and refused to hang in the decent and peaceable manner suggested by his comrades.

"If you will allow me, Mistah Lawson, befoah we go further in this rumpus, I would say it wah a good idea to pry this hyer varmint's teeth apart. Neither will he bite off, nor will he let go. He has the wisdom of the sarpint, suh, the wisdom of the sarpint."

"Lemme get the hatchet to him!" vociferated the sailor. "Lemme get the hatchet!" He shoved the steel edge close to Mr. Taylor's finger and used the man's teeth as a fulcrum. Jan held on and breathed through his nose, snorting like a grampus. "Steady, all! Now she takes it!"

"Thank you, suh; it is a powerful relief." And Mr. Taylor proceeded to gather into his arms the victim's wildly waving legs.

But Jan upreared in his Berserker rage; bleeding, frothing, cursing, five frozen years thawing into sudden hell. They swayed backward and forward, panted, sweated, like some cyclopean, many-legged monster rising from the lower deeps. The slush-lamp went over, drowned in its own fat, while the midday twilight scarce percolated through the dirty canvas of the tent.

"For the love of Gawd, Jan, get yer senses

back!" pleaded Red Bill. "We ain't goin' to hurt yeh, 'r kill yeh, 'r anythin' of that sort. Jes' want to hang yeh, that's all, an' you a-messin' round an' rampagin' somethin' terrible. To think of travelin' trail together an' then bein' treated this-a way. Wouldn't 'bleeved it of yeh, Jan!"

"He's got too much steerage-way. Grab holt his legs, Taylor, and heave 'm over!"

"Yes, suh, Mistah Lawson. Do you press youah weight above, after I give the word." The Kentuckian groped about him in the murky darkness. "Now, suh, now is the accepted time!"

There was a great surge, and a quarter of a ton of human flesh tottered and crashed to its fall against the side-wall. Pegs drew and guy-ropes parted, and the tent, collapsing, wrapped the battle in its greasy folds.

"Yer only makin' it harder fer yerself," Red Bill continued, at the same time driving both his thumbs into a hairy throat, the possessor of which he had pinned down. "You've made nuisance enough a'ready, an' it'll take half the day to get things straightened when we've strung yeh up."

"I'll thank you to leave go, suh," spluttered Mr. Taylor.

Red Bill grunted and loosed his grip, and the twain crawled out into the open. At the same instant Jan kicked clear of the sailor, and took to his heels across the snow.

"Hi! you lazy devils! Buck! Bright! Sic'm! Pull 'm down!" sang out Lawson, lunging through the snow after the fleeing man. Buck and

Bright, followed by the rest of the dogs, outstriped him and rapidly overhauled the murderer.

There was no reason that these men should do this; no reason for Jan to run away; no reason for them to attempt to prevent him. On the one hand stretched the barren snow-land; on the other the frozen sea. With neither food nor shelter, he could not run far. All they had to do was to wait till he wandered back to the tent, as he inevitably must, when the frost and hunger laid hold of him. But these men did not stop to think. There was a certain taint of madness running in the veins of all of them. Besides, blood had been spilled, and upon them was the blood-lust, thick and hot.

"Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, and He saith it in temperate climes where the warm sun steals away the energies of men. But in the Northland they have discovered that prayer is only efficacious when backed by muscle, and they are accustomed to doing things for themselves. God is everywhere, they have heard, but He flings a shadow over the land for half the year that they may not find Him; so they grope in darkness, and it is not to be wondered that they often doubt, and deem the Decalogue out of gear.

Jan ran blindly, reckoning not of the way of his feet, for he was mastered by the verb "to live." *To live! To exist!* Buck flashed gray through the air, but missed. The man struck madly at him, and stumbled. Then the white teeth of Bright closed on his mackinaw jacket, and he pitched into the snow. *To live! To exist!* He

fought wildly as ever, the center of a tossing heap of men and dogs. His left hand gripped a wolf-dog by the scruff of the back, while the arm was passed around the neck of Lawson. Every struggle of the dog helped to throttle the hapless sailor. Jan's right hand was buried deep in the curling tendrils of Red Bill's shaggy head, and beneath all, Mr. Taylor lay pinned and helpless. It was a deadlock, for the strength of his madness was prodigious; but suddenly, without apparent reason, Jan loosed his various grips and rolled over quietly on his back. His adversaries drew away a little, dubious and disconcerted. Jan grinned viciously.

"Mine friends," he said, still grinning, "you haf asked me to be politeful, und now I am politeful. Vot piziness vood you do mit me?"

"That's right, Jan. Be ca'm," soothed Red Bill. "I knowed you'd come to yer senses afore long. Jes' be ca'm now, an' we'll do the trick with neatness and despatch."

"Vot piziness? Vot trick?"

"The hangin'. An' yeh oughter thank yer lucky stars for havin' a man what knows his business. I've did it afore now, more'n once, down in the States, an' I can do it to a T."

"Hang who? Me?"

"Yep."

"Ha! ha! Shust hear der man speak foolishness! Gif me a hand, Bill, und I vill get up und be hung." He crawled stiffly to his feet and looked about him. "Herr Gott! listen to der man! He

wood hang me! Ho! ho! ho! I tank not! Yes, I tank not!"

"And I tank yes, you swab," Lawson spok up mockingly, at the same time cutting a sled-lashing and coiling it up with ominous care. "Judge Lynch holds court this day."

"Von liddle while." Jan stepped back from the proffered noose. "I haf somedings to ask und to make der great proposition. Kentucky, you know about der Shudge Lynch?"

"Yes, suh. It is an institution of free men and of gentlemen, and it is an ole one and time honored. Corruption may wear the robe of magistracy, suh, but Judge Lynch can always be relied upon to give justice without court fees. I repeat, suh, without court fees. Law may be bought and sold, but in this enlightened land justice is free as the air we breathe, strong as the licker we drink, prompt as——"

"Cut it short! Find out what the beggar wants," interrupted Lawson, spoiling the peroration.

"Vell, Kentucky, tell me dis: von man kill von odder man, Shudge Lynch hang dot man?"

"If the evidence is strong enough—yes, suh."

"An' the evidence in this here case is strong enough to hang a dozen men, Jan," broke in Red Bill.

"Never you mind, Bill. I talk mit you next. Now von anodder ding I ask Kentucky. If Shudge Lynch hang not der man, vot den?"

"If Judge Lynch does not hang the man, then

the man goes free, and his hands are washed clean of blood. And further, suh, our great and glorious constitution has said, to wit: that no man may twice be placed in jeopardy of his life for one and the same crime, or words to that effect."

"Unt dey can't shoot him, or hit him mit a club over der head alongside, or do nodings more mit him?"

"No, suh."

"Goot! You hear vot Kentucky speaks, all you noodleheads? Now I talk mit Bill. You know der piziness, Bill, und you hang me up brown, eh? Vot you say?"

"Betcher life, an', Jan, if yeh don't give no more trouble, ye'll be almighty proud of the job. I'm a connesoor."

"You haf der great head, Bill, and know somedings or two. Und you know two und one makes tree—ain't it?"

Bill nodded.

"Und when you haf two dings, you haf not tree dings—ain't it? Now you follow mit me close und I show you. It takes tree dings to hang. First ding you haf to haf der man. Goot! I am der man. Second ding, you haf to haf der rope. Lawson haf der rope. Goot! Und tird ding, you haf to haf someding to tie der rope to. Sling your eyes over der landscape und find der tird ding to tie der rope to? Eh? Vot you say?"

Mechanically they swept the ice and snow with their eyes. It was a homogeneous scene, devoid of contrasts or bold contours, dreary, desolate,

and monotonous—the ice-packed sea, the slow slope of the beach, the background of low-lying hills, and over all thrown the endless mantle of snow.

“No trees, no bluffs, no cabins, no telegraph poles, nothin’,” moaned Red Bill; “nothin’ respectable enough nor big enough to swing the toes of a five-foot man clear o’ the ground. I give it up.” He looked yearningly at that portion of Jan’s anatomy which joins the head and shoulders. “Give it up,” he repeated sadly to Lawson. “Throw the rope down. Gawd never intended this here country for livin’ purposes, an’ that’s a cold frozen fact.”

Jan grinned triumphantly. “I tank I go mit der tent und haf a smoke.”

“Ostensible y’r correct, Bill, me son,” spoke up Lawson; “but y’r a dummy, and you can lay to that for another cold frozen fact. Takes a sea farmer to learn you landsmen things. Ever hear of a pair of shears? Then clap y’r eyes to this.”

The sailor worked rapidly. From the pile of dunnage where they had pulled up the boat the preceding fall, he unearthed a pair of long oars. These he lashed together, at nearly right angles, close to the ends of the blades. Where the handles rested he kicked holes through the snow to the sand. At the point of intersection he attached two guy-ropes, making the end of one fast to a cake of beach-ice. The other guy he passed over to Red Bill. “Here, me son, lay holt o’ that and run it out.”

And to his horror, Jan saw his gallows rise in the air. "No! no!" he cried, recoiling and putting up his fists. "It is not goot! I vill not hang! Come, you noodleheads! I vill lick you, all together, von after der odder! I vill blay hell! I vill do eferydings! Und I vill die pefore I hang!"

The sailor permitted the two other men to clinch with the mad creature. They rolled and tossed about furiously, tearing up snow and tundra, their fierce struggle writing a tragedy of human passion on the white sheet spread by nature. And ever and anon a hand or foot of Jan emerged from the tangle, to be gripped by Lawson and lashed fast with rope yarns. Pawing, clawing, blaspheming, he was conquered and bound, inch by inch, and drawn to where the inexorable shears lay like a pair of gigantic dividers on the snow. Red Bill adjusted the noose, placing the hangman's knot properly under the left ear. Mr. Taylor and Lawson tailed on to the running-guy, ready at the word to elevate the gallows. Bill lingered, contemplating his work with artistic appreciation.

"Herr Gott! Vood you look at it!"

The horror in Jan's voice caused the rest to desist. The fallen tent had uprisen, and in the gathering twilight it flapped ghostly arms about and titubated toward them drunkenly. But the next instant John Gordon found the opening and crawled forth.

"What the flaming——!" For the moment his voice died away in his throat as his eyes took in

the tableau. "Hold on! I'm not dead!" he cried out, coming up to the group with stormy countenance.

"Allow me, Mistah Gordon, to congratulate you upon youah escape," Mr. Taylor ventured. "A close shave, suh, a powahful close shave."

"Congratulate hell! I might have been dead and rotten and no thanks to you, you——!" And thereat John Gordon delivered himself of a vigorous flood of English, terse, intensive, denunciative, and composed solely of expletives and adjectives.

"Simply creased me," he went on when he had eased himself sufficiently. "Ever crease cattle, Taylor?"

"Yes, suh, many a time down in God's country."

"Just so. That's what happened to me. Bullet just grazed the base of my skull at the top of the neck. Stunned me but no harm done." He turned to the bound man. "Get up, Jan. I'm going to lick you to a standstill or you're going to apologize. The rest of you lads stand clear."

"I tank not. Shust tie me loose und you see," replied Jan, the Unrepentant, the devil within him still unconquered. "Und after as I lick you, I take der rest of der noddleheads, von after der odder, altogedder!"

JACK LONDON.

MARCH 12

(*Stewart Edward White, born March 12, 1873*)

THE RIVERMAN*

I FIRST met him on Fourth of July afternoon in the middle 'eighties. The sawdust streets and high board sidewalks of the lumber town were filled to the brim with people. The permanent population, dressed in the stiffness of its Sunday best, escorted gingham wives or sweethearts; a dozen outsiders like myself tried not to be too conspicuous in a city smartness; but the great multitude was composed of the men of the woods. I sat, chair-tilted by the hotel, watching them pass. Their heavy woolen shirts crossed by the broad suspenders, the red of their sashes or leather shine of their belts, their short kersey trousers "staggered" off to leave a gap between the knee and the heavily spiked "cork boots"—all these were distinctive enough of their class, but most interesting to me were the eyes that peered from beneath their little round hats tilted rakishly askew. They were all subtly alike, those eyes. Some were black, some were brown, or gray, or blue, but all were steady and unabashed, all

*From "Blazed Trail Stories," by permission of the author.

looked straight at you with a strange humorous blending of aggression and respect for your own business, and all without exception wrinkled at the corners with a suggestion of dry humor. In my half-conscious scrutiny I probably stared harder than I knew, for all at once a laughing pair of the blue eyes suddenly met mine full, and an ironical voice drawled,

"Say, bub, you look as interested as a man killing snakes. Am I your long-lost friend?"

The tone of the voice matched accurately the attitude of the man, and that was quite non-committal. He stood cheerfully ready to meet the emergency. If I sought trouble, it was here to my hand; or if I needed help he was willing to offer it.

"I guess you are," I replied, "if you can tell me what all this outfit's headed for."

He thrust back his hat and ran his hand through a mop of closely cropped light curls.

"Birling match," he explained briefly. "Come on."

I joined him, and together we followed the crowd to the river, where we roosted like cormorants on adjacent piles overlooking a patch of clear water among the filled booms.

"Drive's just over," my new friend informed me. "Rear come down last night. Fourther July celebration. This little town will scratch fer the tall timber along about midnight when the boys goes in to take her apart."

A half-dozen men with peavies rolled a white-

pine log of about a foot and a half diameter into the clear water, where it lay rocking back and forth, three or four feet from the boom piles. Suddenly a man ran the length of the boom, leaped easily into the air, and landed with both feet square on one end of the floating log. That end disappeared in an ankle-deep swirl of white foam, the other rose suddenly, the whole timber, projected forward by the shock, drove headlong to the middle of the little pond. And the man, his arms folded, his knees just bent in the graceful nervous attitude of the circus-rider, stood upright like a statue of bronze.

A roar approved this feat.

"That's Dickey Darrell," said my informant, "Roaring Dick. He's hell *and* repeat. Watch him."

The man on the log was small, with clean beautiful haunches and shoulders, but with hanging baboon arms. Perhaps his most striking feature was a mop of reddish-brown hair that overshadowed a little triangular white face accented by two reddish-brown quadrilaterals that served as eyebrows and a pair of inscrutable chipmunk eyes.

For a moment he poised erect in the great calm of the public performer. Then slowly he began to revolve the log under his feet. The lofty gaze, the folded arms, the straight supple waist budged not by a hair's breadth; only the feet stepped forward, at first deliberately, then faster and faster, until the rolling log threw a blue spray a foot

into the air. Then suddenly *slap! slap!* the heavy caulks stamped a reversal. The log came instantaneously to rest, quivering exactly like some animal that had been spurred through its paces.

"Magnificent!" I cried.

"Hell, that's nothing!" my companion repressed me, "anybody can birl a log. Watch this."

Roaring Dick for the first time unfolded his arms. With some appearance of caution he balanced his unstable footing into absolute immobility. Then he turned a somersault.

This was the real thing. My friend uttered a wild yell of applause which was lost in a general roar.

A long pike-pole shot out, bit the end of the timber, and towed it to the boom pile. Another man stepped on the log with Darrell. They stood facing each other, bent-kneed, alert. Suddenly with one accord they commenced to birl the log from left to right. The pace grew hot. Like squirrels treading a cage their feet twinkled. Then it became apparent that Darrell's opponent was gradually being forced from the top of the log. He could not keep up. Little by little, still moving desperately, he dropped back to the slant, then at last to the edge, and so off into the river with a mighty splash.

"Clean birlled!" commented my friend.

One after another a half-dozen rivermen tackled the imperturbable Dick, but none of them

possessed the agility to stay on top in the pace he set them. One boy of eighteen seemed for a moment to hold his own, and managed at least to keep out of the water even when Darrell had apparently reached his maximum speed. But that expert merely threw his entire weight into two reversing stamps of his feet, and the young fellow dove forward as abruptly as though he had been shied over a horse's head.

The crowd was now getting uproarious and impatient of volunteer effort to humble Darrell's challenge. It wanted the best, and at once. It began, with increasing insistence, to shout a name.

"Jimmy Powers!" it vociferated, "Jimmy Powers."

And then by shamefaced bashfulness, by profane protest, by muttered and comprehensive curses I knew that my companion on the other pile was indicated.

A dozen men near at hand began to shout. "Here he is!" they cried. "Come on, Jimmy." "Don't be a high banker." "Hang his hide on the fence."

Jimmy, still red and swearing, suffered himself to be pulled from his elevation and disappeared in the throng. A moment later I caught his head and shoulders pushing toward the boom piles, and so in a moment he stepped warily aboard to face his antagonist.

This was evidently no question to be determined by the simplicity of force or the simplicity

of a child's trick. The two men stood half-crouched, face to face, watching each other narrowly, but making no move. To me they seemed like two wrestlers sparring for an opening. Slowly the log revolved one way; then slowly the other. It was a mere courtesy of salute. All at once Dick birlled three rapid strokes from left to right as though about to roll the log, leaped into the air and landed square with both feet on the other slant of the timber. Jimmy Powers felt the jar, and acknowledged it by the spasmodic jerk with which he counterbalanced Darrell's weight. But he was not thrown.

As though this daring and hazardous maneuver had opened the combat, both men sprang to life. Sometimes the log rolled one way, sometimes the other, sometimes it jerked from side to side like a crazy thing, but always with the rapidity of light, always in a smother of spray and foam. The decided *spat, spat, spat* of the reversing blows from the caulked boots sounded like picket firing. I could not make out the different leads, feints, parries, and counters of this strange method of boxing, nor could I distinguish to whose initiative the various evolutions of that log could be described. But I retain still a vivid mental picture of two men nearly motionless above the waist, nearly vibrant below it, dominating the insane gyrations of a stick of pine.

The crowd was appreciative and partisan—for Jimmy Powers. It howled wildly, and rose thereby to ever higher excitement. Then it for-

got its manners utterly and groaned when it made out that a sudden splash represented its favorite, while the indomitable Darrell still trod the quarter-deck as champion birler for the year.

I must confess I was as sorry as anybody. I climbed down from my cormorant roost, and picked my way between the alleys of aromatic piled lumber in order to avoid the press, and cursed the little gods heartily for undue partiality in the wrong direction. In this manner I happened on Jimmy Powers himself seated dripping on a board and examining his bared foot.

"I'm sorry," said I behind him. "How did he do it?"

He whirled, and I could see that his laughing boyish face had become suddenly grim and stern, and that his eyes were shot with blood.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he growled disparagingly. "Well, that's how he did it."

He held out his foot. Across the instep and at the base of the toes ran two rows of tiny round punctures from which the blood was oozing. I looked very inquiring.

"He corked me!" Jimmy Powers explained. "Jammed his spikes into me! Stepped on my foot and tripped me, the——" Jimmy Powers certainly could swear.

"Why didn't you make a kick?" I cried.

"That ain't how I do it," he muttered, pulling on his heavy woolen sock.

"But no," I insisted, my indignation mounting. "It's an outrage! That crowd was with

you. All you had to do was to *say* something——”

He cut me short. “And give myself away as a damn fool—sure Mike. I ought to know Dickey Darrell by this time, and I ought to be big enough to take care of myself.” He stamped his foot into his driver’s shoe and took me by the arm, his good humor apparently restored. “No, don’t you lose any hair, bub; I’ll get even with Roaring Dick.”

That night, having by the advice of the proprietor moved my bureau and trunk against the bedroom door, I lay wide awake listening to the taking of the town apart. At each especially vicious crash I wonder if that might be Jimmy Powers getting even with Roaring Dick.

The following year, but earlier in the season, I again visited my little lumber town. In striking contrast to the life of that other midsummer day were the deserted streets. The landlord knew me, and after I had washed and eaten approached me with a suggestion.

“You got all day in front of you,” said he; “why don’t you take a horse and buggy and make a visit to the big jam? Everybody’s up there more or less.”

In response to my inquiry, he replied,

“They’ve jammed at the upper bend, jammed bad. The crew’s been picking at her for near a week now, and last night Darrell was down to see about some more dynamite. It’s worth seein’. The breast of her is near thirty foot high, and lots of water in the river.”

"Darrell?" said I, catching at the name.

"Yes. He's rear boss this year. Do you think you'd like to take a look at her?"

"I think I should," I assented.

The horse and I jogged slowly along a deep sand road, through wastes of pine stumps and belts of hardwood beautiful with the early spring, until finally we arrived at a clearing in which stood two huge tents, a mammoth kettle slung over a fire of logs, and drying racks about the timbers of another fire. A fat cook in the inevitable battered derby hat, two bare-armed cookees, and a chore "boy" of seventy-odd summers were the only human beings in sight. One of the cookees agreed to keep an eye on my horse. I picked my way down a well-worn trail toward the regular *clank, clank, click* of the peavies.

I emerged finally to a plateau elevated some fifty or sixty feet above the river. A half-dozen spectators were already gathered. Among them I could not but notice a tall, spare, broad-shouldered young fellow dressed in a quiet business suit, somewhat wrinkled, whose square, strong, clean-cut face and muscular hands were tanned by the weather to a dark umber-brown. In another moment I looked down on the jam.

The breast, as my landlord had told me, rose sheer from the water to the height of at least twenty-five feet, bristling and formidable. Back of it pressed the volume of logs packed closely in an apparently inextricable tangle as far as the

eye could reach. A man near informed me that the tail was a good three miles up stream. From beneath this wonderful *chevaux de frise* foamed the current of the river, irresistible to any force less mighty than the statics of such a mass.

A crew of forty or fifty men were at work. They clamped their peavies to the reluctant timbers, heaved, pushed, slid, and rolled them one by one into the current, where they were caught and borne away. They had been doing this for a week. As yet their efforts had made but slight impression on the bulk of the jam, but some time, with patience, they would reach the key-logs. Then the tangle would melt like sugar in the freshet, and these imperturbable workers would have to escape suddenly over the plunging logs to shore.

My eye ranged over the men, and finally rested on Dickey Darrell. He was standing on the slanting end of an upheaved log dominating the scene. His little triangular face with the accents of the quadrilateral eyebrows was pale with the blaze of his energy, and his chipmunk eyes seemed to flame with a dynamic vehemence that caused those on whom their glance fell to jump as though they had been touched with a hot poker. I had heard more of Dickey Darrell since my last visit, and was glad of the chance to observe Morrison & Daly's best "driver" at work.

The jam seemed on the very edge of breaking. After half an hour's strained expectation

it seemed still on the very edge of breaking. So I sat down on a stump. Then for the first time I noticed another acquaintance, handling his peavie near the very person of the rear boss.

"Hullo," said I to myself, "that's funny. I wonder if Jimmy Powers got even; and if so, why he is working so amicably and so near Roaring Dick."

At noon the men came ashore for dinner. I paid a quarter into the cook's private exchequer and so was fed. After the meal I approached my acquaintance of the year before.

"Hello, Powers," I greeted him, "I suppose you don't remember me?"

"Sure," he responded heartily. "Ain't you a little early this year?"

"No," I disclaimed, "this is a better sight than a birling match."

I offered him a cigar, which he immediately substituted for his corn-cob pipe. We sat at the root of a tree.

"It'll be a great sight when that jam pulls," said I.

"You bet," he replied, "but she's a teaser. Even old Tim Shearer would have a picnic to make out just where the key-logs are. We've started her three times, but she's plugged tight every trip. Likely to pull almost any time."

We discussed various topics. Finally I ventured:

"I see your old friend Darrell is rear boss."

"Yes," said Jimmy Powers dryly.

"By the way, did you fellows ever square up on that birling match?"

"No," said Jimmy Powers; then after an instant, "Not yet."

I glanced at him to recognize the square set to the jaw that had impressed me so formidably the year before. And again his face relaxed almost quizzically as he caught sight of mine.

"Bub," said he, getting to his feet, "those little marks are on my foot yet. And just you tie into one idea: Dickey Darrell's got it coming." His face darkened with a swift anger. "God damn his soul!" he said, deliberately. It was no mere profanity. It was an imprecation, and in its very deliberation I glimpsed the flare of an undying hate.

About three o'clock that afternoon Jimmy's prediction was fulfilled. Without the slightest warning the jam "pulled." Usually certain premonitory *cracks*, certain sinkings down, groanings forward, grumblings, shruggings, and sullen, reluctant shiftings of the logs give opportunity for the men to assure their safety. This jam, after inexplicably hanging fire for a week, as inexplicably started like a sprinter almost into its full gait. The first few tiers toppled smash into the current, raising a waterspout like that made by a dynamite explosion; the mass behind plunged forward blindly, rising and falling as the integral logs were up-ended, turned over, thrust one side, or forced bodily into the air by the mighty power playing jackstraws with them.

The rivermen, though caught unaware, reached either bank. They held their peavies across their bodies as balancing poles, and zig-zagged ashore with a calmness and lack of haste that were in reality only an indication of the keenness with which they fore-estimated each chance. Long experience with the ways of saw-logs brought them out. They knew the correlation of these many forces just as the expert billiard-player knows instinctively the various angles of incident and reflection between his cue ball and its mark. Consequently they avoided the centers of eruption, paused on the spots steadied for the moment, dodged moving logs, trod those not yet under way, and so arrived on solid ground. The jam itself started with every indication of meaning business, gained momentum for a hundred feet, and then plugged to a standstill. The "break" was abortive.

Now we all had leisure to notice two things. First, the movement had not been of the whole jam, as we had at first supposed, but only of a block or section of it twenty rods or so in extent. Thus between the part that had moved and the greater bulk that had not stirred lay a hundred feet of open water in which floated a number of loose logs. The second fact was, that Dickey Darrell had fallen into that open stretch of water and was in the act of swimming toward one of the floating logs. That much we were given just time to appreciate thoroughly. Then the other section of the jam rumbled and began to

break. Roaring Dick was caught between two gigantic millstones moving to crush him out of sight.

An active figure darted down the tail of the first section, out over the floating logs, seized Darrell by the coat collar, and so burdened began desperately to scale the very face of the breaking jam.

Never was a more magnificent rescue. The logs were rolling, falling, diving against the laden man. He climbed as over a treadmill, a treadmill whose speed was constantly increasing. And when he finally gained the top, it was as the gap closed splintering beneath him and the man he had saved.

It is not in the woodsman to be demonstrative at any time, but here was work demanding attention. Without a pause for breath or congratulation they turned to the necessity of the moment. The jam, the whole jam, was moving at last. Jimmy Powers ran ashore for his peavie. Roaring Dick, like a demon incarnate, threw himself into the work. Forty men attacked the jam at a dozen places, encouraging the movement, twisting aside the timbers that threatened to lock anew, directing pigmy-like the titanic forces into the channel of their efficiency. Roaring like wild cattle the logs swept by, at first slowly, then with the railroad rush of the curbed freshet. Men were everywhere, taking chances, like cowboys before the stampeded herd. And so, out of sight around the lower bend, swept the

front of the jam in a swirl of glory, the rivermen riding the great boom back of the creature they subdued, until at last, with the slackening current, the logs floated by free, cannoning with hollow sound one against the other. A half-dozen watchers, leaning statuesquely on the shafts of their peavies, watched the ordered ranks pass by.

One by one the spectators departed. At last only myself and the brown-faced young man remained. He sat on a stump, staring with sightless eyes into vacancy. I did not disturb his thoughts.

The sun dipped. A cool breeze of evening sucked up the river. Over near the cook-camp a big fire commenced to crackle by the drying frames. At dusk the rivermen straggled in from the down-river trail.

The brown-faced young man arose and went to meet them. I saw him return in close conversation with Jimmy Powers. Before they reached us he had turned away with a gesture of farewell.

Jimmy Powers stood looking after him long after his form had disappeared, and indeed even after the sound of his wheels had died toward town. As I approached, the riverman turned to me a face from which the reckless, contained self-reliance of the woods-worker had faded. It was wide-eyed with an almost awe-stricken wonder and adoration.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked me in

a hushed voice. "That's Thorpe, Harry Thorpe. And do you know what he said to me just now, *me*? He told me he wanted me to work in Camp One next winter, Thorpe's One. And he told me I was the first man he ever hired straight into One."

His breath caught with something like a sob.

I had heard of the man and of his methods. I knew he had made it a practice of recruiting for his prize camp only from the employees of his other camps, that, as Jimmy said, he never "hired straight into One." I had heard, too, of his reputation among his own and other woodsmen. But this was the first time I had ever come into personal contact with his influence. It impressed me the more in that I had come to know Jimmy Powers and his kind.

"You deserve it, every bit," said I. "I'm not going to call you a hero, because that would make you tired. What you did this afternoon showed nerve. It was a brave act. But it was a better act because you rescued your enemy, because you forgot everything but your common humanity when danger——"

I broke off. Jimmy was again looking at me with his ironically quizzical grin.

"Bub," said he, "if you're going to hang any stars of Bethlehem on my Christmas tree, just call a halt right here. I didn't rescue that scallawag because I had any Christian sentiments, nary bit. I was just naturally savin' him for the birling match next Fourther July."

STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

MARCH 13

THE LIFT*

I SUPPOSE I can trust you," said Phyllis anxiously, "with this lift."

"A man who can be trusted with you," I answered, proudly, "can be trusted with anything. And the lift, at least, does what it is told. So." I pressed the button and we descended.

We had been dancing at Boom's, a small and (so I am always told) select dancing club, Phyllis, Jean Renton, Mr. Gordon Smith, and I; also Stephen Trout and Lettice Trout, his sister, a good woman, but one who craves excitement, and fondly hopes to find it by inducing her brother to take her to the more respectable night clubs.

Boom's is extremely respectable; the only thing to be said against it is that it consistently breaks the law concerned with the consumption of alcoholic refreshment. And so jealous of its reputation is Boom's that the club has taken special precautions to prevent the entry of His Majesty's police.

This lift is one of the precautions. Except

*From "The Old Flame," by permission of the author.

for the fire escape, the lift is the only avenue of approach to Boom's, which is on the top floor of a high building in Shaftesbury Avenue. There are no stairs. The lift is very small, holding two comfortably, or three at a pinch. It is worked by the members. But at the lower end of the shaft, on the fifth floor, stands the club commissioner, with instructions to admit almost anybody, but not the police.

We were leaving at the ridiculous hour of 12:30 A. M., for Miss Lettice Trout had early wearied of excitement, and, declaring that the last thing she wished to do was to break up the party, had succeeded in doing that very thing. She, with Mr. Gordon Smith, had preceded us in the lift, and Stephen Trout, with Jean Renton, was waiting above to follow us.

I will not pretend that I was in an extremely good temper, for up till that moment I had paid the entire expenses of the party, and, having had one dance with Phyllis, and three with Lettice Trout, I was not entirely satisfied with my investment.

"This is rather a shame," I said, mildly. "To go to bed at the puritanical hour of 12:30 after exactly five dances (three with Lettice Trout), and you in a new dress——"

Phyllis had a new dress—a new dress which I cannot describe; but it was silver and simple, and artfully artless, like Phyllis.

"I know," said Phyllis, with what she fondly thinks is a pout, but is, in fact, only a most

admirable arrangement of her mouth and a most attractive trick with her nose. "It was hardly worth while putting it on."

"It was very well worth while," I said, warmly; and in the circumstances, and the light in the lift being bright, I can hardly be blamed if I turned to get the full effect of Phyllis and the new dress before the lift stopped.

And at that moment the lift did stop. On three sides of us was looking-glass. On the fourth was a blank wall, painted an unpleasant shade of green.

"Oo!" said Phyllis. "Whatever's happened?"

"It's stopped," I said, intelligently, playing with the buttons.

"I noticed that," said Phyllis. "But why?"

"Why not?" I said.

"There are several good answers to that question," said she; "but would you mind doing something first, Mr. Moon?"

I feverishly pressed the same buttons in a different order. Nothing happened.

"It's no good," I said. "We're stuck."

All was silent. We were alone in space.

"I'm frightened," said Phyllis; and then, surprisingly, "Oh, John, what fun!"

"Yes," I said, reflectively, pressing the same buttons again.

"What *will* Mother say?" said Phyllis. "I think perhaps you'd better do something, Mr. Moon."

"I will, I will," I said; and all the responsi-

bility of manhood rose up in me. I pressed the buttons again, with the same result.

"I was once stuck in a Tube lift," I said, wisely. "They brought up another lift alongside, and we escaped through a door in the side of the lift."

"But there is no other lift here," said Phyllis.

"True. And there is no door."

"Have you any other plans of that kind?" said Phyllis, after a slight pause.

"I know what I shall do. I shall call down to Lettice Trout. I feel that in some way she is responsible for this. Hallo!" I called, my voice echoing hollow in the shaft. "Hullo there! Miss Trout! Gordon! Lettice Trout!" And then, quite simply, "Lettice!"

"Hullo!" came up a faint, thin voice. "Come on, Mr. Moon! We're waiting."

"So are we," I returned.

"Why don't you come down?" called Mr. Smith, impatiently. (I am not at all sure that Mr. Smith and Lettice will ever marry.)

"We can't."

"What? I can't hear."

At this point a loud voice fell on us from above—Stephen Trout's.

"Why don't you send up the lift?" said he.

"We can't."

"What's that? Where are you? I can't hear."

"THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS," I shouted, "WE ARE NEITHER HERE NOR THERE. THE LIFT HAS STOPPED."

"WHAT?"



A. P. HERBERT

"I SAY—THE—LIFT—HAS—STOPPED."

"WHERE?"

"HERE."

Two voices said simultaneously, a long way off, "He says the lift has stopped," and one could almost hear the busy brains clicking below and above.

The next voice was the commissionaire's, an ex-sergeant, a practical man.

"HULLO, SIR!" he cried. "CAN'T YOU BUDGE HER?"

"I AM QUITE UNABLE TO BUDGE HER."

"I NEVER KNEW IT TO HAPPEN BEFORE, SIR," he shouted.

"THAT'S VERY COMFORTING."

"BEG PARDON, SIR?"

"I SAY—IT'S VERY COMFORTING."

"TRY PRESSING THE BUTTON," called Mr. Smith helpfully.

"I'VE TRIED THAT. I THOUGHT OF THAT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY."

"TRY SHIFTING YOUR WEIGHT, SIR," put in the commissionaire.

"VERY WELL," I yelled, moving a little closer to Phyllis, and pressed the buttons again.

"DOESN'T THAT HELP?" called Mr. Smith.

"IT'S A PLEASANT CHANGE," I replied; "BUT IT SEEMS TO MAKE NO DIFFERENCE. WHAT SHALL I TRY NOW?"

There was silence.

Then the voice of Lettice came up: "DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, PHYLLIS! WE'LL WAIT FOR YOU."

"IT'S ALL RIGHT," cried Phyllis, powdering her nose. "I'M NOT FRIGHTENED. BUT IT'S NICE TO KNOW YOU'RE THERE."

"What?"

"I SAY—IT'S NICE—TO—KNOW—YOU'RE THERE."

"And not here," I added, softly.

"That wasn't what I meant, Mr. Moon," said Phyllis.

"Of course."

"THE COMMISSIONAIRE," came from Mr. Smith, "HAS GONE FOR AN ELECTRICIAN. HE WON'T BE LONG."

"DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, PHYLLIS," cried Jean.

"WE'LL WAIT," cried Lettice, nobly, "IF IT'S ALL NIGHT."

"I HOPE IT WON'T BE THAT," I yelled. "MEANWHILE THIS GENERAL CONVERSATION IS BECOMING RATHER A STRAIN, SO YOU WON'T THINK US RUDE, I HOPE, IF WE DON'T TALK VERY MUCH."

"What?" cried Mr. Smith.

"I SAID—THIS CONVERSATION MUST NOW CEASE," I croaked; "MY VOICE IS GOING."

There was silence, but for muffled murmurs, above and below. We hung suspended, like souls in the blue; listening to the remote and unimportant voices of Earth and Heaven at once.

"Well, I'm going to sit down," said Phyllis, doing so.

"And I."

"I'm not sure that you hadn't better stand, Mr. Moon."

"I'm quite sure I hadn't," I said, sitting down.

"Something might happen," said Phyllis, making room for me, "and you won't be ready."

"I shall be quite ready. Besides, I must keep up my strength for the next emergency. And this is an opportunity, as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain remarked, which may never occur again."

"This is rather an adventure, John," said Phyllis. "Do you think we are in any danger?"

"At any moment the electrician may arrive."

"Oh! is that all? You don't think the lift may suddenly drop to the basement?" said Phyllis, hopefully.

"No," I said, "it won't do that. But if there was an earthquake, there is no doubt we should be in a tight place."

"What a terrible thought, Mr. Moon! But so would Jean and Stephen."

"True," I said. "I like to think of Jean and Stephen sitting up there. They say that there is nothing like a common danger for drawing people together, Phyllis."

"Do they say that, John? You mean that our danger may be the means of drawing Jane and Stephen together, Mr. Moon?"

"Perhaps," I said. "Then, of course, there are the other two. I like to think of them."

"I'm afraid it will take more than an earthquake to draw Lettice and Gordon together," said Phyllis. "You ought to be very sorry for Gordon, Mr. Moon."

"Not very," I said. "He is being educated—and this is one of his lessons."

"What is he learning, Mr. Moon?"

"The value of a certain lady."

"Miss Lettice Trout?"

"No," I said, "I wasn't thinking of her. He questioned once," I went on, "whether the lady had much in her. Compared with Jean, for example."

"The little beast!" said Phyllis. "Not that it matters to me," she added, hastily.

"Well, well, he's learning," I said, tolerantly.

Phyllis nestled back in her corner.

"What shall we talk about now, John?" she said, after a slight pause. "This is a very comfy little lift, I must say."

"The decorations are very curious," I said.

"Have you ever seen a lift with a roof like that before?"

"I don't remember looking at the roof of a lift before. What's the matter with it?"

"It is covered with some sort of berry."

"So it is," said Phyllis. "Grapes."

"It looks to me," I said, "like mistletoe."

"Grapes, I think, Mr. Moon."

"Mistletoe, Miss Fair."

"ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, PHYLLIS?" cried Lettice, suddenly below.

"YES, THANK YOU," sung Phyllis—"AT LEAST, I THINK SO."

"Why the doubt?"

"Those berries are grapes, Mr. Moon," said Phyllis, firmly, looking at me.

"Why?" said I, looking at Phyllis.

"Because I *will* have it so."

"Very well," I said.

"I'M ALL RIGHT, LETTICE," she sang again.

"DON'T WORRY. HOW'S GORDON?"

"I'M ALL RIGHT," said Mr. Smith, grimly.

"HE'S NOT BEHAVING VERY NICELY," piped Lettice.

"OH, DEAR!" said Phyllis. "I'M SURPRISED AT THAT. MR. MOON'S BEHAVING BEAUTIFULLY."

Then she leaned back her head against the corner so that I saw three lovely necks instead of one, closed her eyes, and said, "What shall we talk about now, John?"

"A little devil," I said, sighing.

"I beg your pardon."

The strains of dance music came faintly from above.

"It's curious," I said, "by what illogical rules our lives are governed——"

"Oh, dear!" said Phyllis. "I know that beginning. It generally ends in something bad."

"Only half an hour ago," I said, "I held you closely in my arms before a crowd of people, and we moved several times round the room in a prolonged and intimate embrace. We might have been married——"

"We very nearly were, you know."

"Do not let us open old wounds, Miss Fair.

The present are enough. All this, as I say, was done in public, and no man thought the worse of us——”

“With the possible exception of Mr. Smith,” said Phyllis.

“With the possible exception of Mr. Smith,” I agreed. “But his objection (if any) was in no sense a moral one—quite the contrary—being, in fact, if you are right, a selfish regret that he was not doing what I was doing.”

“He was—with Lettice.”

“Quite. An entirely proper proceeding. Yet here, where no mortal eye can see us, if I were so much as to put one arm about you, a strong objection would be taken——”

“It would,” said Phyllis.

“Assuming, that is, that there was any one to see—which there is not.”

“I don’t think that makes any difference,” said Phyllis.

“My point exactly. When other people are there they make no difference at all—as we saw upstairs. Logically, therefore, *a fortiori*——”

“A what?”

“A *fortiori*—they must make still less difference when they are not there—as here——”

“Are you sure you’re still being logical, Mr. Moon?” said Phyllis, doubtfully.

“Perfectly. I have proved that it cannot be wrong to do in private that which may be done without reproach in public.”

“I suppose you have, John,” said Phyllis,

settling herself comfortably again. "All the same, I don't think we'd better have any more logic, Mr. Moon."

"ARE YOU ALL RIGHT LETTICE DEAR?"

"YES, DEAR."

"THIS IS A COMFY LIFT."

"WE'RE SITTING ON THE STAIRS," said Mr. Smith.

"THERE'S A DRAUGHT," said Lettice.

"SEVERAL DRAUGHTS," said Mr. Smith.

"OH DEAR!" said Phyllis. "I AM SORRY. WE'RE *QUITE* COSY."

There was a distant grunting sound.

"The question of the berries," I continued, ignoring these interruptions, "is not a question of logic, but of fact."

"I'm very glad of that, Mr. Moon."

"But here, again, logic has something to say."

"Oh, dear!"

"It is absurd," I said, "how much importance is attached in literature and drama and indeed in life, to that form of personal salute which we call a kiss. Why, for example, should it so often be regarded as a wrongful act, and, on the stage, be generally the turning point in several lives? After all, what is a kiss?"

"I haven't the least idea, Mr. Moon."

"A kiss is the most beautiful and romantic fashion of greeting known to mankind. Thus the loyal subject salutes his king, thus mothers their children, thus sister signifies her love for sister. And most innocent of all, perhaps most

hallowed by tradition, is the sportive kiss which is given under the mistletoe."

"I thought we agreed they were grapes, Mr. Moon."

"It is at once a courtesy," I went on, "and the formal expression of a spiritual bond, like a handshake. Like a handshake, it may be sincerely intended or not; but in either case it does no harm—no one is the wiser—and no one is the worse."

"In fact, Mr. Moon, if I understand you aright, properly considered, a kiss is no more than a 'How d'ye do?' or a friendly word in a letter."

"You must be frivolous, Miss Fair. As I was saying, we are very old friends, and if I were to signify my esteem for you by warmly shaking you by the hand—so—no one would have a word to say. By the same reasoning, I can see no sort of harm in my expressing the same sentiments in the other, and the more historic, manner."

"But even a handshake, Mr. Moon, may be prolonged beyond the limits of decorum."

"I was not speaking of *long* handshakes, Miss Fair."

"I'm glad of that, John," said Phyllis. "In that case—perhaps——"

"CHEER UP," shouted Mr. Smith. "THE ELECTRICIAN'S ARRIVED."

Neither Phyllis nor I uttered any immediate expression of satisfaction.

"GOOD!" I shouted, in a moment or two.

"Well, well," said Phyllis, sighing. "I shall be quite sorry to leave our little lift. Though I must say you've talked a great deal of nonsense in it."

"You were wrong about the berries, you know."

"I suppose I was," said Phyllis. "Otherwise, of course, you would never have behaved as you have, would you, Mr. Moon?"

"Certainly not," I said.

"I don't agree with anything else you've said, Mr. Moon. You understand that?"

"Perfectly."

Mr. Smith's voice was heard.

"THE ELECTRICIAN SAYS HE CAN'T DO NOTHING."

Then there was silence.

Then: "HE SAYS, 'TRY SHIFTING YOUR WEIGHT AGAIN, AND IF THAT DON'T DO IT HE'LL HAVE TO CLIMB DOWN AND BREAK THROUGH THE ROOF'."

"Oh, dear!" said Phyllis, with a faint scream, "and spoil the mistletoe."

"RIGHT!" I returned, and I prepared to attack the buttons again.

"I've noticed one thing, Mr. Moon," said Phyllis.

"What's that?"

"There's one button you haven't pressed at all, Mr. Moon," said Phyllis, gravely.

"Ah!" I said, "you noticed that, did you? Perhaps we'd better try it now."

"Perhaps we'd better."

Miraculously the lift descended, to the sound of cheers.

"Why didn't you press that button yourself, Miss Fair?" I said.

"I thought you knew best, Mr. Moon," said Phyllis. "Hello, Gordon! I hope you've been behaving."

A. P. HERBERT.

MARCH 14

MARY WHITE

THE Associated Press reports carrying the news of Mary White's death declared that it came as the result of a fall from a horse. How she would have hooted at that! She never fell from a horse in her life. Horses have fallen on her and with her—"I'm always trying to hold 'em in my lap," she used to say. But she was proud of a few things, and one was that she could ride anything that had four legs and hair. Her death resulted not from a fall, but from a blow on the head which fractured her skull, and the blow came from the limb of an overhanging tree on the parking.

The last hour of her life was typical of its happiness. She came home from a day's work at school, topped off by a hard grind with the copy on the High School Annual, and felt that a ride would refresh her. She climbed into her khakis, chattering to her mother about the work she was doing, and hurried to get her horse and be out on the dirt roads for the country air and the radiant green fields of the spring. As she rode through the town on an easy gallop she kept waving at passers-by. She knew everyone in

town. For a decade the little figure with the long pig-tail and the red hair ribbon has been familiar on the streets of Emporia, and she got in the way of speaking to those who nodded at her. She passed the Kerrs, walking the horse, in front of the Normal Library, and waved at them; passed another friend a few hundred feet further on, and waved at her. The horse was walking and, as she turned into North Merchant Street she took off her cowboy hat, and the horse swung into a lope. She passed the Triplets and waved her cowboy hat at them, still moving gaily north on Merchant Street. A *Gazette* carrier passed—a High School boy friend—and she waved at him, but with her bridle hand; the horse veered quickly, plunged into the parking where the low-hanging limb faced her, and, while she still looked back waving, the blow came. But she did not fall from the horse; she slipped off, dazed a bit, staggered and fell in a faint. She never quite recovered consciousness.

But she did not fall from the horse, neither was she riding fast. A year or so ago she used to go like the wind. But that habit was broken, and she used the horse to get into the open to get fresh, hard exercise, and to work off a certain surplus energy that welled up in her and needed a physical outlet. That need has been in her heart for years. It was back of the impulse that kept the dauntless, little brown-clad figure on the streets and country roads of this community and built into a strong, muscular body what had been a frail

and sickly frame during the first years of her life. But the riding gave her more than a body. It released a gay and hardy soul. She was the happiest thing in the world. And she was happy because she was enlarging her horizon. She came to know all sorts and conditions of men; Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, was one of her best friends. W. L. Holtz, the Latin teacher, was another. Tom O'Connor, farmer-politician, and Rev. J. H. J. Rice, preacher and police judge, and Frank Beach, music master, were her special friends, and all the girls, black and white, above the track and below the track, in Pepville and Stringtown, were among her acquaintances. And she brought home riotous stories of her adventures. She loved to rollick; persiflage was her natural expression at home. Her humor was a continual bubble of joy. She seemed to think in hyperbole and metaphor. She was mischievous without malice, as full of faults as an old shoe. No angel was Mary White, but an easy girl to live with, for she never nursed a grouch five minutes in her life.

With all her eagerness for the out-of-doors, she loved books. On her table when she left her room were a book by Conrad, one by Galsworthy, "Creative Chemistry," by E. E. Slosson, and a Kipling book. She read Mark Twain, Dickens, and Kipling before she was ten—all of their writings. Wells and Arnold Bennett particularly amused and diverted her. She was entered as a student in Wellesley in 1922; was assistant editor of the High School Annual this year, and in line

for election to the editorship of the Annual next year. She was a member of the executive committee of the High School Y. W. C. A.

Within the last two years she had begun to be moved by an ambition to draw. She began as most children do by scribbling in her school books. She bought cartoon magazines and took a course—rather casually, naturally, for she was, after all, a child with no strong purposes—and this year she tasted the first fruits of success by having her pictures accepted by the High School Annual. But the thrill of delight she got when Mr. Ecord, of the Normal Annual, asked her to do the cartooning for that book this spring, was too beautiful for words. She fell to her work with all her enthusiastic heart. Her drawings were accepted, and her pride—always repressed by a lively sense of the ridiculousness of the figure she was cutting—was a really gorgeous thing to see. No successful artist ever drank a deeper draught of satisfaction than she took from the little fame her work was getting among her schoolfellows. In her glory, she almost forgot her horse—but never her car.

For she used the car as a jitney bus. It was her social life. She never had a “party” in all her nearly seventeen years—wouldn’t have one; but she never drove a block in the car in her life that she didn’t begin to fill the car with pick-ups! Everybody rode with Mary White—white and black, old and young, rich and poor, men and

women. She liked nothing better than to fill the car full of long-legged High School boys and an occasional girl and parade the town. She never had a "date," nor went to a dance, except once with her brother, Bill, and the "boy proposition" didn't interest her—yet. But young people—great spring-breaking, varnish-cracking, fender-bending, door-sagging carloads of "kids" gave her great pleasure. Her zests were keen. But the most fun she ever had in her life was acting as chairman of the committee that got up the big turkey dinner for the poor folks at the county home, scores of pies, gallons of slaw; jam, cakes, preserves, oranges and a wilderness of turkey were loaded in the car and taken to the county home. And, being of a practical turn of mind, she risked her own Christmas dinner by staying to see that the poor folks actually got it all. Not that she was a cynic; she just disliked to tempt folks. While there she found a blind colored uncle, very old, who could do nothing but make rag rugs, and she rustled up from her school friends rags enough to keep him busy for a season. The last engagement she tried to make was to take the guests at the county home out for a car ride. And the last endeavor of her life was to try to get a rest room for colored girls in the High School. She found one girl reading in the toilet, because there was no better place for a colored girl to loaf, and it inflamed her sense of injustice and she became a nagging harpie to those who, she thought, could remedy the evil. The poor she had always with

her, and was glad of it. She hungered and thirsted for righteousness; and was the most impious creature in the world. She joined the Congregational Church without consulting her parents; not particularly for her soul's good. She never had a thrill of piety in her life, and would have hooted at a "testimony." But even as a little child she felt the church was an agency for helping people to more of life's abundance, and she wanted to help. She never wanted help for herself. Clothes meant little to her. It was a fight to get a new rig on her; but eventually a harder fight to get it off. She never wore a jewel and had no ring but her High School class ring, and never asked for anything but a wrist watch. She refused to have her hair up; though she was nearly seventeen. "Mother," she protested, "you don't know how much I get by with, in my braided pigtails, that I could not with my hair up." Above every other passion of her life was her passion not to grow up, to be a child. The tomboy in her, which was big, seemed to loathe to be put away forever in skirts. She was a Peter Pan, who refused to grow up.

Her funeral yesterday at the Congregational Church was as she would have wished it; no singing, no flowers, save the big bunch of red roses from her Brother Bill's Harvard classmen—Heavens, how proud that would have made her! and the red roses from the *Gazette* force—in vases at her head and feet. A short prayer, Paul's beautiful essay on "Love" from the Thirteenth

Chapter of First Corinthians, some remarks about her democratic spirit by her friend, John H. J. Rice, pastor and police judge, which she would have deprecated if she could, a prayer sent down for her by her friend, Carl Nau, and opening the service the slow, poignant movement from Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, which she loved, and closing the service a cutting from the joyously melancholy first movement of Tschaikowski's Pathetic Symphony, which she liked to hear in certain moods on the phonograph; then the Lord's Prayer by her friends in the High School.

That was all.

For her pallbearers only her friends were chosen: her Latin teacher, W. L. Holtz; her High School principal, Rice Brown; her doctor, Frank Foncannon; her friend, W. W. Finney; her pal at the *Gazette* office, Walter Hughes; and her brother Bill. It would have made her smile to know that her friend, Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, had been transferred from Sixth and Commercial to the corner near the church to direct her friends who came to bid her good-bye.

A rift in the clouds in a gray day threw a shaft of sunlight upon her coffin as her nervous, energetic little body sank to its last sleep. But the soul of her, the glowing, gorgeous, fervent soul of her, surely was flaming in eager joy upon some other dawn.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

ITYLUS

[Procne, in Greek legend, was the daughter of Pandion, and the wife of Tereus. Itys was the son of herself and Tereus. Tereus pretending that his wife was dead, persuaded her sister, Philomela, to leave Athens with him, whereupon he ravished her, and hid her on Parnassus. She contrived to communicate with Procne, and the two slew Itys, and served the body of the boy to his father at a feast. Procne was changed to a nightingale, and Philomela to a swallow, but in Roman times the legend became twisted, and the nightingale was called Philomela, and the swallow Procne. In Swinburne's poem, Philomela, the nightingale, speaks to her sister, the swallow.]

SWALLOW, my sister, O sister swallow,
How can thine heart be full of the spring?
A thousand summers are over and dead.
What hast thou found in the spring to follow?
What hast thou found in thine heart to sing?
What wilt thou do when the summer is shed?

O swallow, sister, O fair swift swallow,
Why wilt thou fly after spring to the south,
The soft south, whither thine heart is set?
Shall not the grief of the old time follow?
Shall not the song thereof cleave to thy mouth?
Hast thou forgotten ere I forget?

Sister, my sister, O fleet sweet swallow,
Thy way is long to the sun and the south;
But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,
Shedding my song upon height, upon hollow,
From tawny body and sweet small mouth
Feed the heart of the night with fire.

I the nightingale all spring through,
O swallow, sister, O changing swallow,
All spring through till the spring be done,
Clothed with the light of the night on the dew,
Sing, while the hours and the wild birds follow,
Take flight and follow and find the sun.

Sister, my sister, O soft light swallow,
Though all things feast in the spring's guest-chamber,
How hast thou heart to be glad thereof yet?
For where thou fliest I shall not follow,
Till life forget and death remember,
Till thou remember and I forget.

Swallow, my sister, O singing swallow,
I know not how thou hast heart to sing.
Hast thou the heart? is it all passed over?
Thy lord the summer is good to follow,
And fair the feet of thy lover the spring:
But what wilt thou say to the spring thy lover?

O swallow, sister, O fleeting swallow,
My heart in me is a molten ember
And over my head the waves have met.
But thou wouldst tarry or I would follow
Could I forget or thou remember,
Couldst thou remember and I forget.

O sweet stray sister, O shifting swallow,
Thy heart's division divideth us.

Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree;
But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow
To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
The feast of Daulis, the Thracian sea.

O swallow, sister, O rapid swallow,
I pray thee sing not a little space.
Are not the roofs and the lintels wet?
The woven web that was plain to follow,
The small slain body, the flower-like face,
Can I remember if thou forget?

O sister, sister, thy first-begotten!
The hands that cling and the feet that follow,
The voice of the child's blood crying yet,
Who hath remembered me? who hath forgotten?
Thou has forgotten, O summer swallow,
But the world shall end when I forget.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

MARCH 15

(*Paul Johann Ludwig Heyse, born March 15, 1830*)

L'ARRABIATA

THE sun had not yet risen. Over Vesuvius hung a broad, gray sheet of mist, which stretched across as far as Naples, and darkened the little towns along that strip of coast. The sea lay calm. But, on the quays, which had been built along a small inlet of the sea under the high cliffs of the Sorrentine shore, the fishermen and their wives were already astir for the purpose of drawing ashore with stout cables the boats from which their nets had hung during the night. Others rigged their craft, trimmed the sails, or dragged oars and masts out of the huge grated vaults hewn deep into the rock to serve as a shelter for the tackle overnight. No one was idle; for even the aged who could no longer venture out upon the sea became links in the long chain of those who were hauling in the nets. Here and there on a flat roof stood an old woman spinning or busying herself with her grandchildren, whose mother was helping her husband.

"Do you see, Rachela? Yonder is our *padre curato*," said one of the old women to a little thing of ten, swinging a spindle beside her. "At

this moment he is entering the boat. Antonio is to row him over to Capri. Maria Santissima, how drowsy the reverend *signore* looks!" And she waved her hand to a diminutive, benevolent-looking priest, who was settling himself comfortably in the boat, after he had carefully lifted up the skirts of his black coat and spread them over the wooden seat. The others on the shore stopped in their work to watch their pastor set out, while he distributed friendly greetings right and left.

"And why must he go to Capri, grandmother?" asked the child. "Have the people there no pastor, that they must borrow ours?"

"Don't ask such foolish questions," said the old woman. "They have enough priests there, and the finest churches, and even a hermit, which is more than we have. But there is a noble *signora* who dwelled long at Sorrento, and was so ill that many a time the *padre* had to carry her the Most Holy Sacrament when it was thought she would not outlive the night. But, by the help of the Holy Virgin, she grew to be hale and strong again, so that she could bathe in the sea daily. And when she left here for Capri, she gave a great heap of ducats to the church and the poor folk, and would not go, they say, until the *padre* had promised to visit her there that she might confess to him. For it is astonishing in what esteem she holds him. Truly, we may bless ourselves for having a *curato* who has the gifts of an archbishop, and who is so much sought after by the great folk. The Madonna be with

him!" And again she waved her hand toward the little boat which was just putting out from shore.

"Shall we have fine weather, my son?" asked the little priest, locking thoughtfully over toward Naples.

"The sun is not yet out," answered the fellow. "We shan't let a bit of mist annoy us."

"Then row fast, so that we may arrive before the heat sets in."

Antonio was on the point of grasping the long oar, to propel the bark into the open sea, when he stopped suddenly, and gazed up at the steep path that leads from the little town of Sorrento to the quays below. Above was visible a slender girlish figure, tripping hastily down the stones and waving a kerchief. She carried a little bundle under her arm, and her attire was poor enough. But she had a noble, if somewhat wild way of throwing back her head, and the dark tresses wreathed about her forehead bore the semblance of a crown.

"What are we waiting for?" asked the *curato*.

"There's someone else coming who wishes to go to Capri—if you permit, *padre*. We'll go no slower for that; she's only a young thing, barely eighteen."

At that moment, the girl appeared from behind the wall which encloses the winding path. "Laur-ella?" asked the *curato*. "What business has she in Capri?"

Antonio shrugged his shoulders. She came

down with rapid strides, looking straight before her.

"Good-day, l'Arrabiata!" shouted several of the young boatmen. They would have said more, had not the *curato's* presence kept them in check, for the sullen silence with which the girl received their greeting seemed to tempt the more wanton among them.

"Good-day, Laurella," the priest cried, too. "How are you? You wish to come with us to Capri?"

"If it is permitted, *padre*."

"Ask Antonio; he owns the boat. Every man is lord of his own, and God is the Lord of us all."

"There is half a *carlino*," said Laurella, without looking at the young boatman, "if it's enough!"

"You may have better use for it," he muttered, and shoved aside some baskets of oranges to make room. These he was to sell at Capri, for that rocky isle does not produce enough for the needs of its many visitors.

"I do not care to go for nothing," answered the girl, and her black eyebrows quivered.

"Come, child," said the priest; "he is a good lad, and does not want to enrich himself at the expense of your poverty. There, step in," and he held out his hand to her—"and sit down next to me. See, he has spread his jacket that you may sit more comfortably. He did not think of doing it for me. But that is like young people. They take more care of a slip of a girl than of ten rev-

erend fathers. Never mind, Tonino, there's no excuse needed. Thus has the Lord made us, that like and like hold together."

Meantime, Laurella had stepped in and taken her seat, after having silently pushed the jacket away. The young boatman let it lie, and murmured something between his teeth. Then he pushed vigorously away from the pier, and the little boat flew out into the bay.

"What have you in the bundle?" asked the *padre*, as they floated over the sea, just turning gold under the first rays of the sun.

"Silk, thread, and a loaf, *padre*. I am to sell the silk to one woman in Capri who makes ribbons, and the thread to another."

"Did you spin it yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"If I am not mistaken, you also once learned how to weave ribbons."

"Yes, sir. But Mother is so much worse again that I cannot work away from home, and a loom of our own we cannot afford."

"Worse again! Ah me! When I was with you, last Easter, she was sitting up."

"Spring is always the worst time for her. Since we had those great storms and earthquakes, she has been forced to lie abed from pain."

"Cease not to pray, my child, that the Blessed Virgin may intercede for you. And be good and industrious, that your prayers may be heard."

After a pause: "When you were coming down toward the shore, I heard them calling to you

'Good-day, l'Arrabiata.' Why should they speak thus? 'Tis no nice name for a Christian girl, who should be gentle and mild." The girl's dark face glowed and her eyes flashed.

"They mock me because I will not dance and sing like the others, and have few words for any. But they shall leave me in peace. I do them no harm."

"True, but you can be civil to all. Let the others dance and sing to whom life is an easier matter; but even the sorrowful may utter a kind word."

She lowered her dark eyes, and drew her brows closer over them, as if to hide them. For a space, they floated on in silence. Over the mountains stood the splendor of the sun; the peak of Vesuvius soared out from the mass of clouds that hid its base, and the houses on the plain of Sorrento glittered white from amid the green orange groves.

"Has that painter never been heard of again?" asked the *curato*—"that Neopolitan who wanted you to be his wife?"

She shook her head.

"He came to paint your picture. Why would you not let him?"

"What did he want it for? There are handsomer girls than I. And then, who can tell what he would have done with it. He might have bewitched me, my mother said, or injured my soul."

"Believe not such sinful things," said the priest earnestly. "Are we not always in God's hand, and shall a mere man, with naught but a picture,

prevail against the Lord? And you could see that he wished you well, or he would not have cared to marry you."

She was silent.

"And why did you refuse him? He was an honest man, they say, and handsome, and would have earned a better living for you and your mother than ever you can with your bit of spinning and weaving."

"We are only poor folk," she said passionately, "and Mother has been ill for so long. We should have become a burden to him. And I should not suit a fine gentleman. If his friends had come to see him, he would have been ashamed of me."

"How can you speak so? I tell you the man was an excellent one. And, moreover, he wished to live at Sorrento. It will be long before another comes, as if sent from Heaven to help you."

"I do not want a husband, and never shall!" she said defiantly, as if to herself.

"Have you made a vow, or do you intend to enter a convent?"

She shook her head.

"The people are right enough who reproach you for your wilfulness, even though the name they give you is an unkind one. You do not remember that you are not alone in the world, and that your stubbornness only embitters your sick mother's life. And what weighty reason can you give why you should reject every honest hand held out to assist you and your mother? Answer me, Laurella!"

"Well, I have a reason," she said softly and reluctantly, "but I cannot reveal it."

"Not reveal it—not even to me, your confessor whom you trust and whom you know to be your friend?"

Laurella nodded.

"Then ease your mind, child. If you are right I shall be the last to oppose you. But you are young, and know little of the world, and you may some day come to regret having thrown away your good fortune for some childish fancy."

She threw a quick, shy look at the young fellow who sat astern, busily rowing, his woolen cap pulled low over his forehead. He gazed far out across the sea and seemed buried in his own thoughts. The *curato* saw her look, and inclined his head nearer to her.

"You never knew my father," she whispered, and her eyes gleamed darkly.

"Your father? He died, I believe, when you were barely ten. What has your father (may his soul rest in Paradise) to do with your stubbornness?"

"You never knew him, *padre*. You do not know that he alone was the cause of Mother's illness."

"And how?"

"Because he ill-treated her, and beat her, and trampled upon her. I remember the nights when he came home raging. She never said a word, and obeyed him in all things. But he beat her so that my heart nearly broke. Then I pulled the bedclothes over my head, and pretended to

sleep. But I wept through the night. And then, when he saw her lying on the floor, he would suddenly lift her up, and kiss her till she cried out that he would strangle her. Mother forbade me ever to speak of this; but it wore her out so that, during all these long years since his death, she has never been able to get well. And, if she should die before her time, which may Heaven forbid, I know right well who killed her."

The little priest wagged his head slowly, undetermined how far he should approve the young girl's reasons. At last he said: "Forgive him even as your mother has forgiven him. Fix not your thoughts on those sad memories, Laurella. Happier days will come and make you forget all that."

"Never can I forget that," she said, and shuddered. "And this is the reason, *padre*, why I wish to remain single—that I may not have to live with any one who would first ill-treat and then caress me. If now someone were to beat me or kiss me, I should know how to defend myself; but my mother could defend herself neither against the blows nor the kisses, because she loved him. And I do not wish to love any one so dearly that I must be ill and wretched for the sake of him."

"Ah, but you are a child, and speak like one who does not know how things go in the world. Are all men like your poor father, that they yield to every mood and passion and are unkind to their wives? Have you not seen good, honest

people enough in the whole neighborhood, and wives who live in peace and unity with their husbands?"

"Yes, but it was not known of my father, either how he behaved to my mother, for she would rather have died a thousand times than speak of it or complain. And all this was so because she loved him. If love be such that it seals the lips when one should cry for help, and makes one defenseless against worse things than one would expect from one's bitterest enemy—if that is love, then I will never set my heart upon any man."

"And I tell you that you are a child, and know not of what you speak. Your heart will little ask you, when the time comes, whether you wish to love or not. All that you take into your head now will not help you then." He paused; then he added: "And that painter, did you think that he, too, would be cruel?"

"He had the same look in his eyes that I saw in my father's when he begged Mother's pardon, and took her in his arms to make it up with her. I know that look. A man can have that look and yet find it in his heart to beat his wife who has never done anything to vex him. I shuddered when I saw that look."

Then she became persistently silent. Nor did the *curato* speak. He thought of many edifying sayings with which to comfort the girl, but the presence of the young boatman, who had grown restless during the latter part of the conversation, closed his lips.

When they arrived in the little harbor of Capri, after a two-hours' row, Antonio carried the little priest out of the boat over the shallow waves by the shore, and set him down reverently. But Laurella would not wait until he waded back for her. She gathered her short skirts about her, took her little wooden shoes in one hand and her bundle in the other, and splashed trippingly to the shore.

"I shall probably make a long stay at Capri to-day," said the *padre*; "you need not wait for me. I may not return until to-morrow. And you, Laurella, when you return home, remember me to your mother. I will stop in to see you within the week. You return before night, do you not?"

"If there is a chance," said the girl, as she busied herself with her skirts.

"I must return, too, as you know," said Antonio in a tone of forced indifference. "I shall wait for you until the *Ave Maria*. If you do not come then, it will be just the same to me."

"You must come, Laurella," said the little priest. "You should not leave your mother alone at night. Must you go far?"

"To a vineyard in Anacapri."

"And I to Capri. God keep you, child, and you, my son!"

Laurella kissed his hand, and murmured a farewell for the *padre* and Antonio to share between them. Antonio would have none of it. He

doffed his cap to the *padre* but did not give Laur-ella a look.

When, however, they had both turned their backs, his eyes followed the *padre*, who was laboriously crossing the loose gravel for only a little space, and then turned to the girl, who was ascending the rock toward the right and shielding her eyes from the glare of the sun. The shore lay below her; above her towered the steep crag. The sea was azure with an unusual depth of color—it was a sight worthy to linger over. And chance would have it so that her look, passing the bark of Antonio, met the look with which his eyes had followed her. Each made a movement as if in excuse for some mistake, and then the girl, with her darkest frown, continued on her way.

It was an hour after noon. For two hours Antonio had been sitting on a bench in front of the fishers' tavern. Something was on his mind, for every now and then he would jump up, step out into the sun, and gaze carefully along the road which led, right and left, to the two little island towns. He seemed not to trust the weather, and said so to the hostess of the tavern. It was clear enough, to be sure, but he knew that color of the sea and sky. Just so had it looked before the last great storm, when the English family was barely saved. Did she remember?

"No," said the woman.

Well, if the weather were to change before night, she was to think of him, he said.

"Have you many rich people over there?" asked the woman after a while.

"It is just beginning. We have had bad times up to now. Those who come for the sake of the baths, came late."

"It was a late spring. Did you earn more than we here at Capri?"

"Hardly enough for macaroni twice a week, if I had been dependent on my boat alone. To carry a letter to Naples now and then, or to take a fine gentleman fishing—that was about all. But you know that my uncle has large orange groves, and is a man of substance. 'Tonio,' said he, 'you shall not want for anything so long as I live, and afterward you will not go empty, either.' And so, with the help of God, I got through the winter."

"Has your uncle any children?"

"No. He never married, and lived in foreign parts for a long time, where he gathered many a good *lira*. Now he is going to set up a great fishing business, and will put me at the head of it to look after his interests."

"Why, then, you are a made man, Antonio."

The young boatman shrugged his shoulders. "Everyone has his own load to carry," he said. Then he jumped up again and looked at the sky to the right and left, although he knew that there can be but one weather side.

"I'll bring you another bottle; your uncle can pay for it," said the hostess.

"Only another glassful; your wine here is of

a fiery quality. Even now my head is warm with it."

"But it does not heat the blood. You may drink as much as you care to. Here comes my husband; you must sit and chat a while with him."

And, in fact, there he came, down from the heights, the stately *padrone* of the tavern, a net hung over his shoulder, and a red cap on his curly hair. He had taken into the town fish which had been ordered by a noble lady for the *padre's* dinner. As soon as he espied the young boatman, he waved him a cordial welcome, took his seat on the bench, and began to ask questions and tell of his own doings. His wife was just bringing a second bottle of the genuine wine of Capri, when the white sand to the left crunched beneath a footstep, and Laurella appeared on the road from Anacapri. She nodded slightly, and then stood still hesitatingly.

Antonio jumped up. "I must go," said he; "there's a girl from Sorrento who came over with the *signore curato* this morning, and must return for the night to her sick mother."

"Well, well, it's a long time till night," said the fisherman. "There's time enough for her to drink a glass of wine with us. Come, wife, bring another glass."

"I thank you, but I do not drink," said Laurella, and remained at a distance.

"Fill the glass, wife; fill it! She only needs a little urging."

"Let her be," said the young fellow. "She has

a stubborn mind, and no saint can persuade her against her will." And therewith he said a quick farewell, ran down to his boat, loosened the rope, and stood waiting for the girl. The latter nodded once more to the hosts of the tavern, and then, with hesitating steps, approached the bark. She looked about in all directions, as if she were expecting another passenger. But the shore was deserted; the fishermen slept or were out at sea with their rods and nets; a few women and children sat before their doors, sleeping or spinning, and the strangers, who had come over in the morning, were waiting until the cooler part of the day for their return. Laurella had not long to wait, for, ere she could stop him, Antonio had taken her into his arms, and carried her, as though she were a child, into the boat. Then he leapt in after her, and with a few strokes of his oar they were out on the open sea. She had taken her seat at the end of the boat, half averted from him, so that he could see her profile only. Her features seemed sterner than ever; the low, straight brow was shaded by her hair; the delicate nostril quivered wilfully, but her rounded lips were firmly closed. After they had thus gone on for a space in silence, she began to feel the heat of the sun, unwrapped her bundle and threw the kerchief over her head. Then she began to eat, making her dinner of bread, for she had eaten nothing at Capri.

Antonio could not bear this long. He took out of the baskets two oranges that had been left

over from the morning, and said: "Here is something to eat with your bread, Laurella. Don't think I kept them for you. They rolled from the baskets into the boat, and there I found them."

"Do you eat them. The bread is enough for me."

"They are refreshing in the heat, and you have walked far."

"They gave me a drink of water, and that refreshed me."

"As you please," he said, and let the oranges fall back into the basket.

Silence once more. The sea was as smooth as a mirror. Not a ripple was heard against the prow. Even the white sea birds that roost among the caves at Capri sought their prey in silence.

"You might have taken the oranges to your mother," Antonio began again.

"We have oranges at home, and when they are gone I can go and buy others."

"Well, then, take them to her with my compliments."

"She does not know you."

"You could tell her who I am."

"I do not know you either."

It was not the first time that she had thus denied him. A year ago, when that painter had been in Sorrento, it happened that one Sunday Antonio, with another young fellow, was playing bowls on the little public square near the main street. There the painter first saw Laurella,

who was carrying a water-jug on her head, and went past without noticing him. The Neapolitan, struck by her appearance, stood still, and gazed after her, not seeing that he stood in the midst of the game which he might have cleared with two steps. A swift ball whirled against his ankle, to remind him that here was not the place to lose himself in meditation. He looked about, as if expecting some excuse. But the young boatman who had thrown the ball stood silent and defiant amid his friends, so the stranger found it advisable to avoid a discussion and go his ways. But the encounter had been remarked upon, and was spoken of anew when the painter had openly pressed his suit to Laurella. "I do not even know him," she had said indignantly, when the painter asked whether he was being refused for the sake of that uncivil fellow. But she had heard the gossip, too, and since then, whenever she had met Antonio, she recognized him well enough.

And now they sat together in the boat like the deadliest enemies, while the hearts of both throbbed furiously. Antonio's usually good-natured face was crimson; he struck out with his oars so violently that the foam splattered him, and at times his lips twitched as if he were uttering angry words. She pretended not to notice, wore her most unconcerned look, and bent over the side of the boat, letting the cool water glide through her fingers. Then she unwound the kerchief and arranged her hair, as if she were alone in the boat. Only, her eyebrows quivered, and

it was in vain that she held her cool, moist hands against her burning cheeks.

Now they were well out in the open sea, and no sail was to be seen near or far. The island was left behind, the coast lay far before them in the sunny haze; not even a sea-mew disturbed that great loneliness. Antonio looked about him. An idea seemed to take shape in his mind. The color suddenly faded from his cheeks, and he let the oars fall. Involuntarily, Laurella looked at him, with strained attention, but without fear.

"I must make an end of this!" the young fellow broke forth. "It has lasted too long already, and I wonder it has not made an end of me before. You say that you do not know me? Have you not seen long enough how I pass you like a madman, my whole heart full of what I had to tell you? And you only made a cross face, and turned your back to me!"

"What had I to say to you?" she answered curtly. "I saw well enough that you wished to meddle with me, and I did not want to be on the tongues of wicked gossips for nothing at all. Because I will not have you for a husband—neither you nor any other."

"Nor any other? You will not always talk like that. Because you sent the painter away? Pshaw! you were a mere child then! Some day you will feel lonely, and then, mad as you are, you will take the first who offers himself."

"No one can foresee the future; maybe I might change my mind. What is it to you?"

"What is it to me?" he burst forth, and jumped up from the bench so that the little boat rocked. "What is it to me, you say? Surely you know. The man will meet with a bad end that you are kinder to than you have been to me!"

"Have I ever promised myself to you? Is it my fault if you are mad? What right have you to me?"

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "to be sure, it has not been put in writing; no advocate has put it into Latin and stamped it with his seal. But I have as much right to you as I have to enter Heaven if I have been an honest man. Do you think I can look on while you go into church with another, and bear to have the girls pass me shrugging their shoulders?"

"Do as you please. You cannot frighten me with all your threats, but I, too, shall do what I please."

"You shall not speak like this any more!" His whole body shook with passion. "I am man enough not to let a stubborn wench like you spoil my life any longer. Do you know that you are in my power here, and must do my bidding!"

She started slightly, but her eyes flashed at him.

"Kill me if you dare," she said slowly.

"One should do nothing by halves," he said, and his voice sounded hoarse. "There's room for both of us in the sea. I cannot help it, child,"—he spoke these last words almost beseechingly and dreamily—"we must both go down there,

both—now, now!" he shouted, and encircled her suddenly with both arms. But, in an instant, he drew back his right hand; the blood gushed out; she had bitten him fiercely.

"Must I do your bidding?" she cried, and pushed him away with a rapid movement. "We shall see whether I am in your power!" Swiftly she sprang overboard, and disappeared for a moment in the depths.

She rose again at once. Her little skirt clung close; her hair, loosened by the waves, hung heavy about her neck. With swift, strong, silent strokes of her arms, she swam away from the boat toward the coast. His senses seemed numbed by a sudden fright. He stood in the boat, bent forward, his eyes fixed upon her as if he were witnessing a miracle. He shook himself, threw himself upon his oars, and, straining every nerve, rowed after her, while blood streamed into the bottom of the boat.

Swiftly though she swam, he was at her side in a trice. "For the love of the Holy Virgin, come into the boat!" he cried. "I have been mad, mad! God alone can tell what darkened my brain. Like a flash of lightning it came upon me and flamed up in me, and I forgot what I was saying or doing. I don't ask you to forgive me, Laura; only save yourself!"

She swam on as if she had heard nothing.

"You cannot reach the land; it is two miles off. Think of your mother! If you were drowned I should die of horror!"

She measured the distance with her eyes, and then, without replying, swam back to the boat and grasped its side with her hands. He rose to help her, and his jacket, which had been lying on the bench, slipped into the sea as the boat tilted under the girl's weight. With great agility, she swung herself on board and regained her former seat. Seeing her safe, he took up his oars again. She wrung the water out of her skirt and hair. When she saw the blood at the bottom of the boat, she glanced swiftly at the hand which plied the oar as if unhurt. "There," she said, and gave him her kerchief. He shook his head, and rowed on. Finally, she got up, came near him, and bound the cloth tightly over the deep wound. Then, notwithstanding his resistance, she took the oar out of his hand, but without looking at him, and, keeping her eyes fixed on the bloodstained wood, propelled the boat with rapid strokes. They were both pale and silent. When they neared the shore, fishermen who were about to cast their nets for the night met them. They shouted to Antonio, and teased Laurella; neither moved an eyelid nor spoke a word.

The sun stood high over Procida when they landed. Laurella shook out her skirt, which was nearly dry, and jumped ashore. The old spinning-woman who had watched them depart in the morning stood on the roof again. "What is the matter with your hand, Tonino?" she called down. "Christ, but the boat is full of blood!"

"It's nothing, godmother," the young fellow

answered. "I tore my hand against a nail, which stuck out too far. It will be well by to-morrow. Only this blood of mine that is so quick to start makes it seem worse than it is."

"Wait a moment, little godson; let me put herbs on it."

"Do not trouble yourself, godmother. It has been done already, and to-morrow it will be over and forgotten. I have a healthy skin that soon closes again over a wound."

"*Addio*," said Laurella, and turned to the path winding up the cliff.

"Good-night!" he answered, without looking at her. Then he took his oars and baskets from the boat, and climbed up the little stone steps to his own hut.

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He was alone in his two little rooms, where he was now pacing up and down. Through the small unglazed windows the wind blew cooler than on the calm sea, and the solitude soothed him. Long he stood before a little picture of the Virgin, gazing devoutly at her halo of silver paper. But he did not think of praying. And what should he pray for, who had no hope left?

This day seemed unending. He yearned for the darkness, for he was weary, and weak from loss of blood. His hand pained him violently, and, seating himself on a little wooden stool, he undid the cloth that enwrapped it. The repressed blood gushed out again, and all about the

wound his hand was swollen. He washed it carefully, and cooled it in water. As he drew it forth again he could see clearly the marks of Laurella's teeth. "She was right," he said to himself; "I was a brute, and deserved no better. To-morrow I will send her back the cloth by Giuseppe. She shall not see me again." And he washed the cloth carefully, and spread it in the sun, after he had bound up his hand again as well as he might with the other and with his teeth. Then he threw himself upon his bed and closed his eyes.

The bright light of the moon and the pain in his hand awakened him from his uneasy slumber. He rose again to cool in water the throbbing of his blood, when he heard a noise. "Who is it?" he called, and opened the door. Laurella stood before him.

She entered without speaking. She threw off the shawl that had covered her head, and placed a little basket on the table. Then she drew a deep breath.

"You have come to fetch your cloth," he said. "You could have saved yourself the trouble. I should have asked Giuseppe to take it to you in the morning."

"It is not on account of the cloth," she answered quickly. "I have been on the mountain to gather herbs that stop the flow of the blood. There!" And she uncovered the little basket.

"Too much trouble," he said, though without bitterness; "far too much! It's much better

already, and, if it were worse, I should only have my deserts. Why do you come here at this hour? If any one should see you here—you know how they talk, empty as the talk is.”

“I care for no one’s talk,” she said with passion. “But I wish to see your hand, and to put the herbs on it, for you can never do it with your left.”

“I tell you it is unnecessary.”

“Then let me see it, that I may believe you.”

She grasped the unresisting hand and unbound the rag. When she saw the swelling, she shuddered, and cried, “Jesu, Maria!”

“It’s a bit swollen,” said he, “but in a night and a day it will be gone.” She shook her head.

“You cannot go to sea for a week in this state.”

“The day after to-morrow, surely. And if not, what does it matter?”

She fetched a basin, and, docile as a child, he let her wash the wound. Then she applied the healing herbs, which speedily relieved the burning pain, and finally she bandaged the hand with a strip of linen that she had brought with her.

When it was done, he said: “I thank you. Now, listen: If you will do me a single kindness, forget the madness that seized me to-day, and all that I said and did. I don’t know how it came. It was no fault of yours, and you shall never again hear anything from me to vex you.”

She interrupted him. “It is I who must ask pardon of you. I might have explained every-

thing better, and not have enraged you by my sullen ways. And now that wound——”

“It was self-defense, and high time to bring me back to my senses. And then, it’s nothing serious. Don’t speak of forgiveness. You have been good to me, and I thank you. And now go home to sleep, and there—there is your cloth; you may as well take it now.”

He held it out to her, but still she lingered, struggling within herself. At last she said: “You lost your jacket, too, on account of me, and I know that the money for the oranges was in it. I did not remember until afterward. I cannot replace it now. We have nothing—or if we had anything it would be Mother’s. But I have this silver cross, which the painter put on the table for me the last time he was with us. I have not looked at it since, and do not care to have it in my box any longer. It’s worth a few *lire*, Mother said. If you were to sell it, it might make up the lost money, and, if not quite, I could earn the rest by spinning at night when Mother sleeps.”

“I will take nothing,” he said shortly, and pushed back the little cross that she had taken from her pocket.

“You must take it,” said she. “Who knows how long the wound will keep you from earning anything? There it is; I don’t wish ever to see it again.”

“Then throw it into the sea.”

“But it is no present; it is your just due.”

"Nothing is due from you to me. If, in future, you meet me, do me the kindness not to look at me, that I may not think you wish to remind me of what I owe you. And now, good-night. Let this be the last word said."

He put her cloth and the cross into the basket and covered it. But when he looked up into her face, he started. Great heavy drops, unheeded by her, flowed down her cheeks.

"Maria Santissima!" he cried. "Are you ill? You are trembling from head to foot."

"It is nothing," she said. "I must go home." She staggered to the door. A fit of weeping overcame her. She leaned her brow against the door and sobbed bitterly. Before he reached her, she turned round suddenly and fell upon his neck.

"I cannot bear it!" she cried, and clung to him as a dying man does to life; "I cannot listen to your kind words that bid me go with a sin on my conscience. Beat me! trample on me! curse me! Or, if it is true that after all the evil I have done you, you still love me, take me, and keep me, and do with me as you will. But do not send me away from you!" And she sobbed again, and could say no more.

Silently he held her in his arms for a while. "Do I love you still?" he cried at last. "Holy Mother of God! Do you think that all my heart's blood flowed through that little wound? Do you not feel that throbbing in my breast, for you, for you? But, if you only speak like

this to try me, or because you pity me, then go, and I will forget that, too. You must not think that you owe this to me because you know what I have suffered for you."

"No," she said firmly, looking up from his shoulder with eyes that were full of tears, "I love you, and have loved you for long, but I was afraid, and tried to resist it. But now I will be different, for I cannot bear it any longer not to see you when we meet on the road. And now I will kiss you," she said, "that you may doubt no more, but say to yourself, 'She kissed me, and Laurella kisses only the man she wants for her husband.'"

She kissed him thrice, and then made her escape, saying: "Good-night, my love. Go to sleep now, and let your hand heal. Do not come with me, for I am afraid of no one but yourself."

And so she slipped through the door and disappeared in the shadow of the wall. But, for a long while, he looked out of the window and across the sea, over which the stars were trembling.

When the little *padre curato* next came from the confessional where Laurella had knelt before him a long time, he smiled quietly to himself. "Who would have thought," he said to himself, "that God would so soon have pity on this strange heart? And I reproached myself that I did not resist the demon of stubbornness more

vigorously! But our weak eyes can discern only a little of the ways of Heaven. Well, may the Lord bless her, and let me live to be rowed over the sea by Laurella's eldest born as by his father before him. Ah, to think of it—*l'Arrabiata!*”

PAUL JOHANN LUDWIG HEYSE.

END OF VOLUME V

